FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

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APRIL 1978 $2.00

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PART II OF BEVERLY AND THE COPS

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†New IHF '75 standard

PPR. The price performance relationship of Technics new receiver line led by the SA-5770 (shown below). PPR is our way of telling you how much performance, technology and power you're getting for your money. And it may be the reason why so many people are buying and recommending Technics receivers.

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Technics new receivers. Judge them on performance. But buy them on PPR.

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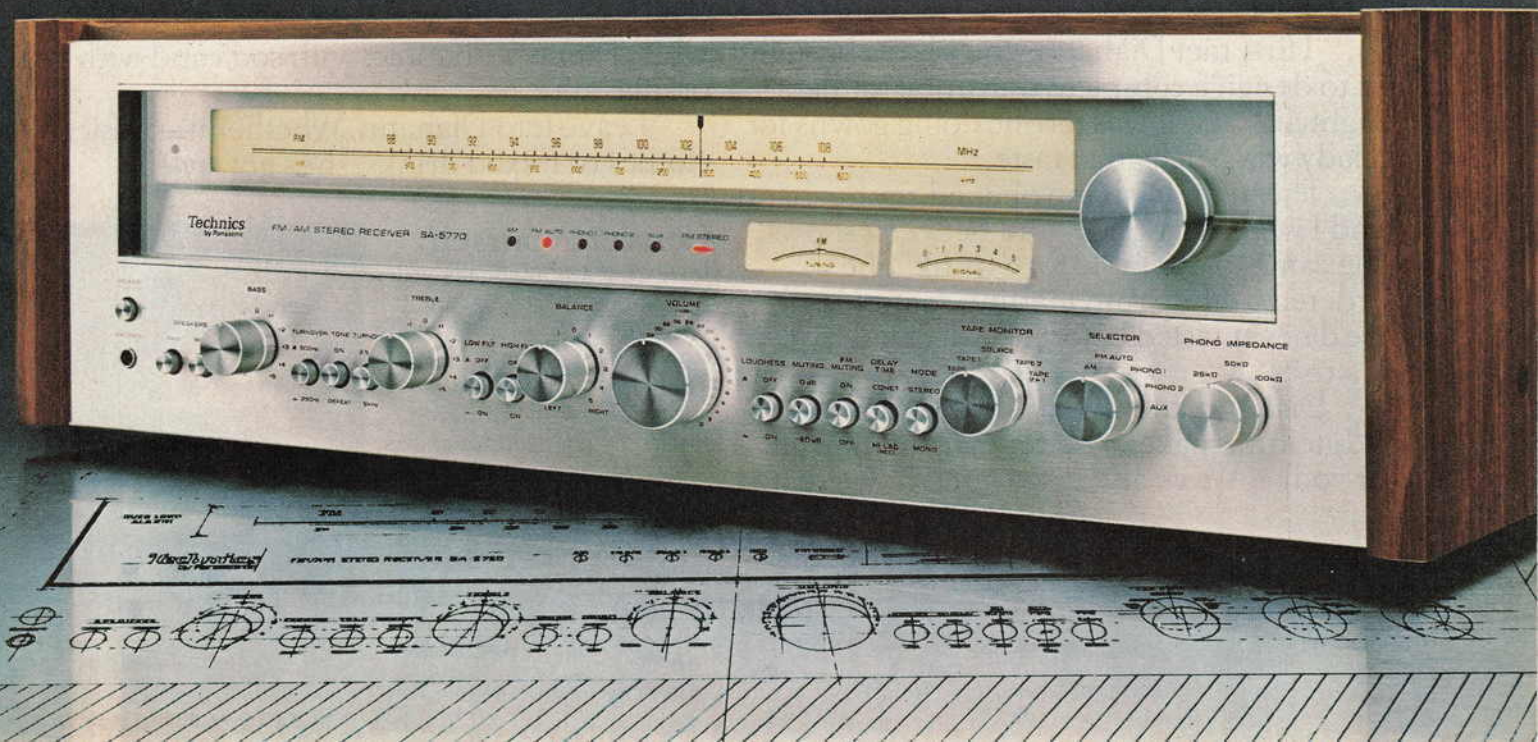
by Panasonic



"Diahann Carroll introduced us to the white rum martini."

"I first met Diahann when I was brought in to design a complete wardrobe for her nightclub act. It was terrific doing gowns for a lady with such great taste.

The night Diahann opened, my husband and I were at ringside, and between shows, she came to our table for a drink. She ordered a white rum martini, something we'd never tasted before. We decided to give it a try.

Diahann knew what she was doing. White rum makes a better martini than gin or vodka. We've also discovered how great white rum is with tonic, with soda and with orange juice.

Leave it to Diahann. Whether it's music, clothes or mixed drinks, she's got style."

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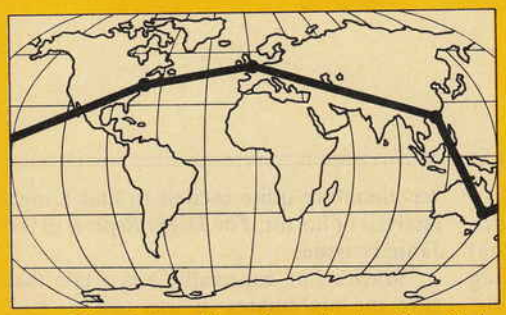

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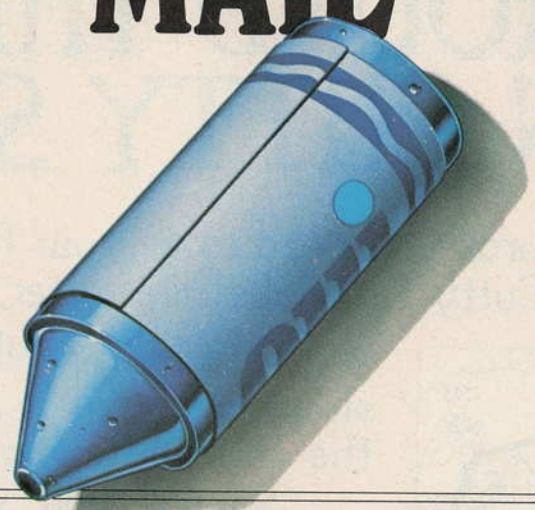

Censor Sense

What I'm reminded of every time I read a piece such as Robert Sabbag's *Taking on the Censors* (January) is how much time and effort these self-appointed censors spend looking at various kinds of erotic material. For people who profess to hate it so much, they sure do spend a lot of time wallowing around in the stuff.

BRAD NELSON
Washington, D.C.

People used to think that to talk about the *legs* of a piano was to use obscene language. Honest. In polite society, you were supposed to talk about a piano's *limbs*. People who want to see sex everywhere *will* see sex everywhere. (Then, of course, there's my husband, who only thinks about sex on alternate Tuesdays in October.) Frankly, I think that the world could stand a little *more* pornography. At least my house could.

O. WHITE
Dallas, Texas

The "Other" Jackie

The only new thing I learned from the *Conversation with Jacqueline Bisset* (January) is that she rhymes her name with "kiss it." What I can't stand about beautiful people is the way they're constantly putting down their looks. "You can be too pretty for the part," she says. "Looks don't automatically open doors." That's easy for her to say, but what would she do if one of these days she woke up looking like Penny Marshall?

JOHN LAKATOS
Detroit, Michigan

I don't care what she says. Jackie Bisset in a wet T-shirt is sexier than all the unclad beauties in your magazine put together—or spread apart.

M. BAUER
Tucson, Arizona

Kiss My Camera

Rita and Louise (*Two Girls in Paris*, January) are just the kind of girls that young men of every nationality are looking for when they go to Paris. Unfortunately, few of us ever actually find gems like them. Last year, when I was on vacation in Paris for two weeks, the only woman who would even speak to me was an overweight 35-year-old divorcee from Houston. Oh, well, in my next reincarnation I'm going to come back as Jeff Dunas. How did he get to become a OUI photographer anyway?

TOM SHEA
Hartford, Connecticut

In his last life, Dunas was a potbellied salesman from Topeka. But he led a virtuous life and resurfaced as the bushy-haired wunderkind of the sexy Seventies. As for the French girls, he says, "Try chocolate and nylons."

Scare Tactics

Stephen King writes better horror fiction than anybody since Poe. I always wondered what could inspire (terrify?) a person to write such incredible stuff, and I was therefore quite excited to find King's analysis of horror, *The Fright Report*, in the January issue.

'Salem's Lot, especially, was a tale that gave me nightmares—it was just so real, much too real for comfort. A movie could be made from that book that would make *Jaws* look like a Walt Disney musical!

MARTIN MURRAY
Niagara Falls, Ontario

Stephen King is a *horribly* interesting individual.

MITCHELL G. HAMBERGER
York, Pennsylvania

Where the fuck does King get off saying that a class act like Marlon Brando rode a Harley hog in *The Wild One*? His sled was a Triumph Thunderbird, the quickest and best-handling bike in the world at that time. Eat your hearts out, hoggers; King, go back to your ten-speed Schwinn.

THUNDERFUCK
Long Island City, New York

Mano Mugged

I like D. Keith Mano's movie column better than just about anything else in the magazine. I like his cocksureness and his way of calling a spade a Mexican backhoe. *But*—his last review was silly. It was arrogant, but that was only cocksureness run amuck. It was also dumb. It's one thing to pan a film, but to pan ten films you've never seen? That's outrageous.

Which brings us to the movie of the same name. I accidentally fell into *Outrageous* when I got caught in a traffic jam in Westwood and decided to wait it out in a movie. I hadn't the slightest idea what *Outrageous* was about, and I've got to admit that my anal sphincter began to try to turn inside out when I saw that it featured a drag queen and his schizo girlfriend. I tried to get my lady to walk out but no luck. Then, little by little, I found

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KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
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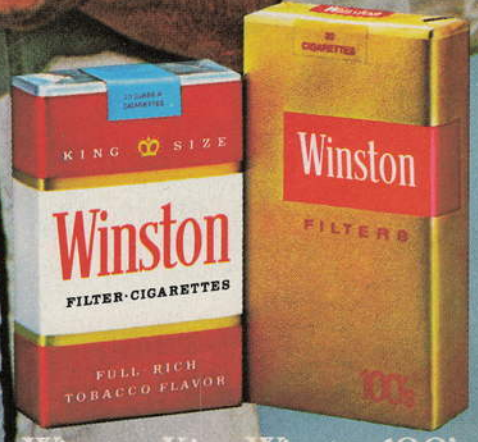


Winston King. Winston 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THINK OF IT AS A SPORTS CAR WITH TWO WHEELS.

Why does someone who wants to get from one place to another buy a Porsche Carrera or a Ferrari instead of a nice, sensible station wagon?

Simple. It's more fun.

Now, take that logic a step further and you could end up right smack on the seat of the new Yamaha XS750. Because if a sports car is fun, the XS750 is downright exhilarating. Not to mention about $25,000 less.

THE BIG THREE.

True, the Yamaha XS750 has but three cylinders to the Porsche's six. But

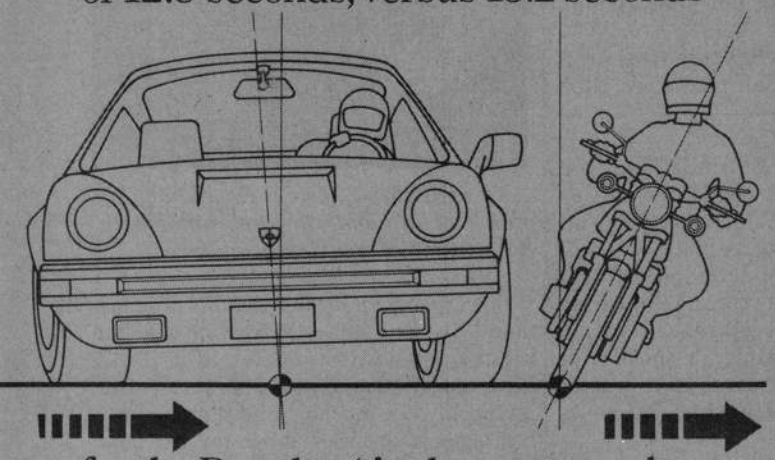
Five-way-adjustable shocks. Three-way-adjustable forks up front. Result: extraordinary handling.

The last word in shaft drive. A constant-velocity u-joint delivers smooth, even power.

A powerful 747cc, dual-overhead-cam triple with super-efficient "Type II" Mikuni carbs, improved cam timing, Transistor Controlled Ignition.

those three cylinders, ably assisted by dual overhead cams, electronic ignition and newly-designed "Type II" Mikuni carburetors give the 750 an incredible 9000 rpm redline.

As a result, the 750 can boast an official standing quarter-mile time of 12.8 seconds, versus 15.2 seconds



for the Porsche. (And an extremely efficient power-to-weight ratio of 10.3 lb/bhp versus 13.5 lb/bhp, if you're interested.)

YOU CAN HANDLE IT.

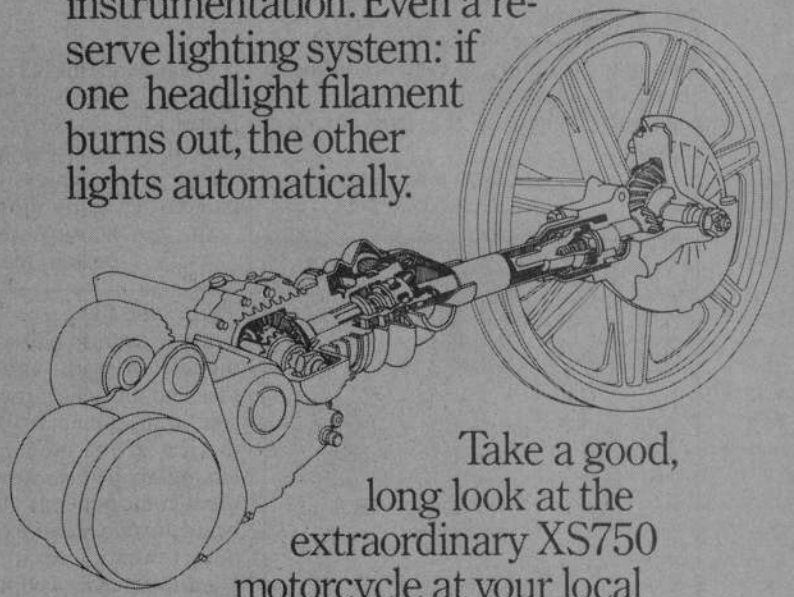
The XS750 is a lean and limber machine without a single ounce of unnecessary bulk. And it comes equipped with an uncannily responsive suspension system: five-way-adjustable rear shocks and new three-way-adjustable front forks.

All you have to do is lean it into a turn at speed on a winding canyon road to realize that the handling of a fine motorcycle is a thrill no four-wheeled vehicle can match.

NO CHAIN, GANG.

Of course, with a motorcycle you might expect comfort to go right out the window (if it had one). But, in fact, the 750 is about as smooth and quiet as anything on the road. Because its five-speed, constant-mesh transmission is hooked up to our fully-enclosed, state-of-the-art shaft drive, for a turbine-like power transfer.

As for the amenities, the XS750's got a bunch. Dual hydraulic disc brakes up front and one in the rear. Strong, lightweight cast aluminum wheels. Self-cancelling turn signals. Full instrumentation. Even a reserve lighting system: if one headlight filament burns out, the other lights automatically.



Take a good, long look at the extraordinary XS750 motorcycle at your local Yamaha dealer. If you still have trouble adjusting to the idea of not having four wheels, there is a solution.

Buy two XS750s.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

myself liking the movie. By the time it was over I had an extra bounce in my walk, a tune on my lips and a brand-new attitude.

So you see, Mano, sometimes you shouldn't be so hasty about judging a film you didn't see. Even Rex Reed isn't that arrogant. Shame on you. May a score of boarding-school nuns get you down and ruler your knuckles until they're black and blue—up to your armpits.

RUSSELL C. LAWRENCE
San Pedro, California

Hooked on Religion

Bravo for Father Genska (*The Prostitutes' Priest*, January)! I never thought the day would ever come when I'd hear a Catholic priest say, "We are all prostitutes in one way or another." I'm a callgirl, and I'm convinced that what I do is no different from what a wife does who uses sex to get a fur coat from her husband—except that I get paid more. Unfortunately, small-town society doesn't see it that way, so I have to lead a double life around here or risk the city fathers' (and mothers') wrath. I only wish that I had a Father Genska in my town to talk to.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Flint, Michigan

Red Baiter

Oh, sure—now even the Commies like *Nadja* (December) are taking off their clothes for your capitalistic running-dog bourgeois reactionary publication. Whatever happened to We Will Bury You? Don't people care about "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs" anymore? Has the revolution gone soft? Where is the Party headed, anyway?

STEVE KAPLAN
New York, New York

To Nadja's place—on Red Square. And bring a gang of four.

Love and Haiti

I was rather mystified by *Hey, Kids, Let's Rent the Old Barn and Plan an Invasion of Haiti* (January), until I realized that the article was a not-so-tongue-in-cheek battle plan to actually invade the island of Haiti. Far-fucking-out! You know what? It would probably work.

TED LOFT
New York, New York

When you stop to think about it, Jim Hougan's plan to invade Haiti could more than likely work just as well against the old U. S. of A. You laugh, but 500 Nung mercenaries are not to be sneezed at. Wouldn't it be a gas if Baby Doc read Hougan's article and decided to do unto others before they did unto him? Think about it.

HOWARD MEYER
Salt Lake City, Utah

Pardon Me, Madame

If the real girls of Madame Claude are anything like the ones in the movie (*The Girls of Madame Claude*, January), then all I can say is, I'm damn sorry that I never got to Paris in the Sixties. I never thought that going to see a prostitute could be anything but degrading—until I read about Madame Claude's house of pleasure. I'd spend a lot more than a hundred bucks just to *look* at someone like Marie-Christine Deshayes take off her clothes.

MIKE GUNNING
Cleveland, Ohio

What Madame Claude says about the monetary rewards of being sexually frigid proves what I've suspected all along—that the only women who get rich through sex are those who enjoy it the least. What a paradox! (And no wonder I'm broke!)

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Boston, Massachusetts

TV or Not TV

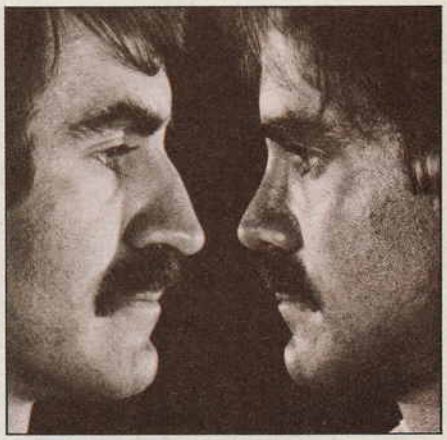
My wife and I had some people over for dinner last night, and you won't believe this, but the one article that stopped us cold in the January OUI was *Cult TV*. For the rest of the evening we couldn't stop talking about favorite old TV shows—the dumber the better. It's been years since I've heard anyone mention *Adventures in Paradise*. I wonder what ever happened to Gardner McKay. People used to say that I looked like him. If I did, I sure don't now. But then, even Gardner McKay probably doesn't look like Gardner McKay anymore, if you know what I mean.

LARRY MCGINNIS
Kansas City, Missouri

Slim Pickings

I never had a nose job (although I'm thinking about getting one), but Donald Bowie's article on the subject (*Nose Job*, January) is the funniest piece I've ever read in OUI Magazine. However, I am really disappointed that you didn't publish a picture of Bowie's new Robert Redford proboscis. I mean, why run a story about a nose job without some before and after pictures?

LEE WHEELER
Seattle, Washington



All right already, here is Donald Bowie's profile before and after his rhinoplasty. Robert Redford, eat your heart out.

Bowie was a lot luckier with his nose job than I was with mine. At least he can still breathe. My nose wasn't even ugly; it was just crooked. It was crooked because I woke up quickly one morning and slammed my face against the wall above my bed and bent my nose out of shape. For a year afterwards I was a real mouth-breather. Someone finally convinced me to have my septum un-deviated. The doctor promised not to change the shape of my nose, so I went ahead and did it.

What a mess! Not only was I in the hospital for a solid week, but when they took the bandages off I found that I couldn't breathe. I got hooked on nasal spray. Do you know what nasal spray does? Let me tell you. There is a phenomenon known as nasal rebound. Your nose hairs get inflamed and the spray coats them, but when the coating disappears the hairs become even more inflamed and then you can't breathe. It's the best racket since hemorrhoid ointment.

A week ago I went back to my doctor, and you know what? My septum has deviated again. Do I want to go through another nose job? Not on your life.

SKIP LOWENTHAL
Cincinnati, Ohio

What a Turn-on (off?)

Lisa Southern's lovers in her article *The Little Man in the Boat* (January) are so inept that I'd almost have to accuse her of inventing them. Maybe she picks them up at church socials.

I'm a 33-year-old married man, essentially loyal to (and frequently exhausted by) my lovely wife. I find it incredulous that there are still men who don't know

how to fondle a woman's trigger-button—with finger, vibrator, soft wet tongue-tip or hard, wet dick-tip. Good sex is a lot more than good technique, but it's not much without it.

A man who balks at loving a clean woman anywhere she pleases should not be in bed with her in the first place.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Huntsville, Alabama

Southern seems to think that when it comes to sex, all most men are interested in is their own selfish pleasure. Well, I'm only 27, but nothing gives me more pleasure in life than to be able to drive a woman crazy with sexual ecstasy. I realize that I don't know everything yet, but to those of us who *do* try to please women, Southern's article is a real slap in the face, not to mention an affront to our intelligence.

MICHAEL R. LIGHT
Marshfield, Wisconsin

I'd like to thank Lisa Southern for having the nerve to come out and tell men what I'm still afraid to tell them—namely, that a big hard dick is less useful sexually than a soft talented tongue.

I did have the nerve to show the magazine to a few guys at the office, and their collective attitude can be summed up by the one who said, "Hell, that doesn't say anything about how a *man* should make love to a woman—it's just about masturbation. There isn't anything a woman can do with her fingers that I couldn't do better with my cock."

When you run up against guys like that—and they are legion—it's back-to-vibrator time.

RUTH ANDERSON
St. Louis, Missouri

I happen to be a man who enjoys cunnilingus more than just about anything. I only wish that Lisa Southern had found me before she got mixed up with her current boyfriend because, you see, my problem is just the opposite of hers. Every one of the dozen or so women I've slept with has fought against my attempts to go down on them. I don't know the reason for this; I can only surmise that they have had so many bad experiences in the past that they don't even want to try anymore. It's too bad, because I think that watching a woman edge up to the agony/ecstasy of orgasm is just about the most erotic sight I can imagine.

ROGER SIMPSON
Anaheim, California

I don't know what's wrong with men from the South, but it's obvious that Lisa Southern didn't grow up in New York City, as I did. I had my first sexual encounter at the age of 15. The girl involved was my age, and after some heavy petting she asked me to lick her pussy. I hadn't the

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slightest idea what to do, so I just dived in—lips, tongue and hands. She directed my actions, and after she came a couple of times we went ahead and had intercourse. I got so excited performing cunnilingus on her that it didn't take me very long to have a rousing climax.

I guess you might say that I got hooked by that first encounter, because I married the gal and have been happy ever since. I think that Southern's biggest problem is herself—any woman who doesn't have the nerve to tell her man what she likes is probably too uptight to be any good in bed anyway.

JAMES F. WEBB
Carson City, Nevada

Hip, hip, hurrah! My man has been giving me colossal orgasms via finger and tongue for 25 years, but in all that time I have never been able to come just from penis penetration. Now at least I can stop worrying that I'm somehow different from other women.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
El Macero, California

I don't know what Lisa Southern does to put her men off, but I've never been to bed with a man who wasn't licking his chops to get at my clitoris. *Never.*

I got the impression that Southern's poor boyfriend had to do specific things in a particular order or she'd become frustrated. Christ, woman, learn to relax. If you can't climax during intercourse, masturbate. You seem to have forgotten that about 30 percent of us females can and do climax during intercourse. I scream and scratch and writhe. And it ain't just to please the man. Of course, if he didn't like it, I'd try to tone it down. But most of the time I just let go and become uninhibited.

Don't worry, guys, there *are* women out there who can enjoy you the way you are.

LAURA PURKETT
Bozeman, Montana

Southern is obviously so concerned with "getting" that I doubt she knows how to give, either. I contend that the number of men who are lousy at oral sex is only comparable to the number of women who have a similar problem.

J.C.
Mission, Kansas

We would like to take exception to Southern's statement that "another sign of the true orgasm is that the nipples will thrust out in an extreme fashion. . . ." We've discussed that curious notion among our friends—and even with our mothers!—and have come to the conclusion that it's simply not true. Most of us only experience nipple erection when our breasts are exposed to cold air. We suggest that those who wish to experience nipple erection during orgasm had better try making it in a cold bath.

C. MARTIN
S. BIGLEY
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mille Pardons

And who took that terrific picture of Deaf School in the January *Revue* section, you ask? Well, even if you didn't ask, it was New York photographer Ebet Roberts. Sorry about that, Ebet.—Ed.

All About Eve

I was wondering when you guys were going to wake up to the erotic possibilities of white underwear. Every other magazine puts its girls in black lace or red or gold spangles, but what really gets to me is white cotton panties, and the pair Eve is wearing in the January issue really knocked my socks off. There's something about white that is so erotic—it's virginal but dirty, you know?

T.K. WEISS
New Orleans, Louisiana

OK, T.K., here is Eve in all her innocent splendor. She's been wearing white all her life, she says: "I got hooked back in the diaper stage."

Picky, Picky, Picky

I don't mean to be picky, OUI, cause I really dig your mag, but if I'm not mistaken, the guy in the picture with Mamie Van Doren (*The History of Schoolgirls in American Movies*, January) is not Don Burnett but Tony Curtis. Am I right?

DAVE CAMPBELL
Cincinnati, Ohio

Hah! Thought you caught us that time, huh, Dave? You and the 31 other yahoos who wrote in. Well, you're all wrong. The guy with Van Doren is Don Burnett, not Tony Curtis. Who, you might ask, is Don Burnett? Who cares?

Do Not Pass Go

I've been playing Monopoly ever since I was old enough to read the Chance cards—some 20 years. In recent years I've been playing it while stoned, which adds an entirely new dimension. But in all that time, it never occurred to me to wonder about the origins of the game—Monopoly has just always been there, like zippers and Kleenex. I was shocked, therefore, to discover the true history of Monopoly in Jim Esposito's article, *The Unspeakably Vicious Toys-and-Games Industry* (December). It's a fascinating tale and definitely has affected my outlook on the game. The last time I played Monopoly, I felt a sudden desire to cross off the names of Park Place and Boardwalk and to put in the names of my own hometown instead. In fact, that's what we all should do. Let's give Monopoly back to the people!

JAMES VAUGHN
Indianapolis, Indiana

So Parker Brothers has a monopoly on the game of Monopoly? So what? Isn't that the name of the game?

GIL GARZA
Houston, Texas

I've submitted a number of toy-and-game ideas to various companies over the years, but I've never received a favorable response. After reading Esposito's article, I can see that my efforts have been doomed from the start. Now I'm beginning to wonder if perhaps those same companies are just holding on to my ideas so that they can steal them. Some of my earlier ideas were pretty dumb, but if Mattel comes out with an S/M Barbie doll, just remember that it was my idea in the first place.

GEORGE NELSON
Hartford, Connecticut

Stirred-Up Stews

A copy of Burr Snider's *Flight Attendants Fight Back* (December) should be stuffed into the seat pockets of all airplanes. As a constant air traveler, I appreciate good service as well as anyone; yet I'm constantly amazed at the amount of harassment the average stew has to put up with just to get through the flight. It's enough to make me feel embarrassed for my entire sex. I have friends who are perfectly polite on the ground, who help little old ladies across the street, but who turn into sex-starved maniacs once the seat-belt sign is turned off. I can't understand it. If there ever were a group of women who needed liberating, it's stewardesses, and I'm glad to see a magazine like OUI taking their side.

TED GLEASON
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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OPENERS

IRS IN

Once again it's time for all working girls (and boys) to visit their favorite Uncle. But first, take a peek at the Crazy Horse ladies on page 21.

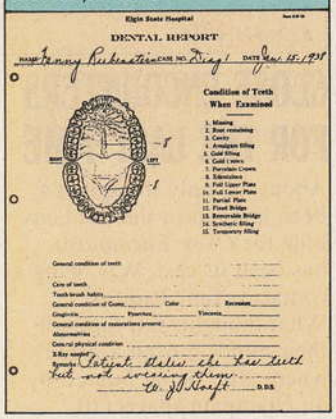
Find out how to flash for fun and profit on page 19. And, learn the true location of Shit Creek (page 18). You might be there after you see Uncle.

THE 15 LEAST IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT THE JFK ASSASSINATION

Probably no other event of our century has generated so many theories or attracted as much morbid curiosity as the JFK assassination. Fifteen years after the fact, "assassionados" continue to feed their obsession with new facts, films and ever newly concocted conspiracies. Now the D (for Dallas) Day junkies have a new treat to stem their appetites. *The Assassination Please Almanac*, by Tom Miller (Henry Regnery Company, $5.95), contains more than any "assassinvestigator" never wanted to know about you-know-what. Consider:

1. On April 29, 1972, in Athens, Texas, Jack Ruby's kitchen sink was auctioned off for $22.50.
2. At a 1975 assassination-researchers' conference, film analyst Robert Groden kept his print of the Zapruder film handcuffed to his wrist.
3. On being handed a copy of the Warren Commission's final report, Lyndon Johnson remarked, "It's, uh, very heavy."
4. Lee Oswald gave his fourth-grade teacher a puppy for Christmas in 1949.
5. Jack Ruby bought a nightclub from Western Swing great Bob Wills in 1952.
6. Lee Oswald was issued a Dallas Public Library card in late 1962, which expired two years after his death.
7. In the fall of 1963, Planned Parenthood visited Marina Oswald.
8. During its investigation of Jack Ruby, the Warren Commission discovered that his mother did not wear her dentures in 1938.

The dental record of Fanny Rubenstein, Jack Ruby's mother



DENTAL REPORT

Condition of Teeth When Examined

9. As a child, Lee Oswald loved to play Monopoly.
10. Jack Ruby contracted gonorrhea in the summer of 1959.
11. The press corps served as pallbearers at Lee Oswald's funeral.
12. Two months before President Kennedy was shot, Lee Oswald read a book by Aldous Huxley.
13. On the night of November 22, 1963, Jack Ruby visited Phil's Deli and bought eight corned-beef sandwiches, eight orders of potato salad and pickles, eight black-cherry sodas, two celery tonics, three cups of butter and a half loaf of bread—all for $9.50.
14. Jack Ruby got gonorrhea again in the summer of 1960.
15. Jack Ruby on erections: "You got to be careful if you get an erection when you take penicillin; it fights off the penicillin."

CONFESSIONS OF A STARVING FARTIST

A fart is the explosive release of digestive gases that have been trapped during the gastronomic process. It is used by Timothy Thompson as a musical instrument. Thompson recently gave a concert at the University of Illinois, where he performed a work that was based on the fart, magnifying its distinct and flavorful sound until it reached cataclysmic proportions. Farts were emphasized, echoed, reverberated, increased and so on and so forth to sound like an ocean of people doing it.

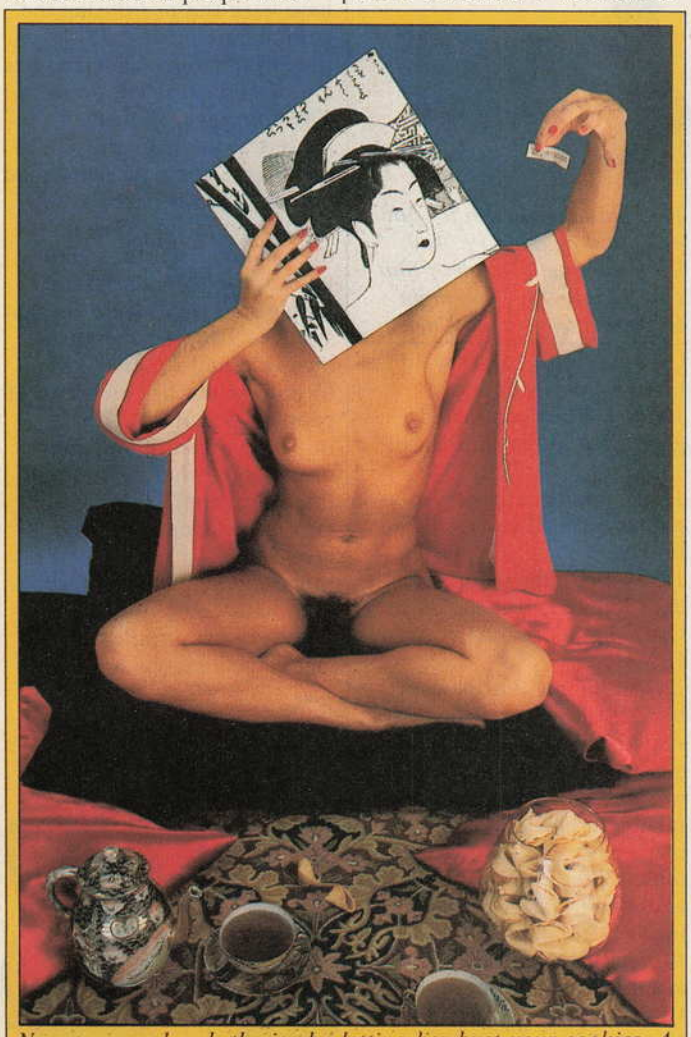
OUI: When you fill out your income tax, what do you put for occupation?

THOMPSON: Composer and musician.

OUI: How long has the fart been in art?

THOMPSON: From the beginning. Since the sea and the

wind, it's been there.
OUI: Do you consider yourself an artist?
THOMPSON: I consider myself an artist, yes.
OUI: A farting artist?
THOMPSON: No. I see myself as an artist who also farts.
OUI: What kind of popular appeal does your work have?
THOMPSON: All kinds. Rich people, poor people.
OUI: Do people yell *Bravo*?
THOMPSON: It has happened.
OUI: Ever clear a hall?
THOMPSON: No, I've never cleared a hall. I did get some resounding boos, though.
OUI: Ever light a fart?
THOMPSON: Once, when I was a teenager. Now I use it as a preventive measure against bad odor. I do plan at some point down the line to get a grant from one of the foundations of the arts, and I'll probably put together a fart orchestra of people who have not eaten too well and have drunk a lot of beer.
OUI: Is beer the best inducer?
THOMPSON: I think it's not bad, especially if you combine its intake with a poor intake of food, or going for a while without eating and then eating a steak dinner.
OUI: Can you fart on command?
THOMPSON: I had a command performance at the University of Illinois.
OUI: Have your best farts been recorded?
THOMPSON: I'd say not at all. As a matter of fact, substitutes work better for recording. The real thing tends not to sound like the real thing—like a fly's wings.
OUI: Do you remember your best fart?
THOMPSON: It took place while I was a teenager. I was eating a steak and eggs, and I remember I went to the john to "break wind" and it lasted seventy-three seconds. It was like a sawtooth wave. There are many kinds of waves. The basic ones have a steady kind of tone that doesn't have much buzz in it, but then there's the other kind that seem to have little putt-putts in them. They quickly oscillate from a high amplitude to a low amplitude—and this fart was one of those.
OUI: Did you ever hear a bear fart?
THOMPSON: No, but once a little gray sow bug, which lives under rocks, got on my microphone and walked across it, and it made a sound that I'm sure was a little gray fart.
OUI: Is it true that your own farts smell sweeter than someone else's?
THOMPSON: Yes, they smell best. —SCOTT COHEN



Now you can break the ice by letting her bust your cookies. A whole new line of "adult" fortune cookies can provide a playful way of turning an afternoon tea into an all-night basket trick. Or at least get her number into your little red book.

San Francisco dancer and creative entrepreneur Baby Cakes Babs dances at Bay Area parties for $40 a kick. If this outfit isn't your piece of cake, she'll come as Bagel Cakes Babs, wearing a bagel-bedecked miniskirt. (Don't ask us.*) Contact Babs Yohia at 415-841-6500.*

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS FOR THE LAST TIME

About the only thing that's been ignored in the publicity blitz for *Close Encounters* has been its cast. Was being a contactee fun? Painful? What thoughts ran through their minds during a scene when, after being buzzed by an Olympian spacecraft from the stars, they tumbled into the dirt and gazed up into the heavens to behold the sight of . . . ?

"Nothing," explains key contactee Melinda Dillon. "All during the UFO scenes, we had to react to *nothing*. The special effects weren't added until later, so we had to react to thin air." For Melinda, a typically harrowing extraterrestrial experience went

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"Stick those two fingers up. You're not going to get some of that dime a dozen stuff!" Two Fingers once hollered at a non-believer in Albuquerque.

The man soon became a believer. A lot of folks in the late 30's did because Two Fingers Tequila had a flavor you could taste—even when you mixed it.

"The way I make it," he'd grin. "That's the difference."

At that point Two Fingers would clam up. No one ever found out what that "way" was.

Heck, only a handful of folks ever knew he had any other name but Two Fingers.

An old lady in Carson City, Nev., told us his last name was Ortega. Claims she heard Honey, the woman who always traveled with Two Fingers, call him that during a tiff they had.

The old lady's story is probably not too reliable though. Her nurse said she babbles a lot.

Two Fingers seems to have stopped making his tequila trips without warning in the late 30's.

He was the last of a breed and we'll probably never know his name for sure. His legend is fading pretty fast.

Luckily his tequila lives on. All you have to do is hold up two fingers when you order. You'll get your money's worth.

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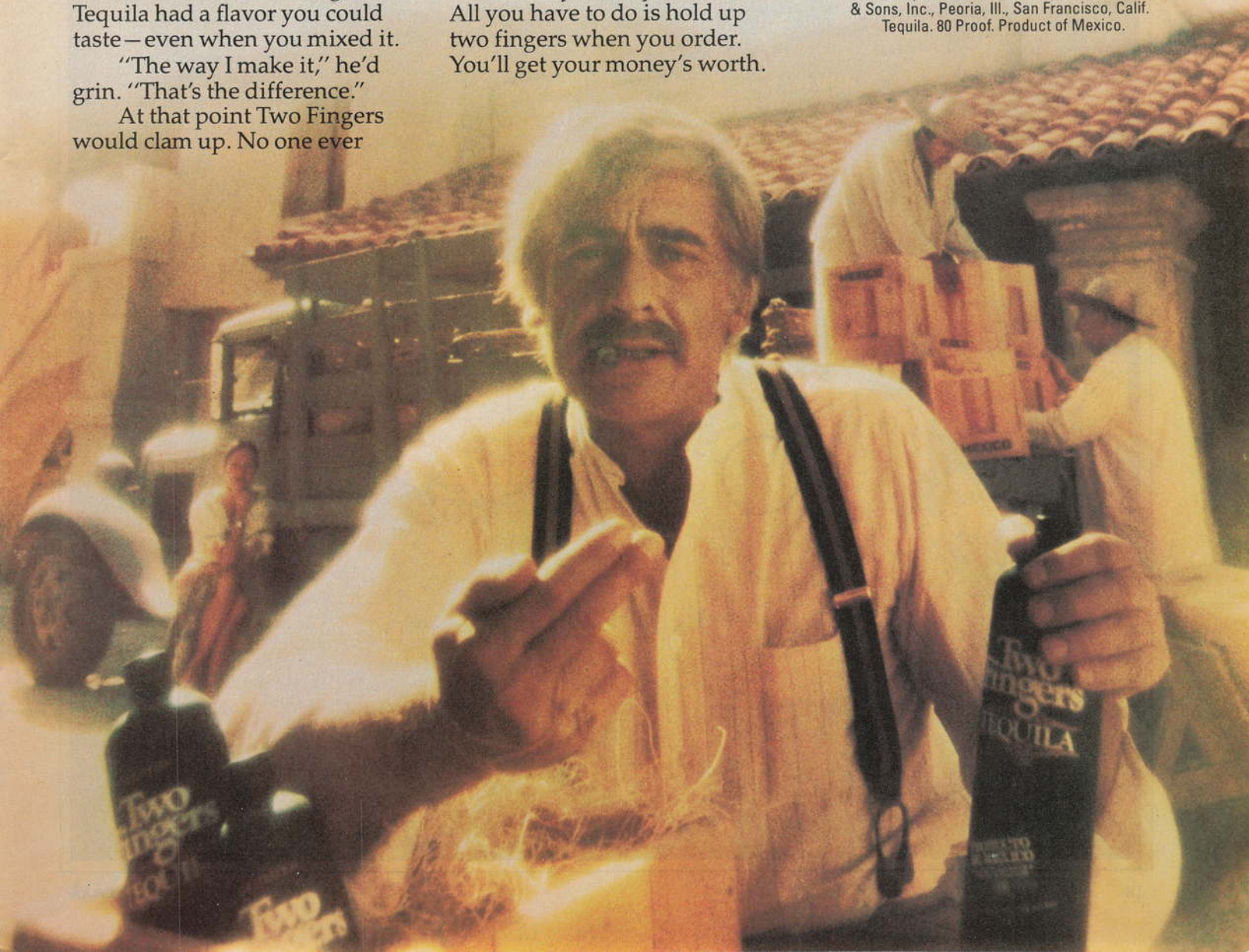


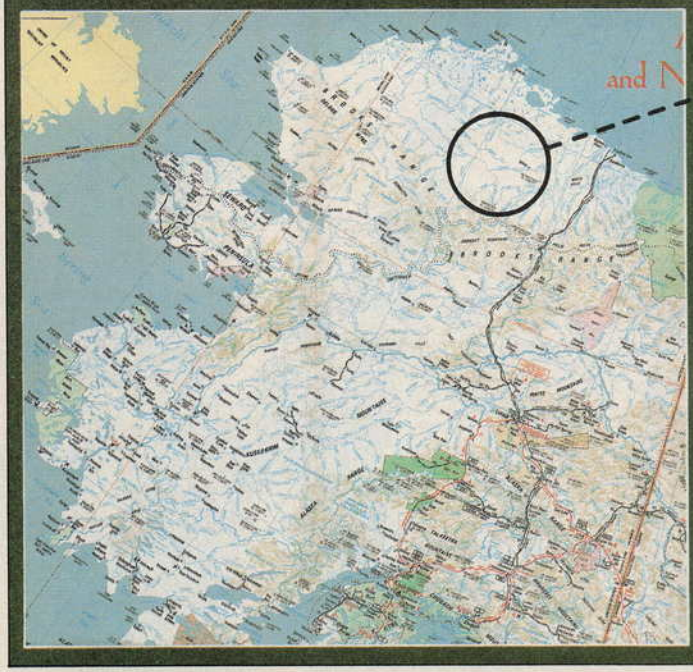
UP SHIT CREEK, PADDLES OPTIONAL

So far, *Openers* has discovered Intercourse, Pennsylvania; Blue Ball, Delaware; Dicks, South Africa; French Lick, Indiana; and Tit, Algeria. But Shit Creek has always eluded us—until now. The following letter recently arrived at our offices.

Dear Sirs: On page 23 of your March 1977 issue, in the last paragraph of the item titled *My Kind of Town, Tit*, you state: "Don't forget our standing offer of a luxury cruise for two on New Guinea's breathtaking Screw River, which goes to the first sharp-eyed map reader who locates, for once and for all, Shit Creek."

In the summer of 1948, a couple of geologists working for the U. S. Geologic Survey in the Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4 in northern Alaska found a small creek that hadn't been named and decided that it was time there was a Shit Creek. They assumed, however, that if they suggested such a name to the Geographic Names Section of the USGS, it would be refused as unsuitable. So they decided to turn to the Eskimo language. Anaktuvuk Pass had been on maps on the Central Brooks Range for many years. Anaktuvuk means "place of much shit," since this pass is where caribou go in great numbers in the summertime to avoid the mosquitoes of the Northern Slope. Therefore, *Anak* is Eskimo for *shit*—pure and simple.

So, the geologists sent in the name *Anak Creek* and located it on a map. The next summer, after they had been told that the name had tentatively been approved by the Names Section, they painted a nice large sign at Umiat (the nearest base camp).



The sign read:

ANAK (SHIT) CREEK
CANOES FOR RENT, NO PADDLES

The sign may still be there, at 69°15′ N, 153°52′ W. A map with Anak Creek on it was published by the USGS in 1956, and the name was officially approved and accepted by the U. S. Government in 1960.

So, I submit that Anak Creek qualifies for your Shit Creek contest in that it sure as hell *means* Shit Creek and it was intended to mean Shit Creek and even if you have to give another cruise up Sodomy Gorge to someone who finds another Shit Creek in some other language somewhere in the world I still think you ought to pop for the New Guinea cruise and that's NO ANAK! Perhaps now that you know the location of Shit Creek, OUI can get the canoe concession.

Awaiting your comments and cruise dates.

Yours for Exploration,
Hopie Opland

P. S. My ex-wife was one-quarter Eskimo.

Editor's reply: Sorry, Hopie, but this sounds like a lot of shit to us. First of all, nobody here at OUI knows how to drive a canoe—even *with* a paddle. Secondly, New Guinea's breathtaking Screw River recently shot its wad into the Pacific Ocean when Mt. Erectus erupted and spewed its volcanic load into the river's moist banks near the town of Muff. We'll be happy, however, to send you—or anybody—on a guided tour of the scenic molybdenum mines of Climax, Colorado, if you can, once and for all, tell us how to find "The Fucking Road."

thusly: "When the saucers come near my house and I'm outside emptying the garbage, I had to gape at an entire sky that wasn't in the picture yet. Steven would be on the side whispering, 'Here it comes! It's getting closer!' Sometimes we all felt a little crazy, confused."

For Teri Garr, the film's resident housewife skeptic, the alien-encounter film presented a very real physical danger. "The kid who played one of my sons was a monster. He used to kick me!" she shudders. "I was always ready to kill him. I couldn't even talk to him. I knew if I said a word, I might hit the child. I'd think to myself: 'You mustn't let your rage out on such a little person.' Then he'd go and spray half of the cast with shaving cream or a garden hose and I'd want to murder him."

The role of a suburban UFO debunker was clearly a character part for Garr. As the shooting went on, the role grew tougher. "I hated to be such a bitch," she moans. "I'm the kind of person who, in real life, is open to just about anything. If someone told me, 'When we die, our bodies turn into tinkledust and spin around our old high school,' I'd say, 'OK.'

"I went crazy trying to get the suburban housewife down. I did a lot of research and bought a lot of homey magazines and read all these articles. I made things for the house we used in the film. I picked out little patterns and made clothes for myself and my movie daughter. I went to Sears and had a salesman try to sell me a maple bedroom set. That sort of stuff. I read their catalog cover to cover. I wanted to find out how it would feel to worry about paying Bankamericard on time."

Once finished with her knee-bruising role in *Close Encounters*, the actress settled down to a life of worry. "It was a year and a half between the time we finished shooting and the release of the film. After we completed our roles, I began to notice all these little items in newspapers about real UFOs. You know, finding cattle dead under mysterious circumstances. I started to get really nervous. I thought, 'My God! Suppose they land before the movie comes out! We have little Pillsbury Doughboy aliens. Suppose in real life they're talking toaster-ovens or something? I'd be so embarrassed!' Now that the movie's out," she sighs, "I guess it's OK for them to land." —ED NAHA

She looked at me with those big, deep-brown, bathroom eyes and whispered seductively, "Do you want to use my head?" These custom eyeglasses ($220) were designed by Pierre Marly, 85, rue Faubourg St. Honore, Paris.

FLASHER OF THE MONTH

It took seven attempts in seven days for photographer Bob Knickerbocker to snap this San Francisco treat (as you can see, it's a lot spicier than Rice-a-Roni). Bob is the first winner of our $150 prize for creative and hard-to-execute female flashes. (For the pièce de résistance of flashdom, check out page 136.) OK, now get to work and send in those entries. Remember, OUI *considers no mission impossible.*

SLEAZY LIVING

DO-NOTHING JOBS WE'D ALL LIKE TO HAVE

Openers has uncovered a number of choice positions you might consider the next time you're mad as hell and determined not to take it anymore. Compensation is generally great and responsibility often involves next to nothing. Collectively, they suggest that the grass really is greener on the other side—especially when someone else is mowing it for you.

Commissioner of the International Boundary Commission, United States and Canada: $40,995.

Because there have been no boundary disputes since this commission's formation in 1925, work is easy for you and your staff of five. Most of your $200,000 budget is spent on engineering and maintenance field crews. Each summer they spray chemicals and hack at underbrush to maintain a 20-foot-wide open swath along 3000 miles of border. About 10 percent of the border is defoliated. One previous commissioner appointed by President Dwight Eisenhower remained in office through part of the Kennedy Administration because no one realized he was there. In fact, he wasn't. The commissioner actually lived in Florida and flew across the border to Banff, Alberta, with the Canadian commissioner each summer. Worn out by their hard labors, the pair recuperated by the shores of Lake Louise.

Chairman, International Joint Commission, United States and Canada: $50,000.

This commission was organized in 1909 to resolve disputes regarding U. S.–Canadian boundary waters. Since there have never been any U. S.–Canadian boundary-water disputes, the most difficult aspect of this job is finding ways to dispense the commission's $1,434,000 annual budget. For example, during the summer of 1973, the commission flew to Point Roberts peninsula on the British Columbia–Washington border for a major meeting. Here they examined the no-doubt-imminent border problems affecting this scenic resort area.

San Francisco Water Department Utility Plumber: $30,500 and up.

Do you like turning water mains on and off? Then this is the job for you. As one of the city's 32 utility plumbers, you will adjust water pressure in pipeline valves at wages ranging up to $19.70 an hour. With overtime, you could even outearn your own boss, the head of

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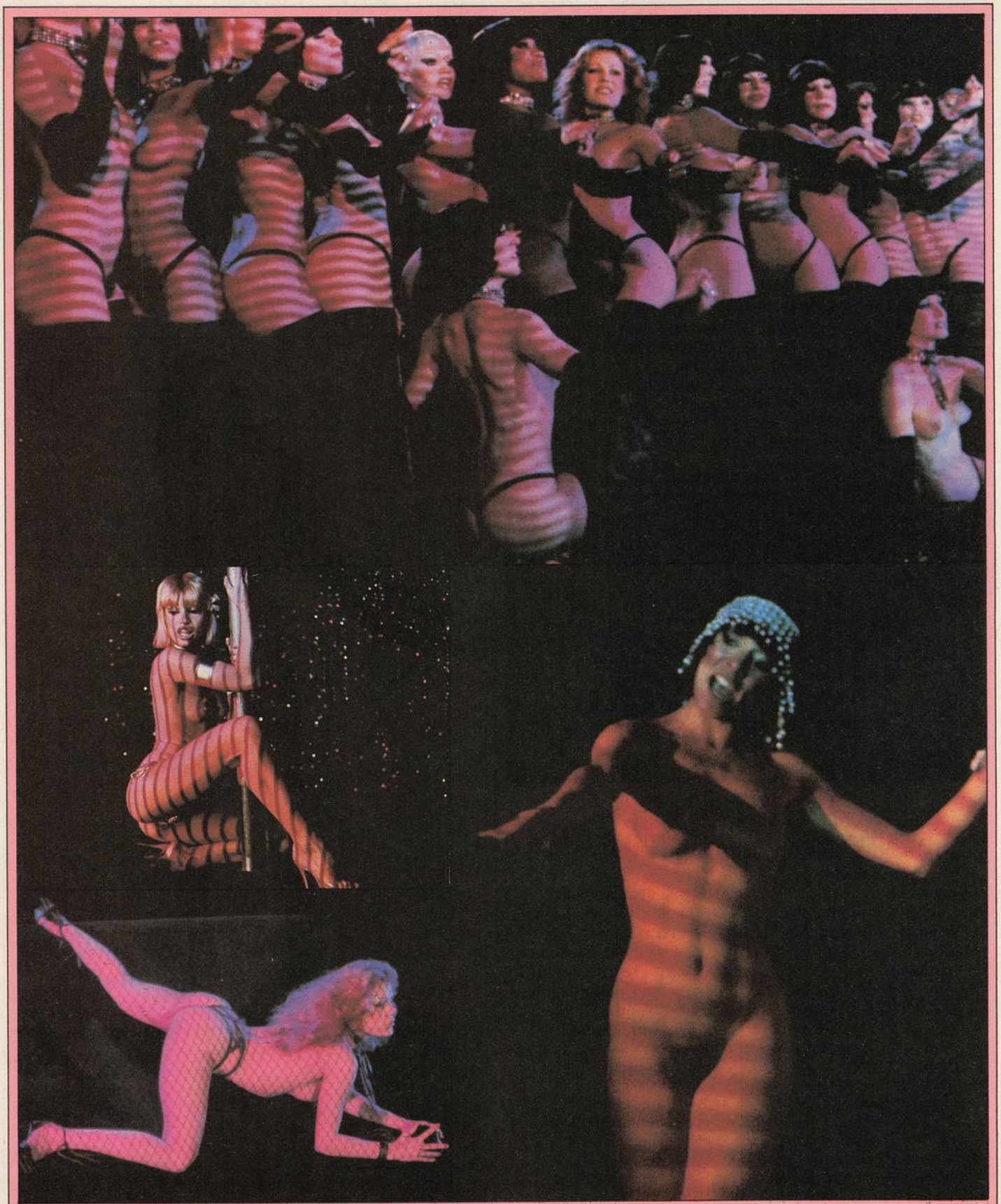


THE GIRLS OF THE CRAZY HORSE ARE COMING (SOON)

"I wanted to offer these beautiful girls to all the men who never dared to enter a cabaret for nude dancing," says Alain Bernardin, proprietor of the world-famous Crazy Horse in Paris. The result of his humanitarian concern is the film "Crazy Horse, Paris France," which captures the sophisticated—and high-priced—eroticism that has been the Crazy's trademark for 25 years, and explains why the club attracts more tourists than Notre Dame cathedral: hot dancing girls, funky and naughty, immersed in lights, laser sculptures and mirrors, elegantly and pruriently choreographed in a way never attempted by the Rockettes. Hmmm. Enjoy.

the water distribution system, who only gets $33,254.

Commissioner, American Battle Monument Commission: unsalaried.

There's no pay here, but you do get airfare and a $40-per-day expense allowance for inspecting battle monuments in Italy, France, Belgium, England, Netherlands, Luxembourg, Tunisia, San Francisco, Hawaii, Guam, Manila and Korea.

Tea Taster, Food and Drug Administration: $22,000 to $32,000 plus tea.

As one of the Federal Government's three tea examiners, you will smell, brew and taste tea imports to make sure they are up to standard. You will turn back inferior blends along with those that have been damaged in transit. You will refrain from coffee breaks.

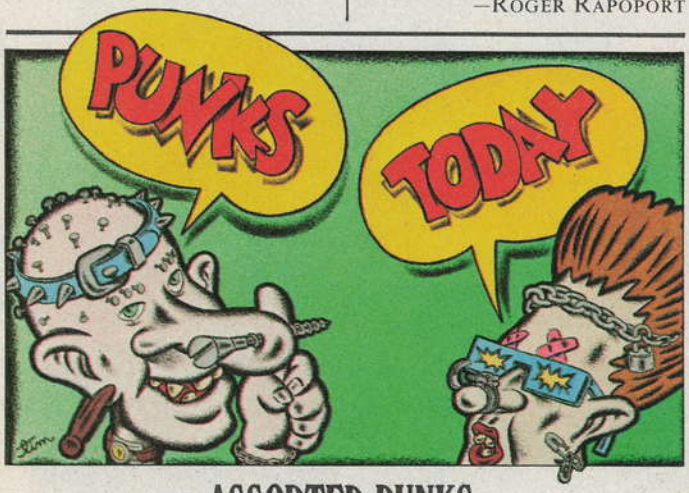
Trustee of the Duke Endowment: $46,300 plus expenses.

Administering the $431,000,000 charitable trust of the late tobacco baron James B. Duke is a job shared by 15 trustees. As one of them, you would be expected to attend about ten meetings a year in North Carolina and New York. That works out to $4630 per meeting.

White House Pastry Chef: $17,982.

Good pay for baking chocolate eclairs—with and without peanuts—at the highest levels of government.

—ROGER RAPOPORT



ASSORTED PUNKS ANSWER TODAY'S IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

You say you're having trouble understanding the Seventies? Well, so did we, until we got a hold of this.

Q: What's your favorite sandwich?

A: John Waters (Punk film maker: *Pink Flamingos, Female Trouble, Desperate Living*; discoverer of Punk transvestite star, . Divine): Raw meat—a cannibal sandwich. All I do is eat that and smoke cigarettes.

Q: What do Punks say when they step in dog shit?

A: Helen Wheels: Shit!

A: Debby Harry (Blondie): Fuck!

A: Tom Verlaine (Television): They don't say anything—they just step in it again.

Q: What would you do if you were rich?

A: Elin (Inflatable Punk Woman, *Punk* magazine): I'd take all my friends out for dinner, 'cause they never get to eat, and then have one big drinking fest.

A: Susan Blond (star of *Andy Warhol's Bad*): I'd have servants. Not just cleaning up the house, but cleaning me.

A: Ronald Binder (twice voted Punk-of-the-Month, *Punk* magazine): Buy a Porsche.

A: Susan Springfield (Erasers): Open a rock club.

A: Helen Wheels: Buy an eighth of coke.

Q: Do Punks fuck with their shoes on?

A: Susan Blond: I don't think they fuck.

[Editor's note: Punk philosophy specifies that sex is boring. Dancing the pogo-stick (jumping up and down) is considered the ultimate excitement for a Punk.]

A: Tommy Ramone: Only in their boots.

Q: Did you ever get caught fucking?

A: Ronald Binder: Let me tell you right now—being Punk-of-the-Month—I don't engage in any of that stuff.

A: Legs McNeil (resident Punk, *Punk* magazine; coined the term Punk Rock): Yeah, in the back of a Trailways bus, and this black guy asked if I got a match.

A: Otto Von Ruggins (Kongress): Yeah, three times. These are my three kids.—GLENN O'BRIEN AND SCOTT COHEN

MERCI

Poor baby! It's a crime, isn't it? Working your buns off all year and ending up with nothing to show for it. Well, at least you can step into April wearing a smile, now that you've gotten some of our famous OUI *cheer. First, of course, we need to heap our gratitude and some taxable income on our contributors (sorry kids, but ya better list it—those horny IRS guys all read* OUI*). Editorial contributors: Tom Miller, Scott Cohen, Hopie Opland (he's not getting his trip to New Guinea, but we're not leaving him up the creek), Ed Naha, Roger Rapoport, Glenn O'Brien. Art credits: fartist, Leo Pando; shit creek, Fred Nelson; punks, Tim Clark. Photo credits:* Openers *box,* Merci *box and fortune cookies, Brent Bear (stylists, Davida Simon and Deborah Tate); baby cakes, Jan Scherr; eyeglasses, Andreas Mahl; flasher, Bob Knickerbocker.*

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Sex Tapes

SEX & DOCTORS

Whether or not they like to admit it, members of the medical profession possess quite a bit of sexual magic and power. This is partly because they have a knowledge of life-and-death matters that most of us lack, and partly because their work provides them with intimate knowledge of their patients' bodies. Indeed, it forces them to take a certain number of liberties. Furthermore, as popular songs have pointed out, doctors have both medicine and money. All of which makes them prime subjects for sexual fantasies. Doctors have fantasies too, of course; and, as our survey shows, both physician and patient will occasionally step over the line that separates fantasy from reality.

Amanda J., 31, postal clerk: Hell, sex *is* a doctor. You may have heard of him—Dr. Feelgood. No joke. When I'm feeling bad, I see my lover first. Then, if that doesn't work, I see my physician.

Chuck M., 46, gynecologist: After several years in this business . . . well, when you've seen one, you've seen them all. But once, several years ago, a new patient came to me—a 26-year-old Ph.D. student with a small athletic body like that of a gymnast. She also had a great sense of humor. Her eyes were a rich, forest green and her lips curled mischievously when she smiled. Her legs were surprisingly long and the muscle tone was something to behold. As she walked across the room to climb onto the examining table, the paper gown parted a little in the back, revealing small, firm buttocks. Not a wasted motion did this woman have.

As I examined her, I could feel myself getting hard. I became very brusque, trying to hide my interest in her, but the smell of her was irresistible, and as I parted her labia, they blushed with pinkness.

I finally had to admit that I found myself incredibly attracted to her, and I suggested she see another doctor—not, however, before I asked her to dinner. I wasn't really surprised when she turned me down, but she did it with such vehemence that it shocked me. I remember what she said: "I'm not gonna go somewhere and eat clams with a guy who's just been poking around in my cunt."

Hyman C., 41, surgeon: I'll tell you, there's nothing sexy about being a doctor. In fact, it has a dampening effect on the libido, for at least two reasons. One is that you learn to see sex as simply another bodily function. There are times when I'm making love to my wife, and all I can think of are medical charts and diagrams—not the best images to have going through your mind at a time like that.

The other way that being a doctor slows you down is when you start remembering what you saw in the operating room that day. If those images start going through your mind when you're making love, then you're really in trouble. Chances are you'll just stop functioning.

Now that I think of it, though, there is a way in which my work sometimes gets me stirred up. An attractive lady patient will come in every now and then. If her problem involves my seeing her naked—and especially if it involves her sex organs—then it's impossible for me to think of her in a sexual way. When that happens, though, it's my wife who's the beneficiary of my stirred-up imagination, because when we make love *that* night, I'll have images of my attractive lady patient going through my head.

Julie T., 24, secretary: This past summer I had a skin irritation on my left breast. Nothing I could do for it would make it go away. There was a dermatologist in an office building near where I worked, so after two weeks I called his office and made an appointment for the next afternoon.

I was pleasantly surprised when Dr. Weiner came out and introduced himself. He was about 35 years old, six feet tall, with black curly hair and the

bluest eyes I had ever seen. The short sleeves of his smock revealed muscular arms covered with soft black hair. He was quite a turn-on. I had to keep telling myself that this man was a doctor.

He asked me to lie back on the examining table and pulled a light over so that he could get a better look at the irritated spot. I closed my eyes, partly because I was a little uneasy and partly because I always expect a doctor to hurt me. But his cool hands were gentle; his breath felt moist and warm. In the darkness of my mind, I had a fantasy in which the good doctor and I undressed one another, gently kissing every inch of skin as we uncovered it. I was lost in my dream and only vaguely heard Dr. Weiner asking me questions. The next sensation I was aware of was his warm mouth closing around mine. This was real. Had he read my thoughts? I kissed him back; it seemed like the most natural thing in the world. As his tongue danced with mine, I could feel his hands cupping my breasts and squeezing them gently. I could also feel myself getting warmer. My pussy was twitching with anticipation. I was no longer thinking about the man as a doctor, nor did I consider that his old bag of a receptionist was only a few feet away, on the other side of the door. All I could think of was how delicious he tasted, how good he smelled, how he must look with his clothes off and how much I wanted him to fuck me—right then and there.

I wrapped my arms around him, running my hands down to his waist and pulling out his shirttail. His skin was warm and soft. I ran my nails over his muscular back and he responded to my touch like a kitten. He stopped kissing me and moved his mouth down to my bare breasts. I was in agony, trying to stifle my groans and sighs, as he skillfully coaxed each nipple into full bloom with his tongue. I managed to get my slacks unbuttoned and down over my hips; his mouth quickly moved to my tummy, my hip bones, and finally to my pale bush. He looked up at me with a lewd smile, raising one finger to his lips in a signal for me to remain silent. He then proceeded to eat me out like a man possessed. I was biting the back of my hand to keep from groaning out loud. Next he concentrated on my clitoris, chewing on it softly, sending me into orgasmic oblivion. My breath was now coming in short gasps. I was weak and thoroughly under his control. He pulled me to the edge of the table and quickly dropped his pants, and I got just a glimpse of his huge tool before he plunged it in.

I caught my breath as he entered me; then he raised my legs up onto my chest and began fucking me with slow strokes, each time giving me the full length of his thick shaft. His tempo picked up as he got closer to shooting his load. I loved every bit of it. Suddenly he withdrew and used his right hand to finish the job. A river of hot come spurted all over my stomach and tits. His eyes closed as he savored his climax. Then he looked down to see me running his nectar all over my skin. I grinned up at him and licked my fingers. He patted my rump and motioned for me to get myself together.

All this had taken about 15 minutes, and he knew that his receptionist would be expecting the visit to end. Surprisingly enough, he turned his back as I dressed.

I never told a soul about my experience with Dr. Weiner—nor did I receive a bill from him. I guess I managed to pay his fee in full before leaving.

Margo van der Z., 32, drama critic: Since my teen years, I've made it my practice to seduce any doctor I visit, and I've rarely been unsuccessful in these attempts. I've had intercourse with 29 physicians and specialists over the last 15 years, with few disappointments and no regrets. After all, the body is the object of the medical profession's expertise, and if anyone should possess a working knowledge of our pleasure-giving apparatus, it would have to be a doctor.

My first such experience occurred when I was 17. I'd just lost my virginity to the—you guessed it—football captain on the night of my senior prom. Virginity had become a bore and I'd decided to put a stop to it. Well, this fellow was big and beefy and very easy to fantasize about. But when it came to the sex part of it, he was just a clumsy boy. He tore and battered my vagina something fierce, and while I didn't mind it at the time, I was still sore two days later and decided to visit our family doctor.

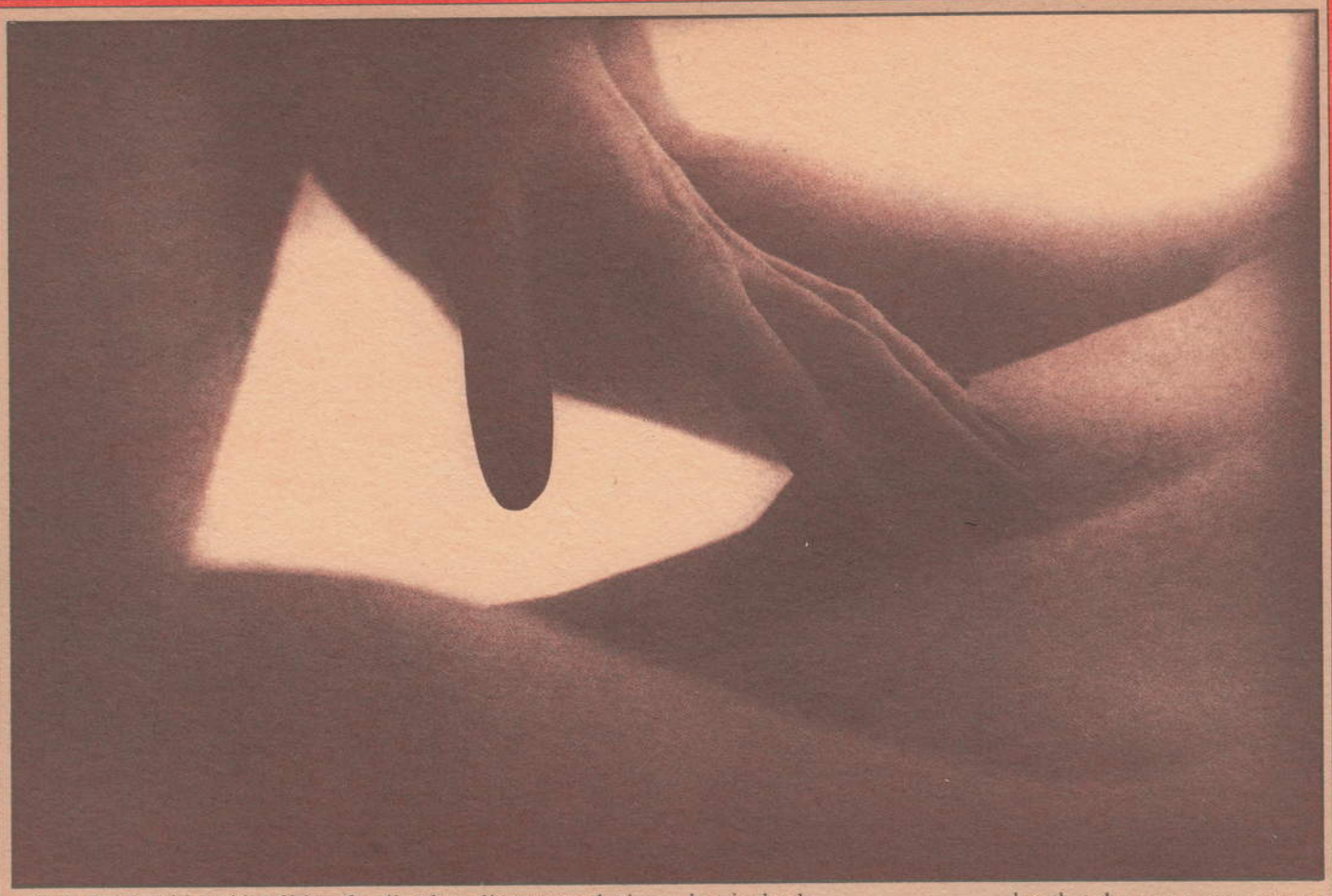
Then he looked down to see me running his nectar all over my skin. I grinned up at him and licked my fingers. He patted my rump.

He was an attractive man in his early 40s. He had large, strong and immaculately kept hands, and something about the dark hair on his arms and the way he contrasted with his gleaming white smock made me decide he would be my second conquest. He was surprised and maybe a little embarrassed when I explained the nature of my problem. But there was an unmistakable edge of excitement in his deep voice as he asked me to recount what had happened. Had I been raped? Had I had too much to drink? He swallowed several times as I recounted in detail the loss of my virginity. When I told him it had been my intention all along to get fucked, he blushed and turned away as he asked me to disrobe and lie on the examining table. He began by pressing gently on my abdomen; then he pressed more firmly, asking me if there were any pain. When he stole an oblique glance at my pink-nippled breasts, I knew I had him. After all, I reasoned, if this were really so businesslike, he'd regard my breasts with the same dispassionate openness as he might regard my big toe. I knew his penis must be getting hard and wondered what it looked like. Would it be bigger than the football captain's?

It was when he put his plastic-gloved finger into my vagina that I sprang the trap. I began to moan and undulate my hips. He seemed confused, nervous, almost dazed. He started to withdraw his hand, mumbling something like, "Stop, please—you don't know what you're doing." But I reached down quickly and grabbed his wrist with both hands. "Oh, doctor, that feels so very good—don't stop," I pleaded, as I maneuvered my clitoris against the ball of his hand—the tingle felt so good.

Suddenly his confusion left him, and he leaned over and kissed me long and hard on the mouth. As his full lips covered my breasts with wet kisses—his mustache was driving me crazy—he removed his gloves. Then I was the one who was hot and confused, while he was composed and methodical. He removed his clothes with his back to me, folded them over a chair and turned around. I gasped at the sight of his magnificent, dark, long phallus with its huge, mushroom-shaped, circumcised head. Although it was much longer and slightly thicker than my prom date's, there was no pain when he entered me—only the biggest thrill of my young life.

After stroking my insides with a slow, circular motion that made my hair stand on end, he stopped and told me that halfway up my vagina, on either side, were a couple of little glands that would trigger my orgasm if he stimulated them. "So what are you waiting for?" I asked, and he proceeded to drive me over the edge. I swooned with pleasure. When I recovered my senses, he went on to initiate me in a variety of positions, explaining to me the advantages of each. The best was when I sat facing him on his lap, with my knees raised



and my feet on either side of his thighs. It seemed as if he were penetrating all the way to my diaphragm—and frankly, I didn't care if he ripped me apart. When he came, in a long, drawn-out series of violent spurts, it seemed as if a ten-story building inside me had just collapsed brick by brick. Lights flashed in my head, and I heard sirens and bells, just like I'd wanted to. So let me state categorically that any woman who doesn't believe there's such a thing as a vaginal orgasm had better go to a good doctor. And believe me, most doctors are very good indeed.

Paulus H., 39, M.D., psychoanalyst: Well, nowadays it is quite easy to read of scandals concerning psychoanalysts who seduce their patients. But, seduction is one thing and effective sexual therapy quite another. Allow me to illustrate by way of a case history of one of my own patients.

Anna came to me in a highly disturbed state; she showed every indication of progressive degeneration toward a catatonic condition. She had been raised in a very strict religious family that discouraged virtually every sensual experience—dancing, alcohol, coffee, tobacco, theater, *haute cuisine*, and, of course, sex. At the age of 28, this woman had the appearance of being much older, and her clothes were very drab.

Well, I am not an unkind or overly critical man, but I must tell you that Anna was not an attractive girl and hardly one I would select if seduction were my object. No. What transpired between us was medicine of the highest order. It was necessary to completely shatter this tyrannical, joyless persona, and Anna agreed that whatever I prescribed should be done, with no inhibitional barriers or taboos.

Clearly, Anna's therapy had to include a *complete* sexual conversion and libertarian education. A union of opposites had to occur on every level—passion with purity, confusion with clarity, pain with pleasure. Such a radical reduction and reconstruction of a personality required that all her previous conceptions of propriety and morals be experientially contradicted, and repeatedly. Large doses of potent hallucinogens were augmented with electric shock.

Anna began to change almost immediately. She cried often, and began to experience repeated orgasms, not only during the cunnilingus but equally under the lash. Her orgasms were always accompanied by great heaving tremors, great sobs and outpouring of tears.

After one month I had private sessions with Anna two times a week at regular hours. We began the climb from the bizarre to normal sexuality. Hallucinogens were replaced by tranquilizers.

Normalization proceeded apace. Subsequent sessions moved away from the early road of excess. Fellatio and sodomy were introduced. By the time of our final in-hospital session, Anna was at last ready to lose her maidenhead, and this was accomplished in what I can only think of as the culmination of an inspired course of treatment. Anna was able to experience the normal pain of penetration; as I made tender, expert love to her, she wept, but with no trace of hysteria. As I moved slowly and deeply in her vagina, wet with passion as well as the trickle of blood, I assured her that she was a new woman.

Anna remained for one more month, during which all drugs exclusive of coffee and wine—in moderation—were discontinued. We continued to have normal intercourse twice a week. Her diet and exercises were watched carefully. When Anna left the hospital, she was more attractive and more alive than at any time since early childhood. Today she is quite normal; she enjoys parties, has a rather handsome lover and even attends church. We are no longer sexually involved in any way. Yet if certain editors, clerics, politicians or demagogs were to hear of this and be able to identify me, I'd be labeled a monster and a lunatic, and I would surely lose my license.

Jeremy P., 27, carpenter: I believe that if you get enough sex and smoke enough marijuana, you'll never need to see a doctor. That's because sex and marijuana are nature's medicines and they work preventively. But marijuana is illegal, as are certain varieties of sex, primarily because our government is in the hands of the medical profession. □

SEX TAPES Letters

Sex Tapes Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.*

Sneaking Around

I am not by any means what you would call graceful. I am, in actuality, a bona fide klutz. I can trip over nothing. I fell out of my boyfriend's Gremlin once, while trying to close the door. I careen from one object to another. Now it is something I can laugh about, but it was deadly serious about three summers ago in Cape Cod. Actually, it led to a marvelous experience I will never forget.

I was a counselor at a camp there. I had met another counselor, Gary, who became my summer diversion. We used to meet at the archery area after lights-out and get involved in some pretty heavy necking—but nothing more than that.

The problem was that Gary was pressuring me pretty hard to go to bed with him and I really wasn't all that interested. Mostly I was afraid of being caught in bed with another counselor. He used to knock himself out trying to find ways to get me, though, and once he tried the old "ply-her-with-liquor" routine. It was a dusky summer's evening and the air was light and soft against me. We walked to a local night spot to dance, and we drank on the way. I was a little high and feeling warm and good all over.

As we walked into the place, I forgot that there were four steps down to the dance floor. Not being Ms. Coordinated by a long shot, I caught my heel on the top step and flew down the stairs onto the dance floor, where I sprawled like a rag doll under the legs of a dancer. He seemed amused by the whole thing, but I was embarrassed.

Then he gently urged me back into the moist grass and started softly caressing me.

Gary and I retreated, ordered a couple of drinks and sat there watching the dancers. I kept looking at the guy I had careened into (or under), and he seemed to be glancing at me, too. He was a good dancer. He moved really well and had that kind of small, tight dancer's ass that I just adore! He did not seem overly involved with the lady he was with, either. Eventually he returned her to her seat and came over to me, suggesting we dance.

At this point, Gary was passed out with his head in his hands, so I figured, What the hell? While we danced, he held me very close, moving his pelvis into mine, which ached with a kind of urgent need I had never before experienced. I felt my pussy getting wet, and the feeling of his cock getting hard against it was too much for me. I was feeling faint with desire and the heat in the room, so I suggested we go outside for a breath of fresh air.

He went to the bar and got two drinks with straws and we went outside. We sat down on the cool grass, and I watched him lightly move his mouth up and down the straw. I got all goose-pimply. Then he gently urged me back into the moist grass and started softly caressing me with his hands and tongue. Soon he was stroking my crotch through my underpants, which produced a magnificent friction. My own wetness was sliding all over my crotch, and my body ached for this Adonis to get into me.

Finally we moved behind a tree and started having slow intercourse. I was aware of his every movement, especially the sure, methodical sliding of his long, thick cock in and out of my pussy. The whole of my sensation became concentrated on my vagina.

When we finished, we lay back on the grass, slowly sipping our cool drinks. I was totally satiated. We went back into the stuffy little room, where he gallantly kissed my hand, then went back to the girl he had left at the table.

I collected Gary and we walked back to the campgrounds. I never saw this fantastic lover again, but the memory of that spontaneous lovemaking on a sensual night, underneath the trees with the summer breeze caressing us as he caressed me, is one of my fondest.

SHARON G.
Fall River, Massachusetts

There's nothing like fucking in a phone booth. My old lady and I can't stand to go very long without intercourse, so when we're out and feel the urge coming on, we just head straight for the nearest phone booth and jam inside, in both senses. It's really a kick to be getting it on in a glass booth, with millions of people walking by. We used to think no one ever noticed, until we looked up once and saw that the guy in the next booth was watching us—and beating off. That crude bastard came all over the glass and then split. As soon as he was gone, we switched over to his phone booth—it was rich with the smell of his come—and did it again. Now we can't pass

(Continued on page 132)

Getting caught with this plant can turn your life upside down

Getting caught with a marijuana plant in your home can land you in jail for several years with a felony conviction.

Marijuana smokers are no longer arrested in eight states. The U.S. Congress and many other states are considering similar reforms.

But growing any amount of marijuana remains a serious crime in most states and under federal law. It means that 15 million regular smokers are forced to support an illicit market.

This doesn't make sense to us.

Smokers should be permitted to grow their own marijuana. Cultivation for personal use should be decriminalized. A proposal to do just that is pending in California and will soon be introduced in Oregon.

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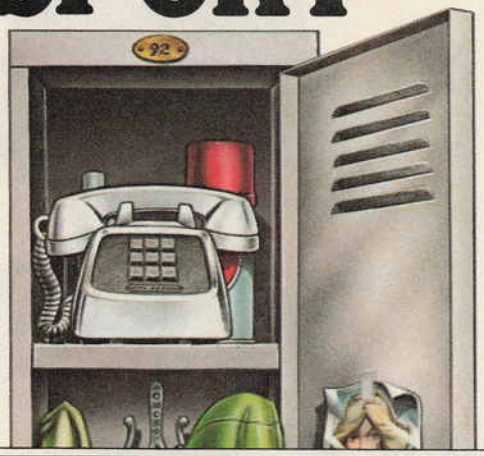


THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF A BOOKIE

by D. Keith Mano

Fat Lou is a sports book. What they call a runner. We meet in this Craig Claiborne four-roach Italian restaurant—a chancre on the lip of Fort Lee, New Jersey. Atmosphere at La Cloacum is what you can't tell from Shinola: forks that come web-footed with old tomato sauce; flies so winter-numb they've gotta *walk* into my minestrone; hookers, three, who developed a penicillin resistance sometime before the Inchon landing. Fat Lou is down. Business stinks and the hood on his '65 Plymouth tends to jerk up at anything over 35 mph. Bad. One kid in college. One wife whose Master Charge has been pressed illegible. Fat Lou has to compensate. He's the only man I know who'll suck an Almond Joy between jabs of chicken cacciatore. Lou was looking for Mr. Goodbar long before Diane Keaton. And after a while I don't blame him: I've got eggplant parmigiana Cloacum, and already the damn thing's grabbed my fork twice.

In 30 years of making book, Fat Lou has been busted, oh, 30 times. Regular as your annual donation to the PBA ball. His backer, Sol, made a night deposit each time. Record: 0 for 30—not one conviction. "Sol has to take care of his runners. They know too much." Fat Lou shucks a Butterfinger, slices it with knife and fork. Etiquette. Of course, if Fat Lou squealed, he could expect to find himself in a Dempster Dumpster some morning—with little Milk Duds where his eyeballs once were. That was New York City before the Knapp Commission. Every month Sol paid "ice" to borough headquarters, then to division headquarters. Support your local police. "Like Sol says, 'A bar gets its liquor license, we gotta get a book license.' "

It's something else now. Good news first: Mr. Fuzz doesn't lean on bookmen much at all these days. Zero percentage in it. Some nickel-dime runner might be wired for sound and *arrivederci* 20-year retirement with pension. Drugs maybe: A good heroin split and the man can retire after five years. Fat Lou is nostalgic, sad almost; it's like they don't care for him anymore. Bad news: When they *do* half-nelson you—especially if one has the wrong Italian relatives—well, you can start giving out point spreads on how long it'll take a spider to catch ten mosquitoes in your cell. "There are a lot of penny-ante sports offices springing up. They work right out of their own homes. It's safer now. No one minds."

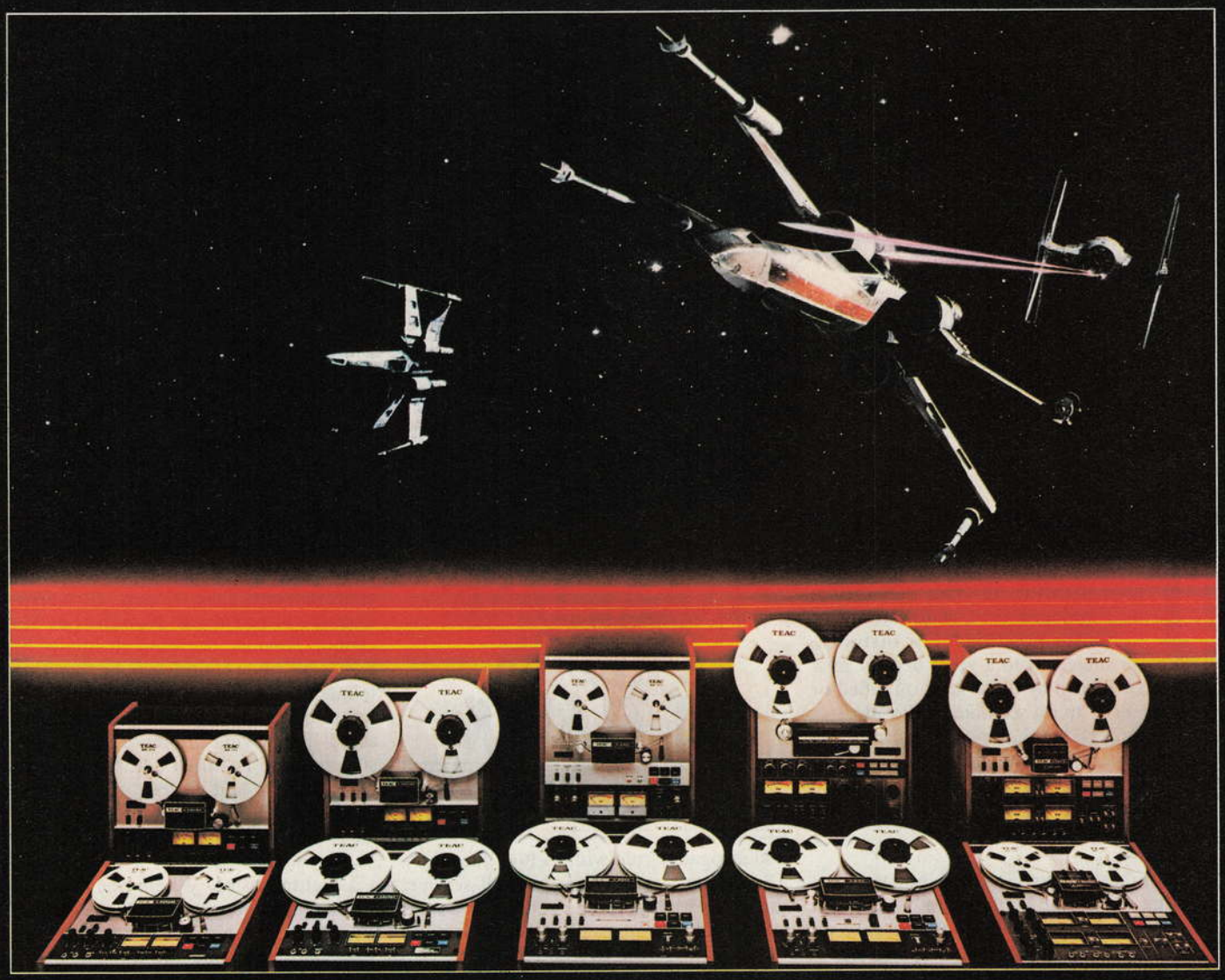
But what finally U-Hauled Fat Lou out of New York was—would you believe it?—off-track betting. Fat Lou can't believe it. "I do not understand how they conned the public. I just do not understand. Bettors are getting creamed with what the state lops off. Jeez, maybe people wanted respectability." A romantic thought. Back before Watergate, Fat Lou ran Sol's wire office at $250 per week (on a dummy payroll to reassure the IRS). Add his own clientele, divvied 50–50 with Sol, he might net $800 or so on Friday, tax free. But now the horse bookie is deader than the eohippus. So, let this be a lesson: Fat Lou decided to turn legit. Large mistake. He bought himself a Jersey plumbers' union card and a nice house somewhere around Oradell. Problem: The construction industry ran like Seattle Slew—on Seconal. Fat Lou hasn't threaded a pipe in ten months. He's back running sports for Sol long distance. Fat Lou might be bitter. Fat Lou is bitter. It could drive him to snort Charleston Chew. He earns ditz and Mrs. Lou is still making her Master Charge go ka-thunk. Honesty may be the best policy, but those premiums can kill, and you only collect when you're dead.

Want to know just how unprofitable sports booking is? So unprofitable even the Mafiosi will do it only as a favor. That's how unprofitable. Still, you doubt. You think a book has inside dope. He knows that Tony Dorsett came down with amoebic dysentery on Saturday night—that his best runs are behind him. Or, worse, that a book *gave* Dorsett the Mr. Softees by dropping salmonella in his Gatorade. Bullflop. No sports book is any smarter than you are—dumber, in fact. He makes or doesn't make his living on chaos and bad bounces. "I get aggravated watching the Sunday NFL roundup." It isn't like horses, where you could siphon off a neat percentage, win or lose; where the favorite is worth $2.40; where nine, ten different mounts can finish behind their stirrups. What Fat Lou has is his 10 percent vigorish, period. No, semicolon. You lay $110 for $100, but Fat Lou has to whack his take in half with Sol. Five percent—*if* the bettor picks wrong. A Hong Kong condom manufacturer can operate on that profit margin, not a middle-class, over-Master Charged mortgage holder.

Wait, though. Pretend that Fat Lou catches a hot one—a real breakbone fever streak. I'm so scared of the IRS auditors, I declare the allowance money I win back from my kid in casino. What if Fat Lou packages $30,000? Hell, two-car garage, wife's hair tie-dyed three times a week and no visible income. How d'you square that up on the old short form? Fat Lou smiles: I'm green, man. He has hiked his stomach on the table edge, as you might boost small children to look into a zoo cage. See, Fat

(Continued on page 131)

D. Keith Mano writes in a snappy style about bookies and other toughs because he read too much Runyon as a kid.



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TV

LOCAL FARE: PHLEGM AT ELEVEN

by Michael Price

Television and sex have more in common than just the fact that they're both enjoyed in a wide variety of ludicrous positions. For instance, both are subjected to a great deal of misplaced criticism by those least qualified or experienced to do so. Like in Florida.

It's undeniable that most of us, in or out of the video biz, share the same knee-jerk tendency to indict and convict the three *networks* for all the televised travesties and nincompoopnesses we discern.

Wrong.

Not that the Big Guys are innocent, not in the least, but neither should they be forced to ride the beef alone and take all the heat. Even the Daltons had a gang.

One reason they get all the heat, incidentally, is that ABC, CBS and NBC—not necessarily in order of culpability—are bringing a lot of the misplaced bitching down upon themselves. Overkill. If they'd just cool it and lighten up on the yammering about how absolutely wonderful they (alone) are, then maybe we wouldn't blame them (alone) for all the absolutely unwonderful moments on our tube. But they won't. Or maybe can't. It's a massive three-way orgy of compulsive corporate ego-tripping. And so their problem, in terms of guilt distribution, is visibility. Towering profiles. They've honked their own horns so much that now everybody knows where they're parked.

However, if we focus clearly on the exact source of our displeasures, it becomes increasingly apparent that it's the *local* affiliates, not the networks themselves, who deliver the most odious blather. It's the *locals*, affiliated and independent, VHF and UHF, who impose upon us the arbitrary value judgment, prejudices and individual tastelessness of their respective mini-czars. It's on the local level that avarice and arrogance rule with virtual immunity. The networks merely practice self-service; the locals wallow in it.

Before writing this column, Mike Price thought he could always return to a career in local television.

And that about winds up my career in broadcasting. Film at 11.

The most dangerous and futile place in the industry to attempt changing, or even upgrading, the product is at the local level. Ask any battered wretch who's been there.

Innovation at most local television stations is about as welcome as syphilis. The prevailing argument against the mechanics of improvement is: "But that's not how we do it." You will notice how nicely that meshes with the prevailing motto: It won't work because we never tried it. Believe me, there are no daredevils in double knits.

Certainly, the networks clearly deserve a good many of the brickbats hurled at them. Their "Earned-Lump Average" (ELA) is outrageous. But at least they make the effort toward the refinement and cultivation of creativity. The locals just sit there. They suck up the revenue, keep the *status* as *quo* as possible and annually brownnose themselves into another FCC license renewal. If you can find a politician rash enough to be honestly critical of local television within his own bailiwick, you'd better advise him to look for a day job 'cause those cats'll crucify him like *that*! (Sound of crisp finger-snap.)

Tales of sheer ignorance demonstrated by local TV "personalities" (i.e., anybody who can get on camera more than twice in a row) are legion within the industry. A classic example which typifies the genre concerns one Jack Kogan, formerly of KSHO-TV in Las Vegas, Nevada. Las Vegas cannot possibly be referring to its local television when claiming to be the "Entertainment Capital of the World." Upon returning from a tour of Italy, Kogan assured his viewing audience, with earnest sincerity and no small amount of worldly pride, that he had visited ". . . all the big-time churches around Rome, and that includes the one where the Pope's at, Saint Vatican's." I swear it.

Local television. Where else could such tantalizingly descriptive artistry as "various shades of black . . ." sell shoes, or "genuine handmade imitation plastic . . ." sell wallets? I'll tell you where. Dallas and Baltimore, respectively.

Each of the major networks, under the law, may have up to five local VHF stations that they own and operate around the country. These are called *O & Os*. The balance of each network is comprised of local stations, known as *primary affiliates*. These are generally the biggest, best equipped and best staffed in each broadcast market, but let's not get carried away. All things, especially in television, are most definitely relative.

Some are even relativer than others. At this writing, NBC has 212 primary affiliates across the nation; ABC has 195; nobody at CBS seems to know how many they have. CBS in Los Angeles told me to call CBS in New York for the information. CBS in New York couldn't understand why nobody at CBS in Los Angeles knew. But neither CBS headquarters had a number to give me. Probably smoked 'em all.

In tacit admission of the fact that they don't know what the hell they're doing, local stations with enough money buy the "consulting" advice of large companies that purport to be experts in broadcasting (Magid, McHugh/Hoffman, etc.). These hotshots are the Mattels of TV. They de-

(Continued on page 125)

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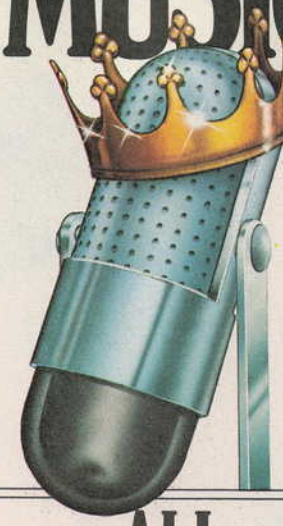

ALL THE KING'S BOYS

by Ed Naha

The King of Rock 'n' Roll has been dead for six months, and the rock world is limping along without a ruler. Leaderless. Symbolless. But surely there are plenty of superstars around who could easily pick up Presley's fallen crown. Where are the idols now that we need them? Well, OUI compiled a list of some of the most likely candidates to rule rockdom in 1978. From current chart positions, rabid teenage fan mail and reruns of *The Midnight Special*, a roster of rock's most eligible pretenders to the throne has been shaped.

The most likely Future Kings:

Elton John. Although million-record-selling Elton plays piano equally well with his hands and his feet, it is doubtful that he will ever assume leadership in the rock community. Musically, his songs lean more towards the wimpy side and are sexually benign. He appeals to the Bambi in us all, as opposed to the Don Juan. His rockers are equally devoid of true grit. *Crocodile Rock* and *Honky Cat*, despite their backbeat, would get the same kind of emotional response at a Daughters of the American Revolution rally as they would at a bikers' beer party. Imagewise, Elton lacks swagger. His Mr. Moto glasses and Big Bird outfits just don't strike a *macho* chord. A pair of Clint Eastwood contacts and a trip to the adult section of a clothing store would help.

Mick Jagger. Jagger is one of the most obvious choices to don the mantle of rock kingship, but it is highly doubtful it will ever happen. Jagger has taken the fine art of rock bawdiness to the realm of caricature. His mannerisms in 1978 are a mere shadow of the rough stuff of 1966. Mascara is a poor substitute for sweat, and the tendency to overexaggerate the slurring blues delivery ("Weyull awull-raght miyuh bay-bee!") could lead to the issuance of a Michelin Guide to the Rolling Stones. Strictly a symbol of rock past.

James Taylor. Should James Taylor ever wake up, he could probably knock the socks off the rock world. He's one of the country's finest singer-songwriters, with hits in both the album and the singles categories. His voice and his style are instantly recognizable. Unfortunately, most of James' self-penned tunes are terminal and, more often than not, sung in a manner resembling classic Alfalfa. At present, his audience is composed mostly of lemmings. One way to broaden James' rock horizons would be to trap him in an elevator for nine hours with Screamin' Jay Hawkins and Little Richard. *Fire and Rain* disco. Ahsay allright.

Phil Lynnot/Bruce Springsteen/Graham Parker. The closest thing to sheer rock power on the music scene today, Phil/Bruce/Graham is/are a truly distinctive singer/songwriter/guitarist/bassist who is/are well on his/their way to cultivating a universal appeal. Their/his music is of/by/for the streets and within a few years could really effect change in the music industry. Until that time, in terms of composition, Phil/Bruce/Graham could be a little less derivative/overproduced/hyped/silly.

Ted Nugent. Elvis Presley always appealed to a certain rowdy element in all humans. Nugent, on the other hand, appeals to a certain human element in all animals. A holdover from the psychedelic Sixties, where he held court over the Amboy Dukes (how many pizza-parlor jukeboxes collapsed after *Journey to the Center of Your Mind*?), Nugent has quietly cultivated the art of rowdiness to a state of near-rabidity. Dressed in a loincloth onstage, Ted whips his audiences into a frenzy using only his guitar sounds. Regrettably, Ted's fandom is a fairly select group, consisting mostly of Nazis, Cro-Magnons, sadomasochists and the totally deaf. It's doubtful that Ted could ever pull off a musical comedy with Ann-Margret.

Neil Young. Neil Young is a primo rock performer with a clearly defined image. That image, however, is pretty damn spooky. Neil has always been the mysterious, introspective type, dating back to his reclusive Buffalo Springfield days when he was too shy to sing his own songs until forced. Following the commercial success of *After the Gold Rush* a few years back, Neil retreated into a shadowy stance as the Nosferatu of rock, constantly shunning the spotlight. His stark brooding lyricism on tunes like *The Needle and the Damage Done*, *Vampire Blues* and *Hold Back the Tears* is powerful but tough to dance to. The razor blade keeps slipping off one's wrist.

David Bowie. If the newly crowned King of Rock's legions of fans were composed entirely of androids and clones, David Bowie would be a shoo-in for the job. In his dozen-year career, Bowie has gone from pop singer (one of his first hits was *The Laughing Gnome*—honest!) to folk-singer to unisex singer to science-fiction singer to rock idol to science-fiction poet to soul singer to science-fiction actor to an abstract sandwich. Somewhere along the line, his aloof, Svengali-like pose has become somewhat predetermined. His stage mannerisms of late are beginning to seem stiff and programmed. For a more passionate and back-to-basics slant, performing in

(Continued on page 133)

Ed Naha, erroneously referred to as the Dean of American Rock Critics, is not related to the capital of Okinawa.

Sexy Sisters

April PLAYBOY doubles your pleasure with a delectable look at the prettiest pairs of sexy siblings to be found anywhere. Then there's the lady who tells of an unusual and erotic encounter with sadomasochism that's guaranteed to curl your toes. At least. You'll also learn what David Frost really thinks of Richard Nixon and other tricky subjects in this month's interview. Read the final part of Gore Vidal's fictional look at the end of the world. And get a scary look inside the mind of someone else with visions of blowing us all away, this time for real: Sirhan Sirhan. April PLAYBOY also presents the definitive wrap-up of the past year in music, complete with our reader-poll results. Plus a whole lot more. And it's on sale now.

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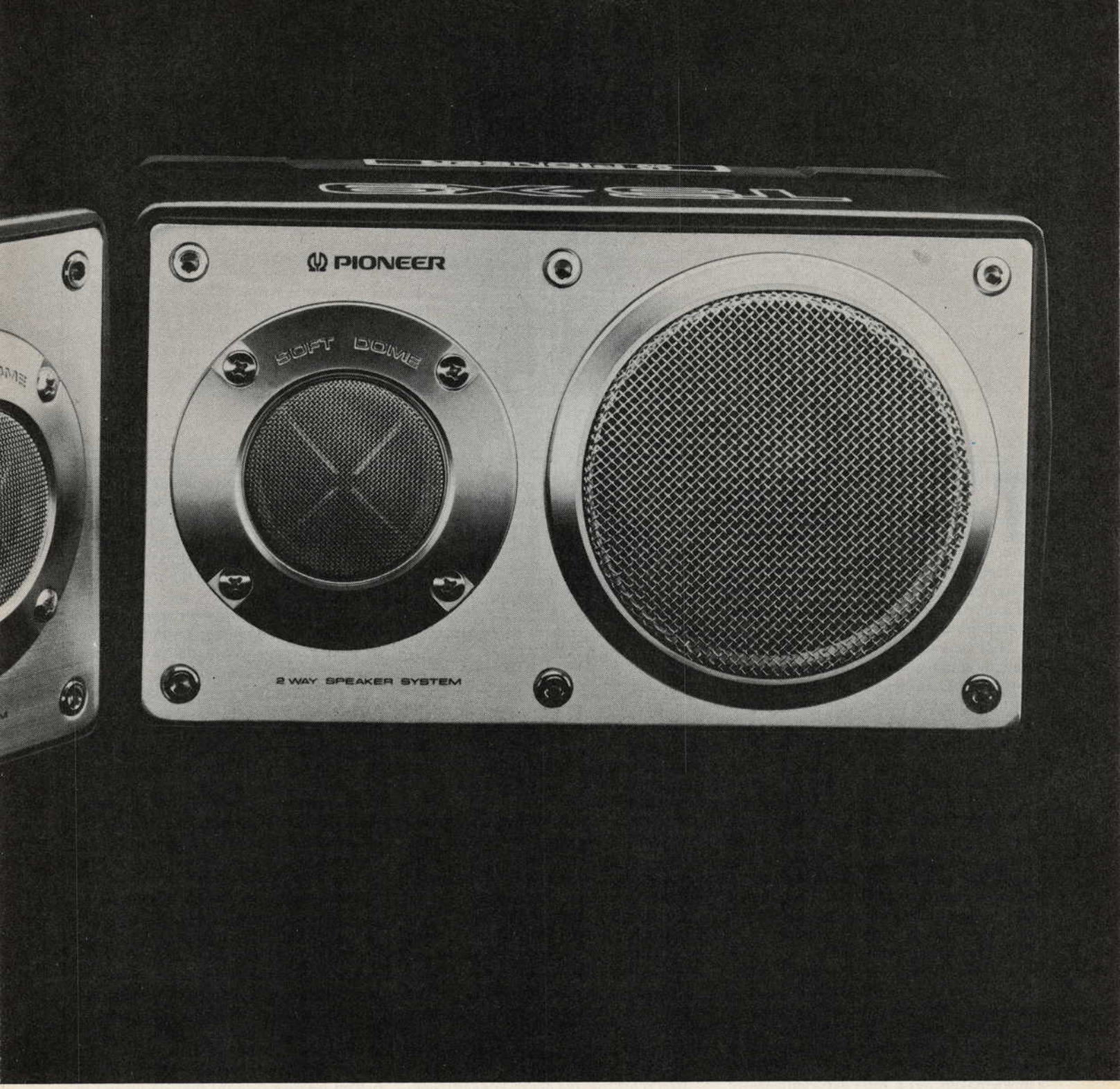

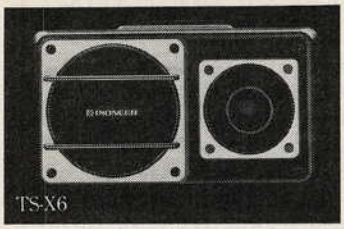
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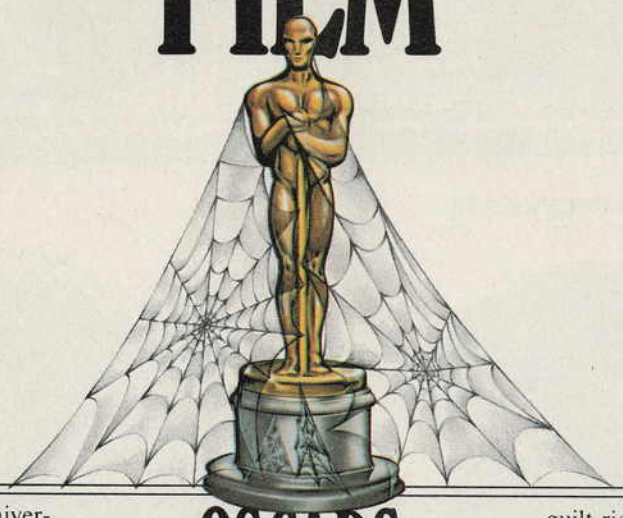

OSCARS OUI'D LIKE TO SEE

by Rick Sublett

This month marks the 50th anniversary of Hollywood's Academy Awards presentations, a half-century of skillful public relations hokum which has lifted "Oscar" from bald-headed, bare-assed obscurity to premiere status as the most coveted, 24-karat symbol of totally irrelevant accomplishment in the entertainment world.

That's no small trick in a country like ours, a country with some of the stiffest bunko laws anywhere on the civilized earth. Indeed, if Oscar were a real person instead of a 13-inch bowling trophy, he'd be doing hard time at Folsom Prison right about now.

Oh, sure, you'll say, it's easy to make fun of the Academy Awards and the people who pick, promote and peddle them. Critics pour on the envious, self-righteous bile every spring, just as surely as the sap rises in the trees. And those saps rise from the audience to accept Oscars for winners who've scheduled themselves out of town to escape the humiliation and horror of "Hollywood's biggest night."

And that's wrong. Because when you get right down to it, there's really nothing so terribly wrong about a self-serving industry patting itself on the back in public. After all, if Detroit can gild the lily with those dazzling EPA estimates, why can't moviemakers get a little extra mileage of their own by using the same flimflam?

This is not to say, however, that the academy couldn't stand a little constructive criticism and behind-the-carefully-orchestrated-scenes improvement from time to time—especially in the area of giving credit where credit is genuinely due: new categories and honors which should be embossed inside the official gold-leaf Oscar program, but never are. In the interest of correcting this shortcoming, and to broaden the scope and meaning of the academy, here are this year's extra-special Oscar winners, as not tabulated by the respected accounting firm of Price-Waterhouse. May I have the imaginary envelope, please . . .

Rick Sublett wears Earth Shoes with a tuxedo and will not be invited to attend this year's gala Awards ceremony.

Best performance by a male, Italian-American actor with many widely acclaimed talents, but not enough to overcome a perfectly ill-suited, agonizingly pedestrian screenplay:

The award goes to Al Pacino, for his performance in *Bobby Deerfield*, the thinly veiled remake of another popcorn-wetter of years gone by: *Love Story*. Though he's one of America's most promising and successful young actors, Pacino was grossly miscast in *Bobby Deerfield*. To put it in *Godfather*-ly terms, *Deerfield* was one script offer Pacino should have refused.

Most repetitive and heavy-handed screenplay, based upon a true, but overwhelmingly dull life story:

Honors here go to the film *Greased Lightning*, the biography of America's first black stock-car racing champion. With Richard Pryor behind the wheel, this movie possessed all the speed, excitement and socially redeeming qualities of a rush-hour backup on an inner-city freeway. Not since Walt Disney's *Song of the South* has a screenplay so courageously attacked the racial barriers erected below the Mason-Dixon line. Though deeply metaphorical in its message and imagery, the dialog prodded and challenged more than one guilt-ridden conscience in the audience, liberal and redneck alike. Especially effective was the use (every three minutes) of the symbolic line: "Hey nigger! I'm gonna run your black ass right off this track!" The message was unmistakable to sensitive, perceptive moviegoers.

Outstanding achievement in special effects (below ten fathoms) without the use of hidden wires, special flotation gear or expensive silicone implants:

A golden statuette goes to the amazing technicians who kept Jacqueline Bisset's celebrated breasts so firmly erect and evenly suspended during the underwater scenes in Columbia's box-office smash of the summer, *The Deep*.

Most creative use of female skin, without having display advertising banned from the movie section of the Los Angeles Times *and other blue-nosed, double-standard-bearing American newspapers:*

Yes, it's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, the story of a sex-crazed single girl, designed for sex-crazed single audiences. Thanks to masterful use of sound effects, lighting and camera angles, thousands of Diane Keaton fans were actually able to sit through the entire film without dozing off, demanding their money back or throwing loose objects at the screen. Though sometimes awkward in her first nude scenes, Miss Keaton proved beyond a doubt that she is one of Hollywood's leading comediennes. It's a pity she had to do it in a modern, 20th Century tragedy.

The Joseph E. Levine Historical Whitewash Medallion (awarded to the actor who does the most to confuse and distort the realities of history):

This year's unanimous choice is Gregory Peck, for his cardboard portrayal of General Douglas MacArthur, in the movie with the same last name. Peck set aside his considerable skills in order to turn this egomaniacal character into a two-dimensional human reproduction of the U. S.

(Continued on page 124)

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SOME HARD READS

by Lawrence Dietz

Housed in a small, stucco building hard by a freeway on-ramp (the better to make your porn-laden getaway?), the doorway of the "adult" bookstore I recently attended was covered with a worn bedspread. That was a nice touch, sort of like what you would imagine a fifth-rate whorehouse in Tijuana in 1947 would have used to cover *its* doorway.

The most striking thing about the merchandise was that it is not so much a matter of selling books as selling what should be called magazines: glossy and newsprint publications that are the size of magazines and are illustrated. What they appeared to be illustrated *with,* naturally, is the sort of thing which brought Larry Flynt to the point of conversion, only more so.

But I was not there for the magazines' life-size, full-color cover photographs of a glistening penis, erect and being licked at by no less than three girls per magazine. This is a column called *Print,* by God, so I went to the paperback racks and chose what I hoped was a decent (*decent* is probably not quite the word) representation. I bought five books (for $13.52, a reasonable price considering that paperbacks in the real world are edging past $2. apiece). They were: *Promiscuous Preppy,* by Barry Thomas, a Beeline Book published by Carlyle Communications; *Wild Whipped Lesbians,* by Susan Turner (illustrated with color photos, it has no copyright or publisher's identification); *Animal Sex-Mates,* by Bill Leer (obviously a *nom de plume*), a Doggie Digest Book published by Publishers Consultants; *Cock Hungry Buddies,* by Tom Wilson, a Cruiser Classic published by Star Distributors; and *Penny's Passion Pit,* by Susan Linder, a Marksman Book published by Star Distributors.

Describing the plots of the books is like trying to make a case for the dramatic sequence which might be revealed by unfolding the sheets in a roll of Charmin. In fact, a couple of the books ended just as abruptly as a roll of toilet paper, as though the writers had been paid to produce 190 book pages of stuff: When their meter stopped running, their characters stopped screwing. For the record, though, *Wild Whipped Lesbians* is about a pair of faculty wives who find they enjoy each other much more than faculty teas ("Harriett devoured Alice's burning, pussy flesh, filling her mouth with the ambrosial taste of woman flesh"). That tiny example not only gives you a fair literary flavor, if you will, of the books, but a sense that punctuation seems to be inserted at random. Anyway, *Promiscuous Preppy* deals with a college freshperson whose ideas of relating to her professors are obvious ("Then she was filled with his scalding love milk"). *Penny's Passion Pit* is about a none-too-ingenuous ingenue who is a candidate for a medical study because she ejaculates ("They came together once, then again and again with each spasm bringing forth a new spurt of come from them both"). *Animal Sex-Mates* also touches on the medical. Its redeeming social purpose, in case the law should ask, is that it provides case studies of women who have intercourse with various nonhumans (excluding snakes). Marla, for example, had a dog ("Biting her lip she reached down with both hands and guided the dog's hips, pulling him toward her body . . ."). Afterwards, there is some dialog between Marla and the shrink. MARLA: What's the answer, Doctor? What's the answer for me? DOCTOR: The answer lies inside your own mind. . . . Freud would have been proud. In *Cock Hungry Buddies,* a less-than-rousing saga of lust on a construction project (building a gay Shangri-La on a South Pacific island for a rich gay man who might—if the book had been concerned at all with these things—have been developed into a gay Dr. No), there is a certain sadness when Andy and Bill go at it, since neither of them seems, by their words, to show the joy we assume they're feeling. " 'Aw, man,' Bill whispered, 'you're gonna make me come.' " A short time later: " 'Aw, shit,' Andy sighed, 'you're gonna make me come, man.' " The only thing interesting about the book is to contemplate the profits of whoever held the K-Y Jelly concession on the island.

Most authorities who have studied pornography—including the Presidential Commission—have said that it isn't harmful and should simply be allowed to exist and find its own market (presumably a diminished one, once the novelty is gone). There is another, more fundamentalist view which holds that sin should be stamped out wherever it is in evidence. Ed Davis, recently retired as chief of the L.A. Police Department and now running for the Republican nomination for governor of California, has said that in his experience sex criminals, once apprehended, turn out to be men who have pornographic materials in their homes. The unstated implication is that these crazies are driven to a fever pitch of lust by the books.

But the whole point of pornography is that it should allow someone to satisfy himself or herself solo. If these books are any indication of what the market is producing, the problem is not that they drive people into a sexual frenzy, but that they fail to do just that. □

If we hadn't forced him, writer Dietz would never have gone within even five blocks of a dirty-book store. Nosir.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

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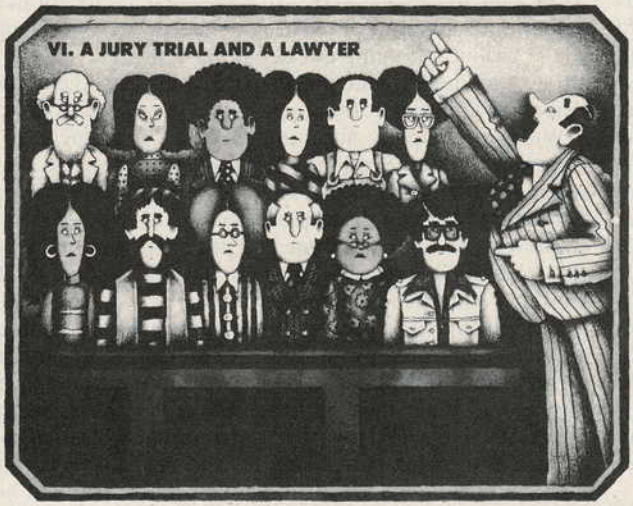

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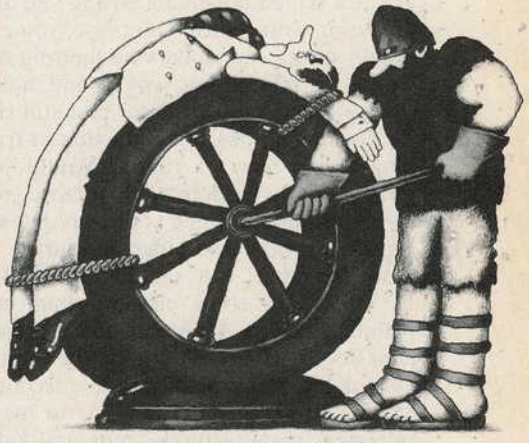

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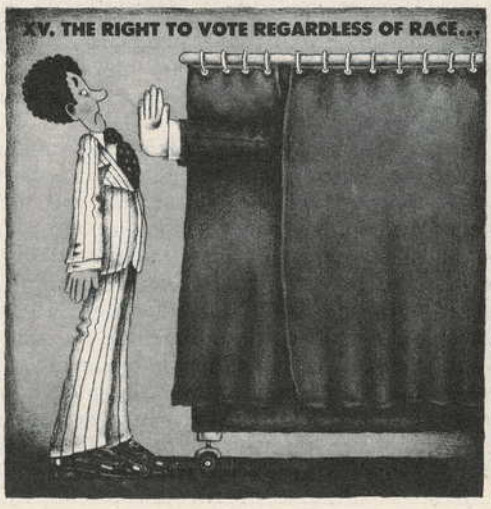

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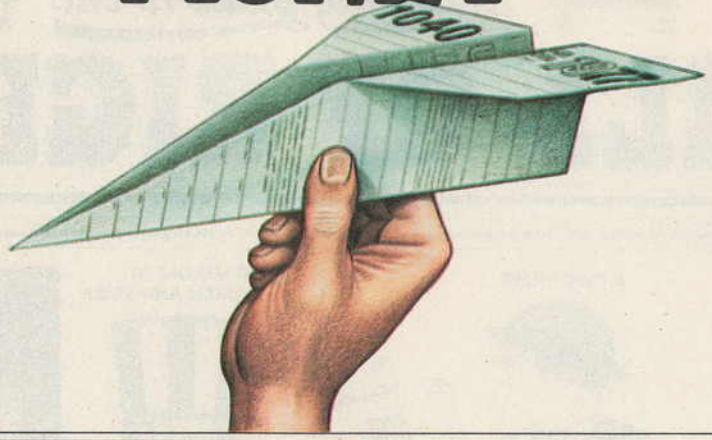


AVOIDING THE IRS TORTURE SQUAD

by Chris Barnett

If you haven't filed your income tax return by now, there are no doubt plenty of perfectly good reasons. You're either scared, confused, disorganized or a procrastinator, or you are going to have to ante up hard cash. Surely if Uncle Sam owed *you* money this year, or even if you remotely suspected you were getting some bucks back, you probably would have filed promptly in January and now would be lusting after your refund.

Well, we hope you have a savvy accountant or a skilled tax man advising you and preparing your return. Of course, you can always save a few dollars by figuring out your own return, but why spend hours slaving over a hot calculator and still risk overlooking an obscure deduction or tripping over a new tax ruling? Would you yank your own wisdom tooth, remove your own appendix or argue your own defense against a stone-faced judge and jury?

We wouldn't. OUI sought out Melvin H. Daskal for some eleventh-hour tax-planning advice. A partner in the prominent Beverly Hills CPA firm of Sherman & Daskal, Inc. and a certified public accountant for 30 years, he is familiar to many salesmen, manufacturers' reps and sales executives across the country.

Despite the fact that you're only a few weeks away from the dreaded April 15th filing deadline, don't panic, says Daskal in comforting tones. You've got room to breathe and scramble.

Add Up Those Medical Bills First.

If you fit the definition of "employee," even if you own the corporation, Daskal says, you can get a tax-free reimbursement of all your 1977 medical expenses. It's not too late. And you may be wise to do it. Although you'll lose the medical-expense deduction (and you'll have to itemize other deductions), you'll get 100 percent of your money back. In terms of real dollars saved, you're probably coming out better. Best of all, it's one more deduction the IRS computer won't have to worry about.

Will the company accommodate you? Depends. Under Section 105(b) of the Internal Revenue Code, a medical reimbursement plan can discriminate between employees, reimbursing some and not others. You can be reimbursed *now* for all your 1977 medical expenses, including prescription drugs, prescription glasses, medical insurance premiums, cosmetic surgery (hair transplants, teeth straightening) and all other medical expenses, even abortions. Hopefully, you're prominent enough in your company to ask for and get this reimbursement. Or else you own the outfit. But if you're a small cog in a global machine, your chances are slim—so don't try to make a federal case out of it.

Have the Boss Pay Some of Your Business Expenses.

Daskal says that around this time of year, most business people going long form are racking their brains and their day-to-day diaries scrounging for some unreimbursed business expense. Big mistake. IRS auditors love to pounce on fat write-offs for travel, entertainment and automobile costs, so forget the tax deduction and try to get them reimbursed at the full rate, in cash. If the boss shoots down your request, Daskal suggests you reapproach him with this offer: "Dear Boss, I don't want this tax arrangement to cost you a dime. I want to save you money because you're so sweet, kind and generous. So, for every dollar you reimburse of my medical, auto, travel and entertainment expenses, you can cut my salary by the same amount. And you save the payroll taxes and insurance, not to mention the amount of salary." You substitute tax-free reimbursements for taxable income and get cash now to pay your taxes, but Daskal is fast to point out that this strategy doesn't work for everyone. See an accountant.

Standard Deduction: It Might Be Wise This Year.

Again, depending on your personal situation, this may be the cleanest way to go financially, according to Daskal. Because the IRS doesn't want to get bogged down verifying small income tax returns, last year they instituted a flat standard deduction of $3200 for married couples filing jointly, $2200 for singles and $1600 for marrieds filing separately. If you can get your main expense items reimbursed, and if you don't pay big real estate and state income taxes, this could be your smartest move. See that accountant—quick.

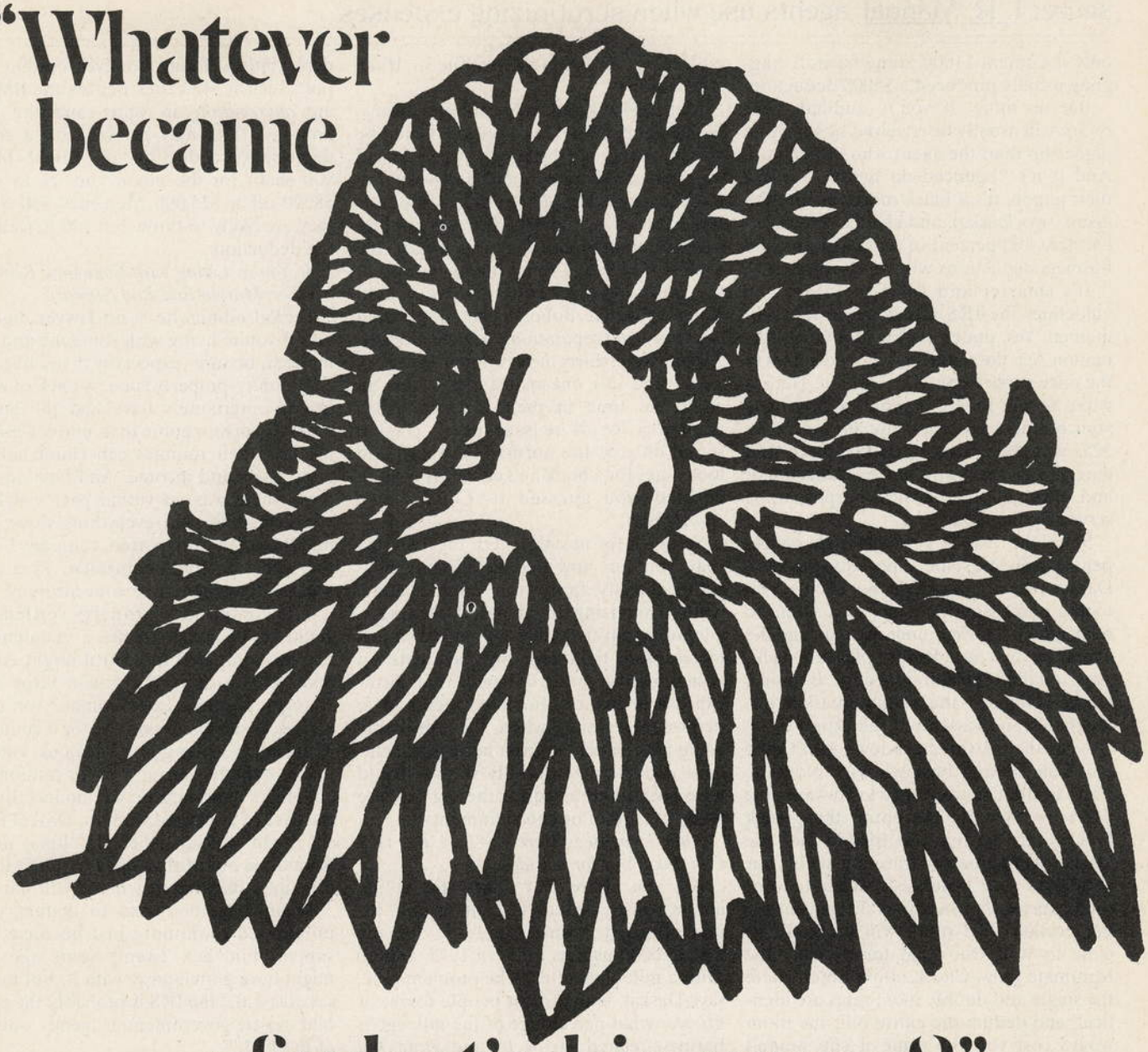
Daskal says there are a passel of other tax facts you should be aware of. Not all of them will help cushion the shock on your 1977 return, but they will surely save you a lot of aggravation in years to come.

Keep Meticulous, Accurate Records.

Whether you itemize and deduct your travel and entertainment expenses from your own return or get reimbursed by your company, keep precise, meticulous and absolutely accurate records, Daskal warns. "The worst travel and entertainment crackdown in recent years is going on right now. There's a ton of pressure on the IRS agents, and it's coming from the top." In the old days, says Daskal, if your accountant knew the agent assigned to an audit, they could dicker back and forth and negotiate a percentage settlement on business expenses. If you claimed $10,000 in unreimbursed business expenses but could

Spiro Agnew, Marvin Mandel, Al Capone and Richard Nixon have all had their taxes prepared by Barnett.

"Whatever became



# of what's-his-name?"

In years to come your children might ask that question. You may answer, "He is dead. He was called the bald eagle."
But your children may be asking more urgent questions. They may ask, "What has happened to the trees... the oceans and rivers... the air we breathe and the foods we eat?...
The danger to the bald eagle represents only a small fraction of the hazards we are creating for ourselves, and for the world we live in. The results of short sighted actions by man are endangering us *now*, and must be acted on *now*, to assure that the problems do not grow beyond the point of remedy.

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MONEY Under the Freedom of Information Act, the public now has access to the once secret I. R. Manual agents use when scrutinizing expenses.

only document $1000, some friendly haggling usually produced a $5000 deduction.

But no more. If you're audited, your return will usually be reviewed by someone higher up than the agent who grilled you. And if it's "bounced on review," to use their jargon, it's a black mark for the IRS agent, says Daskal, and chances are excellent that 100 percent of *all* your unproved business deductions will be disallowed.

It's smarter and safer to follow the guidelines the IRS sets down in its audit manual. Yes, under the Freedom of Information Act, the public has gained access to the once supersecret *I.R. Manual.* Here is what agents look for when scrutinizing your business expenses: the amount (over $25, you need a receipt); the place and date; the persons you fed or entertained; and, above all, the business purpose to be served by the meal.

Since the IRS is getting tough on expenses, you must be especially prudent. Daskal tells about one of his clients who took a purchasing manager to a sauna to relax after a festive dinner. At year-end, he submitted two receipts for "pleasure packages" totaling $60 and signed by "Bonnie." Daskal bounced the documentation immediately and tossed out the claim.

Nevertheless, this crackdown won't keep you from mixing business with pleasure. You can still take your wife to Hawaii—just don't try to write the entire three-week holiday off as a business trip. In fact, the Daskal technique for traveling with your wife is to very generously estimate your total expenses and subtract 30 percent for her portion. The result will probably be close to your true total travel cost. One legitimate ploy: Check into a hotel where the single and double room rates are identical, and deduct the entire bill; the room would cost you the same if she weren't along on the trip.

The bottom line on business expenses: Don't get greedy. If you're in Denver meeting potential customer Sam Smith for dinner and for some reason he doesn't show but that dynamite blond—the one you were rapping with while waiting for Sam—gets hungry, don't write off your dinner guest as Mr. Smith, Daskal warns. Spring for the tab out of our own pocket. If you're audited and have an inordinate amount of entertainment expenses, the IRS will call your "guests" to verify whether you did in fact have dinner with them at the Steakery in Dallas to discuss a new contract. Basically, they make "sample" calls; if they see they're being bagged, they might expand the sample and call every name in your day-to-day diary. Remember, the IRS doesn't call them for the purpose of embarrassing you—they want to make damned sure they get their tax dollars.

Alimony: It Doesn't Hurt You So Much Anymore.

Mel Daskal knows a lot about alimony. He's been paying it for 11 years. When he was practicing in Chicago, he was married to a lawyer's daughter, and he swears her father knew every judge in Cook County. His divorce cost him $300,000 and put him $100,000 in debt. But there is a bright side to this: He lived in Reno for six months at the posh Donner Trail divorce ranch, where folks like Bobo Rockefeller waited out their legal separations. Recalls Daskal: "There were thirty new women every six weeks and just one male—me. It was an emotional time in their lives and they needed a lot of reassurance." Daskal stayed on past the normal six weeks and took notes for a book he's currently writing entitled—you guessed it—*Coming and Going.* Heh.

So much for nostalgia. For the 1977 tax year, you can now deduct alimony payments directly from your gross income, without itemizing. In the past, Daskal says, a lot of taxpayers had to go long form just to recapture their alimony payments; in doing so, they lost their 3 percent medical-expense deduction. In short, they had to itemize everything when they probably could have benefited from taking the standard deduction—especially if they could have been reimbursed for the big expense items like travel or entertainment.

Auto Expenses: Here's Where the IRS Can Take You for a Ride.

Are you aware that a new tax ruling allows you to deduct 17 cents a mile for unreimbursed business mileage for the first 15,000 business miles in 1977, and 10 cents a mile thereafter? The problem here, says Daskal, is that most people forget or fib over what percentage of the mileage is business-related. Trips to and from the office are nondeductible and are termed *commuting expense.* If you're audited, the IRS will haul out a local map and chart your mileage for a given day. After the agent throws out the commuting mileage and the use of your auto on weekends, your original 80 percent mileage deduction could be hacked down to 30 percent. Salespeople, of course, can justify the auto expense; but clerks, executives, doctors and most other people who are tethered to an office will "find themselves dying of a thousand cuts," Daskal says, if they try to pump up their business mileage. Worse yet, you could get hit with a material disallowance of 50 percent, and that bodes ill for the future.

Here's a timelier tip: Don't try to depreciate your expensive imported car this year, even if you use it for business. In past years, you could have written off 25 or 33 percent of the cost of a new car per year as depreciation. Today, however, costlier imports such as Mercedes-Benzes and BMWs are *appreciating* in value—and the IRS knows it. You may get by with a small depreciation deduction—say, $1000—but if you shoot for the moon and try to slice $8000 off a $25,000 Mercedes 450 SLC, they are likely to throw out 100 percent of the deduction.

If You're Living with Someone, Remember Lee Marvin and Rod Stewart.

Daskal admits he is no lawyer, but he says if you're living with someone and not married, beware—especially if you live in a community-property state. A pack of well-heeled entertainers have had the lesson painfully driven home that, under California law, their roomies can claim half of their assets and income. And how do you prove there was no verbal pact in which you agreed to split everything down the middle when you parted company? Get the single person's equivalent to a prenuptial agreement. See your attorney.

The community-property settlement could be peanuts, stresses a chauvinistic Daskal, compared to what it might cost a man "if you move her out in favor of a younger, prettier, sexier woman" (or, conversely, if she tosses you out for a younger, handsomer, sexier guy). A jealous, vindictive roommate can sue you for millions in "damages" and hog-tie you financially. In the case of a scorned woman, Daskal feels she might well say to herself, "I may never get a dime out of this, but I'm going to tie him up so bad that new broad will starve."

Meanwhile, don't try to deduct your unmarried roommate just because you support him/her. Twenty years ago you might have gotten away with it, but today, says Daskal, "the IRS is probably the most blue-nosed governmental agency outside of the FBI."

A few final words of wisdom from Mel Daskal:

"Elective" surgery performed on your body is deductible as a medical expense today. Before 1976, cosmetic surgery was not approved, but now hair transplants and face-lifts conceivably can be written off and deducted. Presumably, the lame tax ploy of telling Uncle Sam you had to get your nose bobbed because you couldn't breathe is dead forever.

The gambit of divorcing your wife in December and remarrying her in January so you could each file single returns and get a better tax break has been curbed by the IRS. It's hard to believe people actually went to all that trouble.

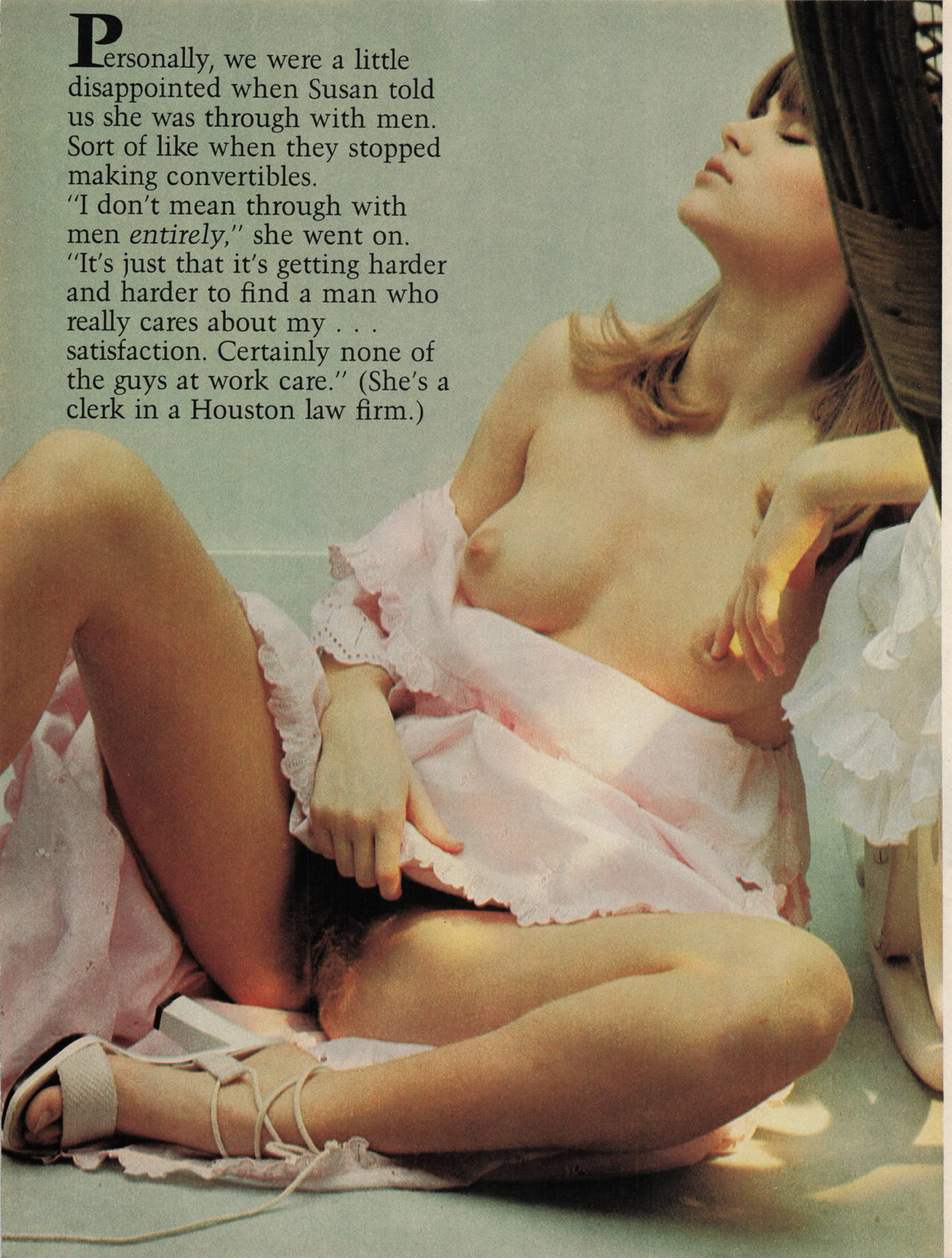
Don't forget certain items like the taxi you took to visit your doctor, the European briefcase you bought when your old satchel fell apart, the motorcycle you ac-

(Continued on page 134)

SUSAN

"If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK GITTY



Personally, we were a little disappointed when Susan told us she was through with men. Sort of like when they stopped making convertibles.

"I don't mean through with men *entirely*," she went on. "It's just that it's getting harder and harder to find a man who really cares about my . . . satisfaction. Certainly none of the guys at work care." (She's a clerk in a Houston law firm.)

The good-looking single guys are too wrapped up in their careers, and the married men are always in a hurry."

And photographers from men's magazines?
"Cute," she said, changing her shoes for the next picture.
"Boring. But cute.

Besides, sometimes I like to set my own dials and travel at my own speed."

ARTICLE BY RICHARD JOHN PIETSCHMANN

Stumbling In Their Parents' Footsteps

Most children of celebrities have everything they need to make it in showbiz. Except talent.

Hot flashes from Tinsel City on recent movie castings . . . *A Wedding*: Susan Newman, Marta Heflin, Gavan O'Herlihy, Mia Farrow, Desi Arnaz Jr., Geraldine Chaplin, John Considine, Jr. *Joyride*: Melanie Griffith, Robert Carradine, Desi Arnaz Jr., Anne Lockhart. *The Boys from Company C*: Michael Lembeck, Andrew Stevens, James Whitmore, Jr.

Notice anything about the last names there? Aha . . . they're familiar ones. And no wonder. These kids are all sons and daughters of stars—or at least they're sons and daughters of parents who have had some degree of success in show business.

More starkids making it into recent movies: James Keach, Lorenzo Lamas, Patrick Wayne, Taryn Power, Patricia Calhoun, Scott Newman, Charley Matthau, Jim Mitchum. Not to mention various and assorted Fondas, Carradines, Bridgeses, Redgraves, Millses and other sons and daughters who appear to have survived the initial test of trying to make it in the

ILLUSTRATION BY ED SCARISBRICK

THANKS SID
Ed Scarbrick

STARKIDS It's really too bad more starkids don't become ski bums or turn to other similar professions in which they might be able to make meaningful contributions.

otherwise cutthroat world of the entertainment industry today.

What we have here is the biggest explosion of business nepotism since the seven Santini brothers started moving furniture. A crude count from mentions in *Variety* (where starkids are referred to as "sprigs") and other show business trade periodicals comes up with nearly 100 "children-of" who are out there trying to bust it big.

And more are flooding the market all the time. A Shaun Cassidy, 18, takes over making gold records when his big brother, David, retires. A Charley Matthau, 13, slides into a paying part in *The Bad News Bears*. Debby Boone, 21, outschmaltzes her daddy, Pat, with a smash single and album and somehow winds up singing to Elizabeth Taylor at the American Film Institute. Even three-year-old Amber Vincent is hitting the boards with her father, Jan-Michael, in *Big Wednesday*—following the lead of the father-daughter act perfected by Ryan and Tatum O'Neal. While his less fortunate contemporaries struggle to find publishers who will risk trees for their offbeat ideas, David Wallechinsky (son of Irving Wallace) successfully markets *The People's Almanac, The Book of Lists* and *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?* If these are the breaks, they're not going to newcomers.

Boland Wilson, casting director at Columbia: "When I say that having a famous name will open any door in town, I'm not just talking about casting. All the people in the business—publicists, agents—will be more receptive to them, initially." Says Monique James, who casts at Universal, "I just feel there are great pluses. [A famous name] will get you that first opening, yes."

All these starkids are hurt, of course, when it's hinted that a famous name gives them a chin and profile up in a business that shreds and discards performers as shamelessly as Carter disowns policies. What they say is that they never could make it if the talent weren't there. "There are advantages and disadvantages [to being a starkid], but first of all you've got to have talent," says Meredith MacRae, daughter of Gordon and Sheila.

True, and there are even a few examples of starkids who are making a run at low-octane fame without the boost of a surname with instant recognition: James MacArthur (Helen Hayes), Robby Benson (screenwriter Jerry Seigel), Talia Shire (daughter of a well-known conductor-arranger and sister of Francis Ford Coppola), Melanie Griffith (Tippi Hedren), William Katt (Barbara Hale) and Paulette Howard (Gloria Grahame).

But what a joke. "You can come in here with a name like William Katt," says Columbia's Wilson, "and think nobody knows who you are. But people pretty much know. This young man may think he's walking around unknown, but word gets around."

Besides, whether they carry the actual name or not, the starkids take full advantage of the doors that can be opened, the connections made, the markers collected. Most of all, the grinding demands of a long and hungry apprenticeship can be eliminated if there is even the slightest dribble of talent. There will always be an agent interested, a publicity firm willing to work on the come, a record label willing to listen to a demo tape, a publisher happy to look at that first work.

One starkid currently looking for a publisher for her book (on starkids, coincidentally) is Kathy Cronkite, the daughter of Uncle Walter: "My father really isn't in the entertainment business, and I would like to do some acting, but it's pretty slow. Having a famous name in show business will make it easier, of course, just the same way that having a name that's big in medicine or the shoe business will help you get a job in medicine or the shoe business. There's a fiercer competition, however, in entertainment because, having grown up in the shadow of someone else's limelight, it is tempting to try to get more limelight for your own efforts."

Natalie Cole, one of the most successful of the current bumper crop of showbiz starkids, candidly admits she would never have made it so well or so quickly if she were not the daughter of Nat "King" Cole. Asked where she'd otherwise be today, three years after getting serious about her singing career, Natalie admits she'd probably be in "tiny, smoky clubs working my tail off" rather than being, at 27, a three-Grammy star at the top of her profession.

"There are a dozen examples you could give," says Jeff Wald, the outspoken husband of Helen Reddy and the architect of her career. "There are very few exceptions. These kids figure they're going to get entrée because of their names . . . and in some cases it *does* open the door . . . once. If you're not good, it doesn't matter. Carrie Fisher'll succeed if she's a good actress, and it doesn't matter that she's Eddie and Debbie's daughter. It's a cold business."

Jack Barry, the producer of *The Joker's Wild*, agrees. "These kids see how their parents lived and they want the same thing. Unfortunately, except for an occasional Liza Minnelli or Jane Fonda, the rest are chasing rainbows."

The sad scenario of a starkid who launches himself or herself into an alleged career in one of the painfully public "creative" arts usually goes something like this: 1) Curiosity prompts initial interest; 2) A mild degree of acceptance follows; 3) Wretched excess and embarrassment.

The major misjudgment—other than the vanity of outright hubris—of celebrity children who ape their famous parents by opting for out-front creative careers is that heredity and environment are the major ingredients of talent. Talent is hardly a birthright; yet, writing in *Variety*, Michael Silverman (himself a great-grandson of *Variety* founder Sime Silverman) quotes producer Freddie Fields' daughter Kathy as saying, "The number-one assumption of people is that those from the second generation have no talent, but they actually have more experience from growing up with their parents' talent."

Says Monique James at Universal, "The young people who are the sons and daughters of famous people have great advantages. They've been in the business all of their lives, and they're more aware of the fact that it is a business."

But talent percolates from a much deeper wellspring than playing tennis with directors, going to poolside cocktail parties north of Sunset in Beverly Hills or knowing what a working script looks like. Talent is an inner spark that can't be kindled merely by rubbing elbows with people who *are* talented. And talent blooms into achievement only when it is accompanied by desire, determination and motivation. "When you get right down to it, artistic accomplishment is more than a set of circumstances you can program, far more than a set of genes you can clone," admits the son of a world-famous celebrity. "You find sons-of and daughters-of who think just because their father is well known the world owes them," he continues. "They give no thought that the paternal generation is the self-made one. I have friends who have famous parents, and some of them are lethargic because they're spoiled and they know they'll never have to work."

It's really too bad more starkids don't become ski bums or turn to other similar professions in which they might be able to make meaningful contributions to society. Instead, teeth clenched and jaws set, they too often choose to show the world they are as great as their parents.

So, why are they still in the business? Well, look at it this way. Suppose Bob Hope's daughter wanted to be a star and wasn't terribly good at it (strictly hypothetical since Linda Hope says she's "never really tried"). Wouldn't it be tougher for a casting director or an agent to tell *her* to look elsewhere than it would to shut the door in the face of a "nonsprig"? Admits Monique James, "I suppose it would." □

Richard John Pietschmann wears a beard and lives in Los Angeles. You have never heard of his father.

"Ah, I think we've managed to contact your late husband, Mrs. Flynn . . ."

ALMOST ALL IN THE FAMILY

It's murder what some kids do to their parents

by Bonnie and Charles Remsberg

A car was found, stripped, late on a May morning in 1976, deep in a Chicago ghetto. Its CB radio and other accessories would show up, indecently soon, for sale at the Maxwell Street market. A police check on the vehicle showed it registered to Frank Columbo, 55 E. Brantwood in Elk Grove Village, a sprawling, sterile suburb, northwest of Chicago. Repeated calls to the Columbo house produced only busy signals. Elk Grove police were asked to go out and check.

The first officer on the scene found the door of the modest brick-and-frame split-level slightly ajar. He called for backup help. Entering the house, the policemen heard a whimpering dog. A telephone was off the hook. Sprawled at the top of a short staircase, on the living-room floor, was the body of Frank Columbo. He had been shot repeatedly, bludgeoned and stabbed.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE SAFFOLD

Prodigious amounts of his blood soaked the carpeting and spattered walls and ceilings. Mary Columbo, his wife, lay near another staircase, in a hallway above her husband's body. She had been surprised in the bathroom; her underpants were down around her knees. Bloody handprints (her own) covered her thighs, and blood from dozens of knife and gun wounds soaked the hallway around her. She too had been bludgeoned. Her head was caved in.

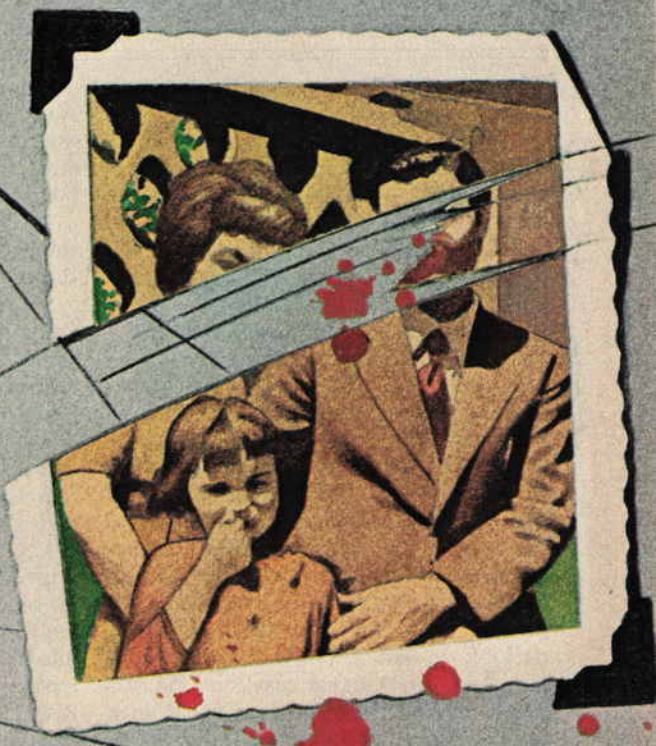
Down the hall, 13-year-old Michael Columbo lay dead. He had been shot directly between the eyes. Ninety-seven stab wounds dotted his face, neck, chest and abdomen.

The family poodle cowered, crying, in a bloody corner.

At first, theories swirled about the possibility of a home-invasion gang. There were some veiled references to a possible connection between Frank Columbo and the Mafia. Patricia Columbo, the daughter and only family member still alive, kept urging the police to look for "kids, high on drugs." Patricia, 19, lived away from the family home. She displayed little outward grief, but an inordinate interest.

At the time, there were few people who realized what was going on.

But someone knew. Down in Georgia, upon hearing the wrenching news of the murders of Frank, Mary and Michael Columbo, Mary's sister turned to a friend, her



COLUMBO Patty was the model daughter. "Whatever they told her to do, she did," a friend remembers. Then something happened. "She went to high school and got big boobs."

eyes brimming and her lips tight. "Patty did it," she said.

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Frank and Mary met on a blind date while he was stationed in Georgia in the army. He promised to go back to Chicago and find himself a job and them an apartment. He sent her a can of Planter's peanuts as a gift. Mary thought this strange until, while eating the nuts, she found a diamond ring hidden among them.

They were married and Mary immediately became pregnant. Patricia was born in 1956. From the first, she was a princess. "They treated her like one and she acted like one," a relative recalls. Mary dressed her like a doll in frilly dresses, and she learned to perform prettily, in exchange for approval from her doting daddy. Patty was bright, as well as pretty, having big, brown eyes and long, shiny, dark brown hair. A tall, willowy, graceful girl. Schoolwork came easy, but she was protected from too much contact with other children. The city neighborhood they lived in was a rough one.

Money was tight for the Columbos. Frank worked hard; Mary pinched pennies. For entertainment, they went to the zoo, on walks—anything free, or cheap.

When Patty was six years old, her brother Michael was born. Frank laid the infant in her lap and, seemingly delighted, she unwrapped the blankets to count his fingers and toes. Later, at school, she told a teacher that she had a baby sister. It was the first time anyone could remember Patty telling a lie.

When Patty was eight, the Columbos moved to Elk Grove Village, a vast, burgeoning industrial park, interspersed with winding rows of tractlike houses, not all alike, but not different, either. Frank would eventually work his way up to being a traffic manager at Western Auto.

Patty, it was generally agreed, was a model daughter—polite, quiet, obedient. "Whatever they told her to do," a friend remembers, "she did. No questions asked." Then, something happened. "She went to high school and got big boobs," the friend says. Blossoming, Patty started working part-time at a fast-food restaurant in a neighborhood shopping center. An opening in a wall connected it with the Walgreen's Drug Store next door.

Patty was dressing sexy before she met Frank DeLuca. Her father would often send her back to her room to change out of high white go-go boots and thigh-high miniskirts into something more circumspect. But after she took up with DeLuca, a registered pharmacist and manager of the Walgreen's store, and at his urging began working there in the cosmetics department, in the words of her aunt, she "went Frederick's."

And when her parents tried to exercise authority and keep her in line with their vision of propriety, she began to say no.

Several high school boys had groped Patty in backseats of cars, including a couple who claim to have screwed her. Frank DeLuca, however, was a whole other ball game sexually. He was, for Elk Grove Village, the big leagues. Patty fell hard and fast.

It was as if he had invented sex. As if he had cornered the market. Thirty-six years old to her sixteen, he turned her on six ways from Sunday, up, down, front, back, in, out, all around. He took pictures, he added other women, he added a dog. He piled Patty in his car and took her down to a black neighborhood to pick up a guy to screw her so he could watch.

Nothing dissuaded Patty from her love for Frank. Not her parents' disapproval, not Frank's wife, Marilyn, or his five children. Not his reputation for ruining women. Not even stories of how he had violated a former girlfriend in the stockroom at Walgreen's, or the time he tied the girl up, forced himself against her and masturbated all over her face and clothes.

The battles in the Columbo house escalated to a new level. Patty wanted to quit school to work full-time at Walgreen's. She wouldn't tolerate criticism of DeLuca, yet she quoted him like the Delphic oracle at every opportunity.

The situation became intolerable. Patty demanded permission to move out. Her father told her she couldn't; she was still a minor. She checked with authorities and was told she could leave if she moved into a family environment. She moved in with DeLuca, Marilyn and the kids.

The role of little tin god, controlling the destinies of women, came easily to DeLuca, a native Chicagoan who, despite a rather unimpressive build, had played football in college. One of his happiest moments after Patty moved in occurred one sunny, summer afternoon, as he lay on his back in bed, looking out the window at Marilyn and the kids splashing in a backyard pool, while Patty gave him head.

Patty, meanwhile, was developing an agenda of her own. Later, there would be debates on the question, "Did DeLuca influence Patty or did Patty influence DeLuca?" The smart money goes on her. He may have taught her the tricks, but she taught him the trade.

Her hatred for her family seemed to double with every week she spent away from them. Calling the house, she would taunt Michael with reports of fun she was having with the DeLuca kids, accounts of outings and activities that sister and brother used to share. Every call from Patty left Mary drained. "Mother," she'd say, "DeLuca is going to divorce Marilyn and we're getting married. Why don't you come over and help me pick out drapes?"

While living with DeLuca, Patty was arrested for credit-card fraud. Her father came to the police station to bail her out. As they walked out of the building, he put his arm soothingly around her shoulders, assuring her not to worry, that everything would work out all right. "You motherfucker," snapped his princess. "This is all your fault. I'll see you dead for this."

The Columbos arranged a meeting, a truce call at their house. On the appointed night, when Patty and DeLuca failed to show up, Frank drove to Walgreen's. His daughter and her lover were in the parking lot, pasted against a car, kissing. "I thought you were coming over," Columbo said. "We decided there isn't any use," DeLuca shot back.

Enraged, Frank Columbo leaped from the car, waving an unloaded rifle. "He had a dago temper," a relative says. Shouting, he advanced on DeLuca. Patty screamed and ran. Later, she would explain, "I was afraid Daddy would kill me."

Bearlike, Frank Columbo scuffled with the smaller man. DeLuca was terrified. Like a playground bully, he had never expected the object of his taunts to turn on him and begin lashing. Columbo smashed DeLuca in the teeth with his rifle butt and, shaken, climbed in his car and drove home.

Patty brought the cops. She had her father thrown in jail, where he spent the night, weeping over his broken dreams.

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Patty started spreading the word that she wanted to have her parents killed. A girlfriend introduced her to a young used-car salesman, Lanyon Mitchell, who wanted a political job. The way it works in Chicago is that you know somebody with political clout (a Chicago word meaning influence, friends in important places), and that friend, being in your debt for something, fits you into the system. Lanny had a friend named Roman Sobcynski. Roman had a political job. Lanny decided to get Roman laid.

Patty was told the two were "heavy" with the Syndicate. Dancing in a suburban night spot, she was permitted to feel Roman's gun, nestled in a holster against his hip. She agreed to do anything they wanted. "If he'll do the hits," she told Lanny, "I'll fuck his eyeballs out."

At the last moment, however, she got nervous about her fidelity. "You better give

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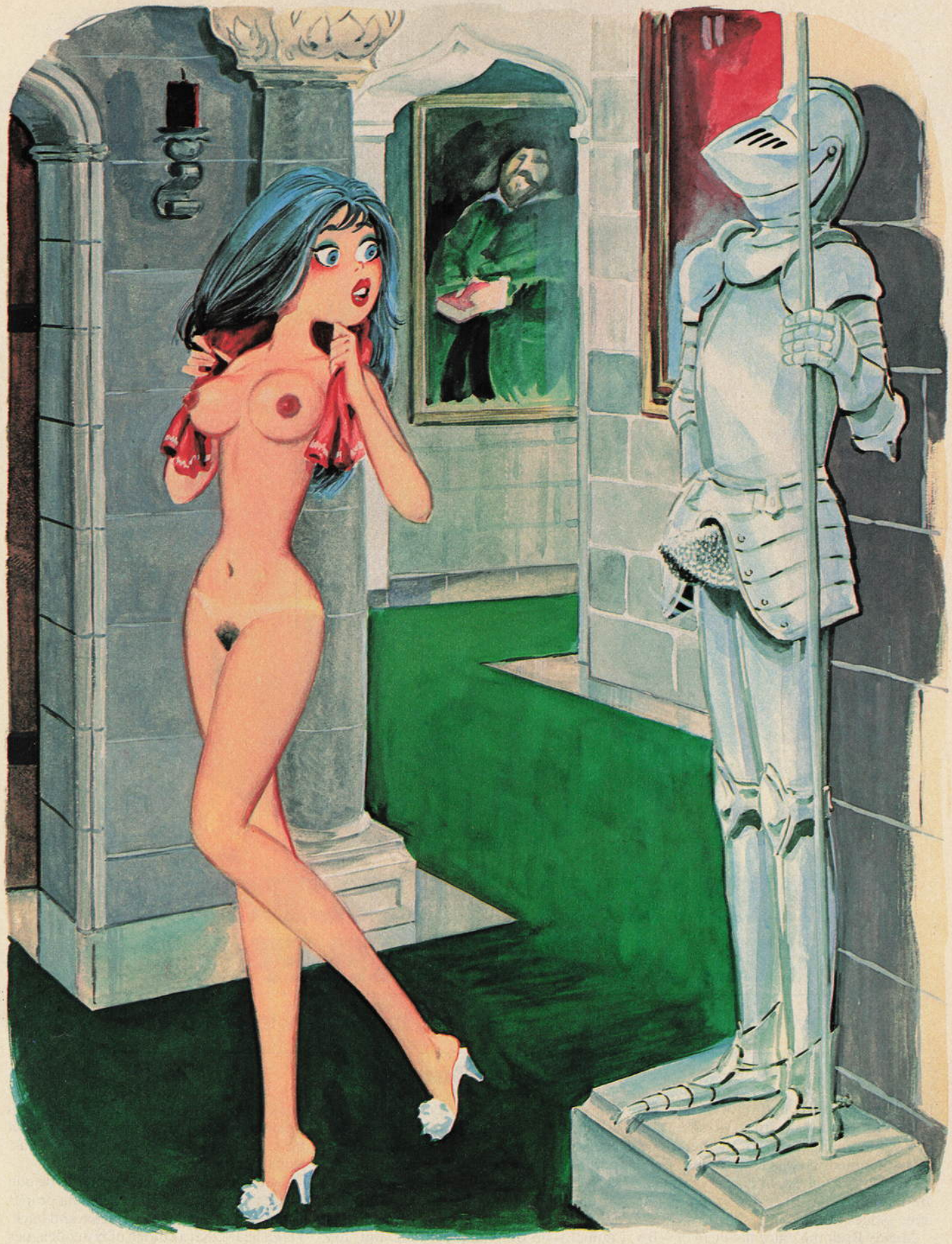
Bonnie and Charles Remsberg have been freelancing since 1960. Their specialty is crime and criminology.


René Caillé

REMEMBRANCES OF SLAM DUNKS PAST

In which CBS' "nationally prominent basketball writer" tells it like it was

by Larry Bortstein

If you didn't spend halftimes of last season's National Basketball Association games glomming beers from the fridge, you undoubtedly saw at least some of CBS' "Slam Dunk" contest. I know my immediate family saw it, since I was one of the three judges of the competition.

Mendy Rudolph, once the dean of NBA referees, and Sam Jones, once the master of the banked jump shot during his dozen years with the Boston Celtics, were my slam dunk comrades; and we three traveled around the country taping different portions of the contest before and in the early part of the 1976–77 season.

As high television drama, alas, it didn't fly. In fact, it almost certainly was the last annual slam dunk competition. But, hey, anytime CBS, or anyone else, wants to call me again to make $500 per day, I'll slam dunk myself through that hoop, which wouldn't be easy, since I'm five-foot-six, a bit too plump, and can barely grip a basketball in one hand.

I was told they wanted a writer to be one of the three judges, so they'd have a proper balance of former player, referee and hack. I even heard that a couple of my colleagues turned down the assignment, but I like to think the CBS folk wanted a guy from

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB GLEASON

outside the East Coast to be part of the three-man judging panel. So my living in Denver must've helped, which is ironic since I had been a Coloradan for only about four months, having moved the previous June from . . . New York City.

Although I had been involved in a lot of basketball writing and had edited a program-magazine for the NBA for a couple years, I was totally unprepared for the call that came at three o'clock on a Friday afternoon. I had received calls from TV publicity people and from sports promoters before, usually plugging events in which they were involved and seeking coverage. I assumed this was another of those calls. I was impatient, so I snapped, "Could you get to the point!"

The point, as it turned out, was that Bill Barnes, an associate producer of CBS Sports, wanted me to be in Towson, Maryland, in two days to begin judging the contest with Mendy and Sam. He added that the fee would be $500 for one day in Maryland, and another $500 for a session in Denver on Monday.

CBS had planned on taping all the Eastern Conference preliminary rounds in Towson on Sunday, and all the Western Conference preliminaries in Denver's McNichols Arena on Monday. But there were no-shows because of commitments players had with their own teams, and probably because some clubs were hesitant to have a player take part in the slam dunk contest and risk injury.

So additional taping sessions had to be held—seven in all, including the championship round—and that $500 rate each of the three judges received continued throughout. CBS also was fighting hard for a time to get Julius Erving involved in the contest.

"Dr. J" is, in all probability, the supreme dunking master in basketball. He would have been an odds-on favorite to capture the first prize of $15,000 that CBS offered, but he declined to take part. The story goes that his agent, Irwin Weiner of New York, had asked CBS to put up front money to assure that Erving would be paid accordingly just for taking part. CBS refused, but did make an attempt to get Erving involved by scheduling a first-round competition in Philadelphia, where Erving plays for the 76ers, a few weeks after the Towson State gathering.

George Gervin of San Antonio, one of the NBA's genuinely dramatic dunkers, was scheduled to take on overmatched Bud Stallworth of New Orleans. Neither had been present, for one reason or other, at Towson. But since the 76ers were scheduled to play later that evening, CBS hoped to get Erving in on the action. The old "bring the camel to water" ploy. But like the camel, Erving wouldn't swallow.

And so it went, somewhat predictably, except for David Thompson of Denver losing a match to Ron Lee, a Phoenix Suns rookie who won when the Nuggets' high flyer missed one of his dunk attempts. All three judges worked from the start on the premise that creativity in movement, height attained, agility in landing and the like were the basic criteria to be used in judging a man's shots. Each player was rated on a one-to-ten scale, as in high diving or gymnastics, and two extra points were awarded for each shot that went in the basket. Lee beat Thompson, whose form was better, because he made every shot that he took.

I was impressed by the enthusiasm a couple of superstars like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the game's most dominant individual, and Elvin Hayes brought to the contest. They probably could have declined to take part from the outset, and their teams would have been happy to see them miss out. But both guys went to the semifinals, where they were beaten by Darnell "Dr. Dunk" Hillman and Larry McNeill, respectively, with that pair of six-foot-nine forwards advancing to the finals.

The semifinals were held at halftime of the all-star game in Milwaukee. Originally it had been intended to have the semifinals and finals there, but when Hillman and McNeill reached the finals, Herb Gross, head of CBS Sports, announced that the finals would be rescheduled for live showing during the playoffs in the spring.

Gross's reason was that Hillman, then with the Indiana Pacers, and McNeill were on teams that would not be in the playoffs, and therefore they would be free of scheduling conflicts. This idea could have backfired. McNeill, who had been cut by the New York Nets early that 1976–77 season,

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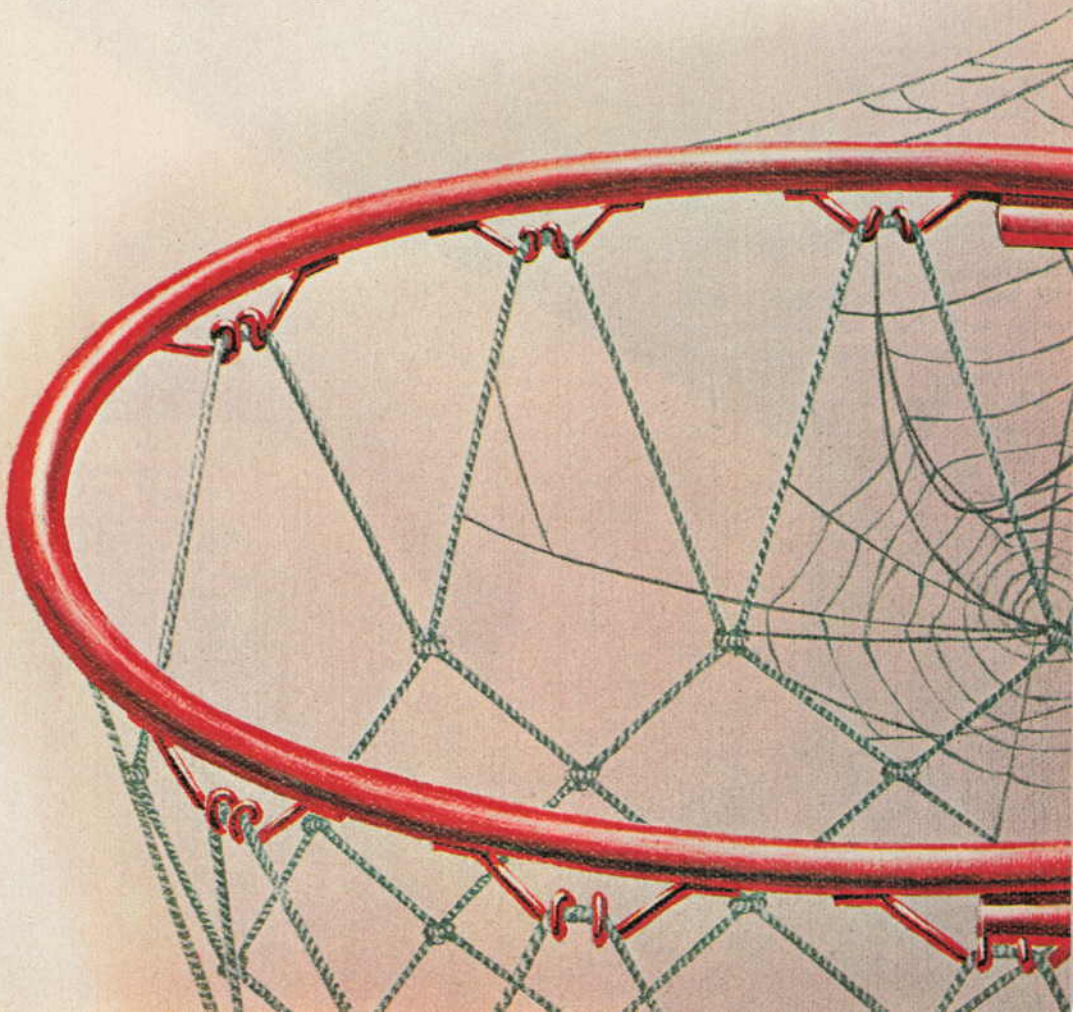
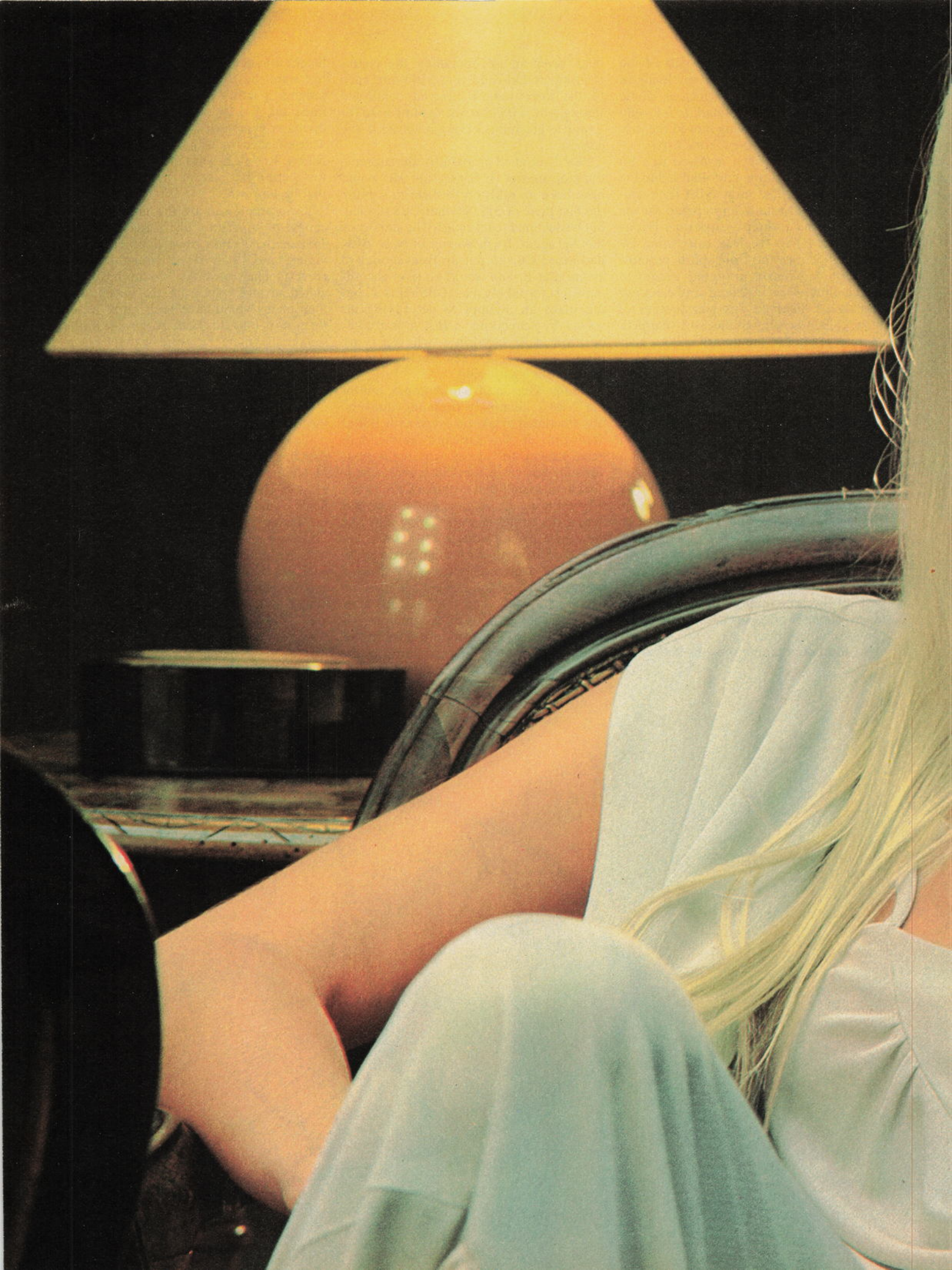
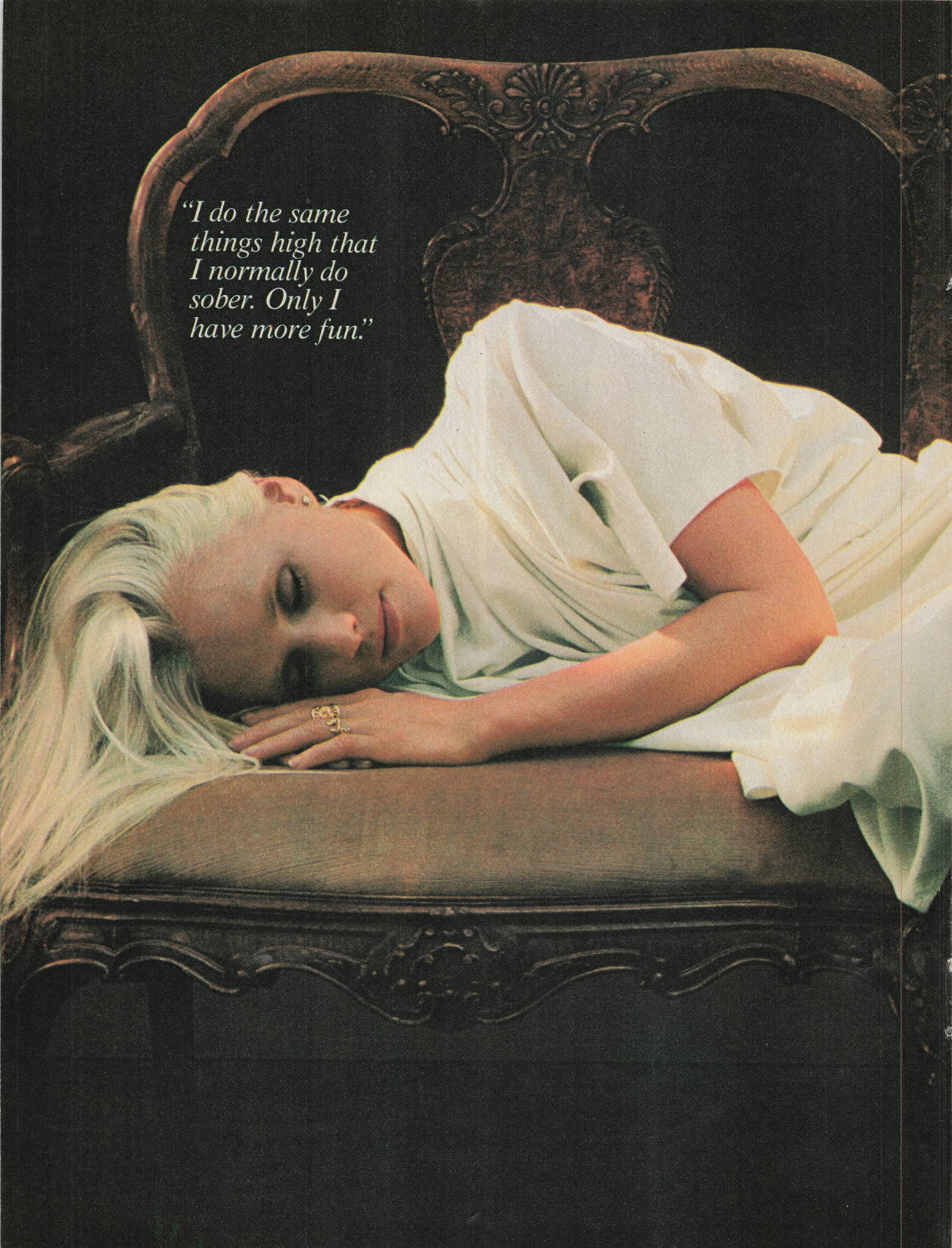




Candy
Liquor is still quicker
Photography by
Francis Giacobetti

She's never been able
to hold her liquor. Even as
a teenager, living with her
parents in Hawthorne
(right next to Brian Wilson!),
there was something
lush about the way she
moved, the way she talked.

And, now, working
with a big expense account
at a great midwestern
advertising agency, she
finds it difficult not
to top off a three-martini
lunch with an
added fringe benefit.


"I do the same things high that I normally do sober. Only I have more fun."

"Sex and liquor have just always gone together for me. It started, I think, on my first date in high school, when we did cleaning fluids and missed graduation. The glow starts around my middle and from there, I forget, you know?" Her favorite drinks? "From cleaning fluid, I progressed to Coors, but now I prefer something a little fancier. Sunrises turn me on in the morning,

wallbangers are great in the afternoon, and at night I've just started getting into cognacs. No matter what I drink or how much, when I'm with a man and a bottle, somehow we always wind up under the table."

oui

GOMEZ

A CONVERSATION WITH

RICHARD BURTON

Can a coal miner's son from Wales survive two marriages to Queen Elizabeth, bouts with alcoholism, a string of tuna movies and constant carping from the critics? Survive, hell. Burton thrives.

By the time this interview is published, he's probably been nominated for an Academy Award for his brilliant performance in *Equus*, and he's probably won the Oscar. Or should have.

In any case, it's a point for humor. His acceptance speech is in rehearsal now: "I would like to thank," he booms, "Mr. Richard Burton, whose performance on Broadway I copied."

The twelfth son of a miner from Pontrhydfen, South Wales, he first burst upon the scene in *The Lady's Not for Burning* in 1950, and from then on staggered theater audiences in London and on Broadway in one Shakespearean triumph after another . . . from *Hamlet* to *Henry V* to *Othello*, in which he played Iago and Othello on alternate nights.

During the Fifties and Sixties he initiated his uneven screen career with a stint in Hollywood, making stinkers such as *The Bramble Bush* along with the gem, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* In between film assignments, he played King Arthur in *Camelot* on Broadway. But the role that brought him international fame, via the gossip columnists, was that of Mark Antony in the multimillion-dollar extravaganza, *Cleopatra*—during which he wrested you-know-who from Eddie Fisher and began what he calls "La Scandale."

That was two marriages ago, however (he married Taylor twice). Today, Burton is the contented but chain-smoking husband of Susan Hunt, herself the former wife of racing-car driver James Hunt.

Ivor Davis, former foreign correspondent for *The London Express*, interviewed Burton on location at the Tshipise Mineral Baths resort on the border between South Africa and Rhodesia. The film is *Wild Geese* and it co-stars Richard Harris and Roger Moore.

Although it is his 52nd birthday, Burton is cold sober. Sort of.

OUI: Is winning an Oscar important to you?

BURTON: I think I've been nominated six times—but it may be seven. I'm not sure. It seems to come in clusters. I was nominated twice in a row when I was a kid, and then nothing happened for about eight years, and then I was nominated like three times in five years, and then there were another two nominations. It's nice to be nominated, nice to be up there, and I'd be very pleased if the Oscar comes my way. But when you've been up to bat six or seven times and you don't win, you get quite accustomed to it. I think the nomination is an indication of interest, anyway. I don't have these terrible things about awards that some actors have—disgusting. I remember talking to Olivier once. We were both one of five nominees for a Tony Award in New York, and we both knew that Ralph Bellamy was going to win for playing Roosevelt—and he did. And afterwards, Olivier and I went to the Plaza Hotel. We had a drink and I said, "Anyway, these bloody awards . . . it's disgusting to create false rivalry between actors. We shouldn't have such things." And Olivier said, "I agree with you—except, of course, when one wins them oneself."

OUI: You said you were worried that *Equus* wouldn't work on film. Has it?

BURTON: Well, I thought the striking out of the horses' eyes was superbly done in the film. In fact, it was so startling I had to look away. And the oddest thing that's happened is that people who saw the play were forever saying, "How on earth are they going to do the horse thing on screen?" And people who've seen the film and didn't see the play said, "How on earth did they do the horses onstage?" Interesting. So it means that people might go back to see the play again, and it can run for another five years. But I think Sidney [Lumet] did a marvelous job. Mind you, you watch a thing that you're so close to, not only having played it on screen but onstage, and it's very difficult to be dispassionate. My family and friends and a few critics were at the opening, and nobody said anything afterwards. We were all going to the Dorchester to a party. My brothers and sisters and in-laws were all dead silent. They must have had half an hour of loosening-up drinks before starting to talk normally. So I thought, Is that good or bad? I couldn't make up my mind. I gathered later that they were moved. None of them had seen it onstage.

OUI: I understand you didn't want to do it in the first place.

BURTON: No, what happened was the play was sent to me originally, and I looked at the title, *Equus*, and thought: "This is the most specious title I've ever read—pseudo-title." So I sent it back without reading it. Then it became a hit in London and New York, and I still hadn't read it or seen it—knew very little about it. Until I said to Robert Lance [New York agent], "Look, I've got to get back onstage to prove to people that I don't fall flat on my face all the time, that I'm not an alcoholic and all that . . . that I can remember lines and turn up on time and simply show that I'm professional." But I said I couldn't bear the thought of doing those rehearsals and going out of town for eight weeks and then coming in. And will it be a hit or a miss. And he had this brilliant idea. He'd been very close to *Equus* because he's Peter Shaffer's agent as well, and he said, "Well, you know Tony Perkins finishes his contract . . . would you take over?" And I think he was very surprised when I said—by this time I'd read the play—"Yeah . . . I'll do it anywhere . . . not necessarily from Perkins. I'll go and do it in Canada, just to get my feet back onstage again." So I had three weeks' rehearsals and on I went. I killed several birds with one stone—back onstage, which I mustn't ever leave again.

OUI: Dr. Dysart in *Equus* gives up all

ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

BURTON Even in the very bad days of drinking when they suggested psychiatry, I said, "No. I'd rather die...rather die drinking than be straightened out by some headshrinker."

passion for a controlled, scientific life. In some ways Richard Burton did the reverse, didn't he?

BURTON: It's very hard to say. You go through a very bad time, both emotionally and physically in my case, where you can practically look in the mental mirror and see the physical and mental deterioration; and one has to deliberately put a stop on it and fight your way back to what you imagined you were, shall we say ten to fifteen years ago. There's a sense of adventure again now; whereas about five or six years ago, I didn't really much care. I mean I enjoyed myself; I wasn't unhappy or anything. I was unhappy sometimes for other people, but I myself strode through the morass of life perfectly happy, being sloshed all the time. And I didn't much care what anybody thought or said about me—literally didn't care. . . . But on the other hand, take a man like T.S. Eliot—what he must have missed by being a man of low passion. Because there is possibly the best poet of our century, if not the best ever—I don't know—but he didn't have what Yeats had . . . this tremendous sort of volcanic passion burning away . . . or D.H. Lawrence or Dylan [Thomas] on a lesser scale. And it's a pity that he missed it, because God knows what astounding work might have come out of that man—with all the technical expertise, with all his knowledge of language and his superb use of it—if he'd been fired by something tremendous underneath.

OUI: Would psychiatry have helped you?

BURTON: Perhaps, but my imagination would have been distorted. I don't want a psychiatrist to straighten that out, to say the absolute cold, factual truth, because it takes something away from me. I remember an actor of great distinction, and everybody said, "This chap is going to be the greatest." And he did two or three things that were almost awe-inspiring twenty-five years ago. He went to a psychiatrist and he disappeared from sight—became dumb. And that sort of put me off any idea of going to a psychiatrist. Even in the very bad days of drinking when they suggested it, I said, "No. I'd rather die . . . rather die drinking than be straightened out by some headshrinker." You can imagine Dylan Thomas, to take a near contemporary figure also from the same part of Wales. If Dylan had been analyzed, we wouldn't have had those half a dozen great lyrics, which will be read as long as the language is read. I'm trying to think of an artist who's been improved by psychiatry. I can't think of one. What if Leonardo da Vinci had been cured of homosexuality—dicey question! There was a scene in *Equus* about which I asked Sidney: "Would a psychiatrist actually allow this boy to take his clothes off in his office?" And he said, "Oh, yes, he would." I was really profoundly surprised that they would allow a patient to go that far. And, of course, my imagination ran riot—what about a very pretty girl who wanted to strip off?

OUI: Of course, the thing about your life surely is that people hold you responsible for not having lived up to a great talent.

BURTON: Well, I think they want you to say that you wasted the creative years of your life. It seems to me that the bursts of creative energy in any artist—if you can describe an actor as an artist and not merely an interpreter or puppet—differ from person to person. Take Shakespeare. His first plays were pretty ropey; then he had a burst of tremendous creative energy when he wrote the five great masterpieces plus the little comedies, and then went into banality almost with the last plays—with some marvelous bits in them, of course. I think Dylan Thomas probably died at the right time. I think he'd run out of creative energy—certainly poetic energy. Has mine happened, or is it going to come? I don't know. It's very hard to know. I'd hate to think that it has happened, that there's not more to come. I would like to think that in my whole life really—despite its ups and downs, and sometimes its near desperation, which was a rather elusive desperation, because I never took myself seriously—there has been a preparation, shall we say, for the Fifties. But then, by the end of the Fifties, I was saying, "Help, this is a preparation for the Sixties." You really can't tell when you have that burst of demonic energy that sort of engulfs everything in its stride, because you're so alive and so vital. Luck plays a tremendous part in it, too. Great people like Olivier, Gielgud, Richardson and Guinness all went through terrific dips in the middle of the Fifties, if you remember, and then suddenly they all went back up there again. I think perhaps all artistic life goes through a cycle: Sometimes you're at the bottom, starting the climb up; and when you get to the top, you waver about a bit, and then you might go down again—if you're capable of reaching the top of the cycle at all. There are those who just rest halfway and put themselves on automatic. Well, I can't do that. I played *Equus* for three months and not one performance was the same. I changed every night. I mean I set out to change every night. I played *Hamlet* on Broadway and out of town—which I believe is the world's record for the longest number of consecutive performances for *Hamlet*—and never was one performance the same as the other.

OUI: Of some sixty-odd films you've made, you've said you saw only a few. What about *Exorcist II*—what happened?

BURTON: Oh, yes, an appalling film. You know that awful thing, when you find out two weeks after you've started that they've rewritten the script and you know you're in a disaster. Well, I was impossible to live with. Every day I had to go to the studio and do that crap. At first it was a good script, and *The Exorcist* had made a lot of money; so I thought, "Well, a money-maker for a change." But once we started, I could see straightaway that: a) it was lousy; and b) it wasn't going to make money. It was a good part, the kind of part I'd never played before. I became interested in the demonic side of it, read a lot of books about it and became quite fascinated. I had one of those chaps trying to put you under hypnosis with a computer machine. But there were twenty different endings and it went on for twenty-five weeks. Also, John Boorman [director] was very sick. If you were drunk you wouldn't have cared. But I was stone cold sober—no mists of alcohol.

OUI: You look fitter than I've ever seen you. Are you in better health?

BURTON: Yes, and I was delighted the other day. I had to do a scene with one of the supporting actors, who keeps very fit, and two stunt men. We all had to run to the plane. Left them standing. I was so delighted that I had to slow down for them. That is a major breakthrough in the keep-fit stakes.

OUI: But you're still smoking like a chimney?

BURTON: I can stop it, but I become an absolute fiend—unlivable with. I can stop the booze all right and be reasonably bovine and gentle. But if I give up these . . . I did for five days once with Susan on one of the West Indian islands [Antigua], where we've just bought a house. It was like an alcoholic blackout, those five days. Actually it was four and seven-eighths days, because toward the end of the fifth day, Susan said, "Why don't you have a cigarette?" I had a cigarette, and then she told me what had gone on before—I had no memory of the previous five days.

OUI: Before you arrived in Africa to make *Wild Geese*, you were saying that with Roger Moore, Richard Harris and yourself in the bush, all hell would break loose. Has it?

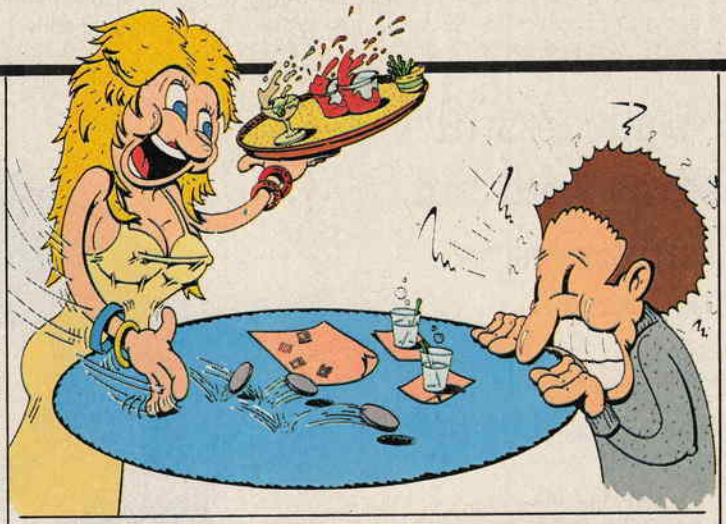
BURTON: Well, I think they thought that with the dreaded Harris and myself together on the same film, it would be an explosive situation, because Harris is a man of some accomplishment in various directions, and so am I. The producers were terrified that Richard and I would run amok—which we haven't. But we did make a deal before we started. I said, "Now listen, if we *do* go wild, the pair of us, we

(Continued on page 129)

Will you get rich beyond your wildest dreams? What's in store for your sex life? Is it any of our business? Only

The Oui Ching

knows for sure.



BY HOWARD RHEINGOLD

If you ever feel the need for an invisible soothsayer, who could slip you sage advice at crucial moments, you ought to meet the most durable guru in history: the *I Ching*.

Every civilization has produced some form of future cult. The Hebrews hearkened unto Isaiah; the Mayans munched mushrooms; neo-Americans tune in to Herman Kahn—and the Chinese converse with an all-knowing and witty old person who lives in a book. A kind of living personality dwells in the *Book of Changes*, a slightly cantankerous but marvelously adaptable confidant who has counseled Confucius and Mao, a universally accessible advisor to emperors, warlords, lovers, entrepreneurs and gamblers for nearly 5000 years.

My first encounter with the sensual oracle took place in an airport cocktail lounge. Christine, who introduced me to the sexual stratagems hidden in the hexagrams, was a cocktail waitress. She and the *I Ching* stepped into my scenario just as Sabena, my traveling companion, was stepping out. Apparently, I had made a hideously bad move with Sabena; yet I didn't have any ideas about what I had done wrong or what I should do next. For an uncomfortable instant, I was paralyzed by my options: Should I go after her—or order another drink?

"If the little fox, after nearly completing the crossing, gets his tail in the water, there is nothing that would further," were Christine's first words to me. Although my vodka was untouched, I found myself confronted by a blond, freckle-kneed cocktail waitress, who looked as if she were waiting for me to get the point. She repeated her strange salutation, and I was seized by the creepy feeling that I knew precisely what she meant. On impulse, I asked her what the little fox might do with his wet tail.

"You could order another drink," she replied. "It won't get her back, but it's traditional under the circumstances."

When Christine brought my second Stolichnaya, I posed a polite, but straightforward question: Did she think she could help the little fox dry his tail? Christine put her tray down on the table and picked three quarters out of her change. Then she closed her eyes, vigorously jingled the quarters in cupped hands, and threw the coins onto my table in classic, Vegas-crapshooter style.

While I wondered why she required three coins to decide such a simple question, she made a mark on a napkin and threw the quarters again. She tossed the coins six times, methodically pausing between tosses to mark arcane symbols on the napkin. I grew concerned about the sanity of the situation. Did I want to place my fate—or any other part of my anatomy—in the hands of this attractive but clearly deranged individual?

"The wild goose gradually draws near the tree," she informed me, after a few seconds of deliberation. She seemed to be talking to the napkin. "Perhaps it will find a flat branch. No blame."

Before I could ask how the little fox became a wild goose, she jotted a phone number above the odd symbols and stuffed the napkin into my coat pocket. She flounced away, I finished my drinks, and the episode receded quietly into memory. Two weeks later, an old friend brought new significance to the paper still snugly crumpled in my pocket.

Ben used to be a Wall Street whiz kid, a razzle-dazzle multimillion-dollar fund manager. Now he smokes a lot of dope and plays with commodity futures. When I dropped in, Ben was sitting on a pillow, performing a complex ritual with a stock ticker, a telephone, a pile of crooked chopsticks and a large black book. He was shuffling the chopsticks when I entered, and appeared to be totally absorbed by the task; so I sat behind him and watched. A circuit activated in my memory bank when I saw Ben scribbling the same six-symbol cocktail-napkin code.

"That's a hexagram," Ben explained, when he sensed my interest, "and the book is the *I Ching*." He touched the volume with a tender reverence he usually reserved for gilt-edged securities. "The *Ching* is a very old book of divination—the oldest book in the world, some say. The yarrow stalks help me consult the oracle—although coins or a randomizing computer program would work just as well."

I requested a translation.

"I'm attempting to forecast the price of soybeans," he declared, without even a hint of a smile. "I've skimmed thirty grand since I started the experiment. It is now clear that I could have doubled my net profit if I had studied the Images and Judgments more closely."

Ben likes to talk in esoteric tongues. If the listener is too familiar with the financial

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHNNY LEE

dialects, he'll switch to computerese. Fortunately, he also loves to explain himself—so I pumped him about the *I Ching*, while he consulted a table of numbers in the back of his black book. I was trying to imagine a brand of freaky causality that could link Christine, the philosophical but seductive cocktail waitress, to Ben, the pothead soybean madman.

Ben disavowed any occult relation to astrology: "Astrology might work if the cosmos were nothing more than a giant watch, with the hairs of our heads neatly connected to the stars by an invisible watchwork," he expounded, while he riffled through the book. "In Oriental philosophy and nuclear physics, the watchworks have melted and flowed together. The physicist, the Taoist and the stock market analyst now agree on one premise: There are no immutable maps of destiny; there are only patterns of probability. The random act of tossing three coins can become a quantum ordering procedure, a way of encoding experiences so they can be processed through the organic computer of the hexagrams. The *I Ching* is a FORTRAN of the mind."

Ben stopped talking when he came to his place in the book. He reached for the phone, a peculiar smile crossing his face. I glanced over his shoulder at the page: The hexagram was number 14, "Possession in Great Measure." After Ben tripled his purchase of soybean contracts, I asked him about the little fox and the wild goose. "Look for yourself," he said, handing me the book.

I finally found that wild goose, hidden away in hexagram 53. When I deciphered its true meaning, it was the first time Oriental philosophy ever gave me an erection. The next line of the hexagram struck me as overtly erotic, so I tore Ben away from his broker and commandeered the telephone.

"The wild goose gradually draws near the cloud heights," I whispered huskily, trying to sound both reverent and risque. "Its feathers can be used for the sacred dance."

"Why don't you come over to my place for some 'fire in the lake'?" was her reply.

"And maybe a little of that 'gentle penetration,' " I added, warming to the jargon.

Christine didn't stop at fire in the lake. By the time our first nightlong study session was over, I had received a thorough briefing in "pushing upward," "strenuous changes" and "coming together." An unusual

The road to a successful Oui Ching begins with but these few simple steps...

1. Take your hand and three coins out of your pocket.
2. Toss the three coins.
3. How are you enjoying yourself so far?
4. See which coins are heads and which ones are tails.
5. Memorize this rule:
   A yang is three heads or two heads and a tail.
   A yin is three tails or two tails and a head.
6. Begin to build your hexagram.
   If you threw a yang, you draw a straight line. ——
   If you threw a yin, you draw a broken line. — —
7. Repeat the coin toss six times, drawing a yang or yin line for each toss. Build from the bottom up. last toss ☰ upper trigram; first toss ☰ lower trigram
8. When you have six lines (one for each toss) you have a hexagram. A hexagram consists of an upper and a lower trigram. On the chart below, match up the upper trigram with the lower trigram. Where they meet is a number.
9. To find out what your number means, turn the page.

UPPER TRIGRAM / LOWER TRIGRAM	Ch'ien ☰	Chên ☳	K'an ☵	Kên ☶	K'un ☷	Sun ☴	Li ☲	Tui ☱
Ch'ien ☰	1	34	5	26	11	9	14	43
Chên ☳	25	51	3	27	24	42	21	17
K'an ☵	6	40	29	4	7	59	64	47
Kên ☶	33	62	39	52	15	53	56	31
K'un ☷	12	16	8	23	2	20	35	45
Sun ☴	44	32	48	18	46	57	50	28
Li ☲	13	55	63	22	36	37	30	49
Tui ☱	10	54	60	41	19	61	38	58

introduction to an ancient spiritual tradition, I grant you, but an effective initiation, nevertheless. We continued intensive study through the weekend, and on Monday morning she gave me a copy of the *Ching*.

"Think of the coin tossing as a way to snap a shutter in your mind," she told me when she gave me the book. "The hexagram you select is a mental photograph of the entire universe at that moment, with your question at the center. It's a way to stop the world so you can perceive your own position in larger streams of events. You are making a model, a simulation, a microcosm. What you see in the model depends on how well you can see yourself."

Ben's $30,000 and my weekend of sensual delight were both favorable omens in my book, so I tested my last vestiges of skepticism by approaching the oracle myself. The results of the experiment have been enlightening, profitable and occasionally ecstatic. The positive effects of "Chinging" started within 15 minutes and have gradually increased over the years. The only way you will ever know whether Christine, Ben and I are off our tracks or plugged into the big switchboard is by trying the *Ching* yourself. The future is open to anybody with three coins and three spare minutes.

The accumulation of notes in the margins of my *Ching* grew into a personal shorthand system—the data base for the OUI CHING. By testing the oracle against my own daily decisions, I found the *Ching* to be an eminently practical guide to contemporary problems like getting laid, making money and influencing people. The OUI CHING is a tear-out-and-take-along distillation of my research in the field of carnal divination. You too can use the mystic knowledge of the ages in your quest to date that new secretary, make a killing in real estate or nail down that vice-presidency.

If there is one idea behind the *Ching*, it's this: *Do it yourself.* The way to learn the oracle is by talking to it. Follow the instructions, cast a few hexagrams and check the OUI CHING against your own experience. If it seems like something or somebody is talking to you, it might be wise to pick up a volume of the *Ching*. The changing lines, the images and the judgments encompass entire realms of elegant, remarkably accurate prophecy.

At the beginning, there is no need to worry about doing it exactly right. The oracle is open to fun. If the hexagrams reflect everything in the universe, as they claim to do, then tits and ass are in there too—along with hints on how to screw the competition, manipulate your boss, handle your mistress and attain spiritual peace.

The key to home-brew soothsaying lies in the formulation of the question. The shape of your future is changed by the questions you ask about it. Before you cast your hexagram, hold the coins in your hands, close your eyes and imagine a brief mental snapshot of your question. Try to see all possible outcomes, all the people involved in your alternate futures. Try to get a feel for those innumerable divergent choice-paths rippling out from your smallest action, your quietest thought. Get a little dizzy on the size of the universe—that is what the ritual is about. Then cast your coins and start your own trip through the Changes.

Howard Rheingold doesn't even know where his next meal's coming from and he consults the I Ching regularly.

The Hexagrams

1. COSMIC TUMESCENCE
You are a throbbing male organ. You have the creative thrust and the seminal idea. Whatever you are now considering—go do it. It isn't often you have the opportunity to diddle your destiny.

2. WIDE OPEN
You are the universal vulva. Your fate is to be acted upon, so leave yourself open to what is to come. Follow that beckoning finger, for it points out your path.

3. HARD TO GET IT UP
Many elements struggle to take form through you. You sense your obligation to solidify the flaccid, but you are also aware that a wrong move at this stage could render you helpless. Venture capital is hard to come by.

4. YOUTHFUL FOLLY
You have never experienced this before. Seek a veteran and try to heed his advice. Either you are a young fool—which has its advantages—or this is a bullshit question. Bullshit the oracle, and the oracle shall bullshit you back.

5. WAITING FOR THE SHIP TO COME IN
Perhaps your destiny is now rounding the Horn, heavy with plunder. Perhaps it went down with all hands. In any case, your true mission is to occupy yourself productively while you wait at the dock.

6. YELLOW LIGHT
Stop and look both ways before crossing. Are you certain of your destination? Are you truly aware of the consequences? Is this affair doomed from the beginning? If you can't turn back, proceed with extreme caution.

7. ARMY OF ORGIASTS
Have you ever considered group sex? Don't forget the old anarchist slogan: "An army of lovers cannot fail!" In matters of money or power, do not move unless you are strong enough to command a loyal following. This is no mere skirmish you contemplate.

8. KEEPING YOUR SHIT TOGETHER
You are in a temporary and rare position of unity. There is power behind your actions—if you know what you are doing. Inquire once again of the oracle and of yourself: Now that your shit is together—can you lift it?

9. BONDAGE
Something which seems external is restraining you, thwarting all your plans. At times, the best response to bondage is temporary submission. It can even be sexy. Do what you can do, but don't waste precious energy trying to break the bonds.

10. MAINTAIN YOUR COOL
You are being attacked by an army of tiny irritations. If you break your stride to stomp on them, you will fall. If you keep your composure, you will gain strength. If you strike out, you lend strength to a weak annoyance.

11. A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN
Financial prosperity, sensual satiation, inner peace—everything you've ever desired is yours, for a time. Every once in a great while, through no fault of your own, the world smiles upon you. Don't be paranoid—smile back!

12. THE PITS
You won't get laid, you won't get paid, you won't be missed. The best thing to do is to curl up in a ball and try to think of happier times. Sooner or later, something good might happen—if you can hibernate long enough.

13. THE COMMUNE
Your social structure requires your help. There is no difference between cleaning up the garbage and leading the community. The satisfaction of your companions increases your own well-being—so satisfy them, satisfy them.

14. POSSESSION IN GREAT MEASURE
Bingo! Jackpot! Whatever you do now will bring you wealth. The time is ripe and you are right, so put all your chips on this one. Supreme success and iced champagne.

15. MODESTY
You can't crash the executive suite or waltz into your beloved's boudoir, but you *can* make yourself very small and slip through the keyhole. Keep your ego in check and you will enhance your powers of attraction. In business affairs, be a silent partner.

16. GROOVIN'
No need to persuade anybody, when everybody just naturally grooves with you. Align yourself with the cosmic groove and all else shall follow. Install helpers, set armies marching, sing harmony.

17. GET FLEXIBLE
Bending makes you limber. Adaptation means more than survival. It is the first step toward gaining control of your destiny. Heed the signs of the times and try to come up with a novel response.

18. DAMAGE CONTROL
There is no need to remind you that your ship has struck an iceberg. You are in slightly better shape than number 12 (THE PITS), however, because you have a chance to do something about your condition. If you can't fix the leak, start bailing and learn to whistle S O S.

19. APPROACH
The romance will blossom; that promotion will come through; and that financial speculation will turn a profit. This highly favorable situation won't last forever. In fact, it might all dissolve if you lose yourself in the ecstasy of victory.

20. CONSPICUOUS CONTEMPLATION
If you stand up on a bar stool to get a better view, don't forget that you are making yourself visible to others. Think about how you want to be seen.

21. PENETRATION POWER
In sexual strategy, financial tactics and social relations, there comes a time when you simply have to thrust your way through the final obstacle. Don't dally—stick it in.

22. PUBLIC RELATIONS
You present an elegant image. This can be both pleasing and useful, but it is not a good basis for making decisions. Your image can be enhanced and your public relations promoted, but don't close any deals.

23. CATASTROPHE
Your date is no lady; your money is undoubtedly in the hands of scoundrels; and, if you look down, you'll notice that your 40-dollar hand-painted tie is bleeding into your aperitif.

24. RECYCLE YOURSELF
If you stop to think, you'll note that this has all happened before. Don't jump so eagerly into the next cycle before you understand who and where you were in the last cycle.

25. VIRGINITY
This one is always a surprise. The only way you can succeed is by being truly innocent. If that seems improbable, ask yourself *why* it's improbable. Remember the cardinal rule for virgins: Be prepared for the unexpected.

26. STORED ENERGY
Your goals are correct and your potential power is great. Your investments will have staying power; this love affair will linger for a long time; your allies are firmly behind you. Gonzo!

27. THE OPEN MOUTH
A very oral hexagram. Whether your fortune is good or bad, you can blame it on what you've been eating—or not eating. Nourishment is your goal—just putting it in your mouth isn't sufficient.

28. NUCLEAR MELTDOWN
If you are bombarded by one more heavy particle, you'll go fission. Be prepared for a rapid and violent change of state. Check out the exit routes. Whether you plan for the crisis or accept it, don't ignore it.

29. THE RAZOR BLADE OF LIFE
Don't poke your body or your money into any unknown places. You are surrounded by a sea of bad moves. Nothing wrong with danger—it is an excellent way to learn how to walk on water.

30. HARMONY
When two or more powerful forces work together in harmony, they achieve a total energy far greater than what they could achieve separately. Mutual funds or group marriage, anyone?

31. ATTRACTION
The magnetism is mutual, but you are the stronger party. Examine your motives, for you are the one who decides between seduction and courtship. Whatever you seek will come to you, so make sure you know what to do with it.

32. MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU
You don't know exactly what it is you do to continue to live from moment to moment, but you continue to do it. If you can find that force, apply it to your inquiry. Listen to little voices and heed ancient warnings.

33. ORDERLY RETREAT
Withdraw now, while you still have the power to marshal your forces. Back off now, and you won't have to flee later. Save your strength for the counteroffensive.

34. POWER
You are to be granted noteworthy power, partially through your own merit, partially because of forces beyond yourself. Think about what you say, because your voice will be heard.

35. PROGRESS
Because you do not set yourself above your peers, they trust you, and that trust brings recognition. Do not confuse progress with sudden advancement.

36. LOW PROFILE
Keep your convictions, but keep them to yourself. Leave your bright ideas unspoken. Fade into the background and work on your character—it will keep you out of trouble.

37. THE FAMILY GAME
Even extended families have rules, and the social code of the smallest unit extends outward to all of society. Customs change, but proper conduct does not.

38. HEAVY HEAD WINDS
You are being opposed, and the force of the opposition is too strong to overcome in a single burst. Small, gradual steps will save your strength for the time opposition fades away.

39. OBSTACLE COURSE
If you can't beat 'em and they won't let you join 'em, then take a hike around them. If you had the strength to push through this obstacle, you would not need to ask this question.

40. DELIVERANCE
You will soon remove all restraints and obstructions in your life, but it is not a time for triumph. Postpone the celebration until the victory is consolidated.

41. TALES OF THE BOTTOM
Q: What is more important than wealth? A: Knowing how to be broke. Sacrifice, by definition, is painful. Any sacrifice you now make will be repaid generously.

42. HIGH TIDE
External forces lend exceptional energy to your endeavors. This energy must be used for only your greatest undertaking, something which you can accomplish only when a jolt of the old cosmic energy surges through your circuits.

43. BREAKTHROUGH
The only way to ease the tension is to destroy barriers. Dams burst, swollen torrents break through the levee, heavily laden storm clouds discharge—as soon as you find the plug and pull it.

44. CON GAME
She may look small and harmless, but she means to give you grief. That business deal or stock offering may look sweet, but you'll be sorry you swallowed it. Don't give in.

45. COMING TOGETHER
You are half of a simultaneous orgasm, or you are the main man at a revival meeting. In either case, it's way too late for stage fright. The timing is right.

46. PUSHING UPWARD
Modest, steady, upward motion has its place alongside fancier strokes. In sex, in finance, in office politics, it's time to quietly take the initiative. It's up to you.

47. THE GOING GETS TOUGH
Sure, it's rough when you're broke, horny, friendless and gloomy. Bite the bullet, bury your dead and get on with the uphill battle. Strength is your only friend.

48. THE NITTY-GRITTY
You are getting down to it, but you must be sure to get *all* the way down to it. Find out what is behind or beneath this situation. Examine people's motives.

49. STRENUOUS CHANGES
A revolution is required in your life, so you must act like a serious revolutionary. To change your circumstances, you must first change yourself; then you must correctly assess the mood of the times.

50. THE WAY IT IS
Congratulations! You've finally learned that there are some things you can't alter or avoid. A light dose of fatalism is healthy if it helps you see more clearly the things you *can* change. Concentrate on the possible and enjoy yourself.

51. SHOCK
If you don't know whether to shit or go blind, you are having a normal reaction. Make sure your hair isn't on fire, and wait for the adrenaline to fade before taking action. If you have the strength to laugh, you'll have it handled.

52. MASTURBATION
First, you must masturbate—*then* you may meditate. You cannot consider the future in a rational way without tranquil loins.

53. SLOW BLOOMER
A long-term investment or a lengthy courtship; all developments take a gradual course. Don't try to hurry the inevitable, and you won't get your fingers caught when the gears finally move.

54. GRIN AND BEAR IT
Bearing it is a necessity. Grinning helps you feel better, and it keeps you from saying something stupid. Relief will have to wait for more propitious times.

55. CLIMAX
While you are on the peak, don't forget what all the huffing and puffing was about. It never feels any better than this, and it won't feel this good much longer; so soak up the sensation and think about it later. Put off analysis.

56. THE WANDERER
Hit the road, Jack, and don't forget the traveler's code. Pull up roots and put out antennae; steer clear of dubious companions; above all, know the proper time to move on.

57. GENTLE PENETRATION
A hand on the thigh is worth two in the bush. Even if she's a 35-year-old divorcee, treat her like a virgin. Deal with business and social affairs as if *everyone* were a virgin.

58. FRIENDSHIP
Friendly encouragement will reap more benefits than manipulation or intimidation. Find joy in your friends and your joy will become infectious. Everybody wins for a change.

59. GET BACK TO WHERE YOU ONCE BELONGED
Set aside cold logic and let your emotions flow through the cracks in the world. If you can dissolve a few psychological barriers, you and yours can experience a rare group high.

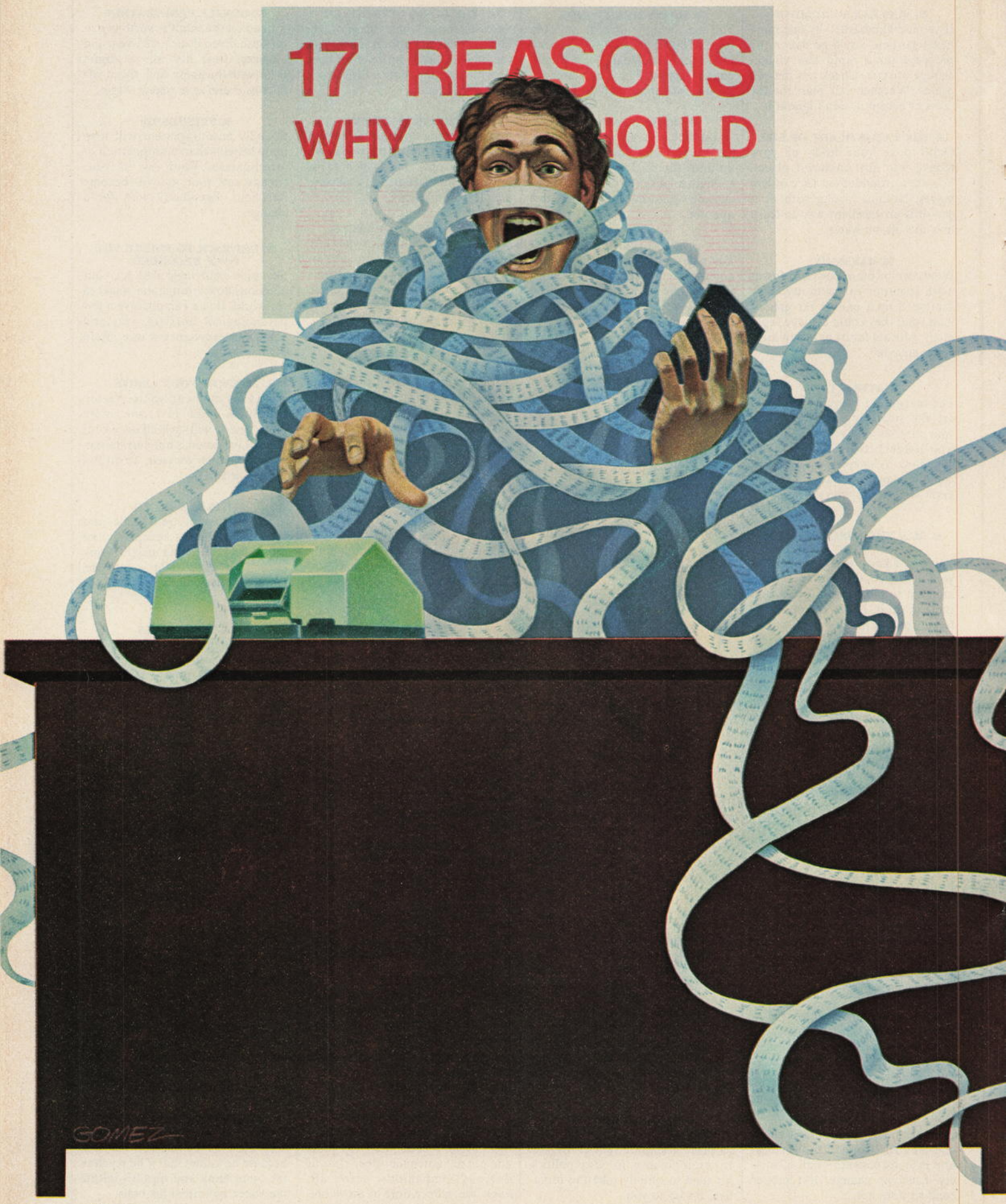
60. KNOW YOUR LIMITS
This is the moment before the cup overflows. Add just one more drop—and it will spill all over your pants. Limitation is not flagellation, so don't punish yourself. Thrift has its own sensuality.

61. INNER TRUTH
You must adopt both male and female attributes: receptivity of mind and penetrating insight. Look hard. Be prepared for a surprise, and a surprise will be prepared for you.

62. TINY MOVES
You can light her cigarette. You cannot slip your hand up her leg. Maintain a low profile, stay attentive and look for little things to do.

63. AFTER THE CLIMAX
After you savor the post-orgasmic lassitude, there's nowhere to go but up again. Lie back and enjoy the moment. There's hard work ahead.

64. BEFORE COMPLETION
Here we see the little fox, looking very alert as he crosses the ice, because he knows that if he reaches the other bank and dips his tail in the water, he'll frost his balls.


17 REASONS
WHY
HOULD
GOMEZ

INSIDE H&R BLOCK

The best way to avoid the tax man is to become one

"I get provoked when I hear some jack-in-the-box clown running for office say he's going to make taxes simple. All he can do is scrap the whole damned thing, and you can imagine the ramifications of that. Uncle Sam is not a boogeyman. IRS agents are very fair and bend over backwards to help. But sometimes they get up on the wrong side of the bed."

The H&R Block city manager on Chicago's North Side is a spellbinding orator. Short, feisty, a gleaming bald head with white sidewalls, rasping foghorn voice, an ivory cigarette holder and eyes full of mischief, he looks like a leprechaun in a gray flannel suit.

"The thing about taxes is you either like them or you don't. For some people it becomes like a narcotic. They can never get enough."

Fourteen students fidget with fourteen brands of pocket calculators, straining to hear above the noise of traffic roaring by outside the storefront office/classroom. From two three-hour classes twice a week for 13 weeks, this disparate crew—a lawyer, a teacher, an ex-professional gambler, a carpenter, a secretary and a Pakistani—will get a "solid and working understanding of the intricacies surrounding most income tax returns," and the possibility, with no commitments either way, of employment by H&R Block. For its part, Block gets a surprisingly reasonable $85 tuition, a pool of trained personnel and a fiendishly clever way to use property otherwise dormant two-thirds of the year.

"The Blochs opened an accounting firm in Kansas City in 1946. They prepared taxes as a service for privileged customers. By 1953 they were doing more tax work than regular accounting. Now Block prepares 10 percent of the returns filed in this country." The city manager points his cigarette holder at a color portrait on the wall behind the students. "Henry, the president, you'll recognize from TV. He's the kindly, soft-spoken one. Richard, the chairman, is the pepper pot."

The office, wedged between a Mexican restaurant and a TV repair shop, is decorated in Block Issue Dreary—dark brown, fake-wood Formica tables, brown vinyl kitchen chairs, navy-gray filing cabinets and bookcases—presumably to suggest seriousness of purpose and thrift. As an alternative to traditional academic ivy, Block College walls are encrusted with suitably framed mottoes, pledges and chitchat: The Seventeen Reasons, The Four Cs (Courteous, Competent, Confidential, Conscientious), Save Your Receipt, Pledge of an H&R Block Tax Consultant, a map of Block offices (some on Alaska's remote North Slope), Pricing Policy and an invitation to enjoy coffee while waiting.

"I'm 250 percent American and I believe in supporting the government, but I don't believe in giving Uncle Sam a dime more than he deserves. In 1930 the Supreme Court ruled: 'The legal right of a taxpayer to decrease the amount of what otherwise would be his taxes, or altogether avoid them, by means which the law permits cannot be

Theodore Fischer admits to giving better Head of Household than the entire IRS.

Article by Theodore Fischer

ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

H&R BLOCK "Income tax laws reward good behavior like home buying and capital investment, and punish bad behavior like gambling and divorce."

doubted.' That's where we come in." With a parting caution to "pay strict attention to Head of Household status because that's the hairiest," the city manager bids the class good luck and disappears into the gathering twilight.

A nervous, heavyset young man with curling sandy hair and wire-rimmed glasses—a veteran trooper of the Block Regular Army—takes over the class. "My name is Roy. If you want to work for Block, this is where you start. Four absences, no certificate. No homework, ten points off." Roy distributes the cumbersome set of textbooks. The principal text is The Black Book, aka The Book, aka The H&R Block Income Tax Manual: a black vinyl loose-leaf notebook containing everything you need to know about taxes in 26 usually easy-to-understand chapters. The Blue Book, or Bible, is actually IRS Publication 17, "Your Federal Income Tax," disguised in a blue cover with the famous logo: "H&R Block, The Income Tax People." Students also receive a green practice manual and *The United States Master Tax Guide*, a book the city manager has termed "deeper and more technical."

Lesson number one disposes of preliminaries such as filing requirements, signing the forms, headings, Social Security numbers, filing status. Although Unmarried Head of Household may be hairiest to define, Married Filing Separately, with highest tax rates and discount deductions throughout the return, has got to be the Quasimodo of filing statuses. Roy calls it "a moral penalty for wandering off and having a good time." Worse yet, the repulsiveness of MFS affords IRS an opportunity to wield the truncheon of unofficial male chauvinism. Under a heading he calls "Theory, Law and Practice," Roy hypothesizes: "A couple separates. She keeps the kid and gets to file Head of Household. He should be Married Filing Separately, but in practice he files Single. Why? I asked four agents—four guys—and they all said the same thing: They won't fuck a guy with Married Filing Separately."

Taxpayers are allowed $750 in exemptions (reduction of taxable income) for self, spouse and each dependent, plus bonus exemptions if the taxpayer or spouse is blind or over 65 years old. If a spouse dies during the tax year, the IRS magnanimously allows the full unprorated exemption, "even if she croaks during the Super Bowl." In the peculiar world of tax law, a taxpayer attains a certain age the day before a birthday; consequently, anyone fortunate enough to have been born January 1 can look forward to receiving the over-65 exemption for the year before he or she actually becomes 65. One agitated student—the lawyer—asks, "I realize it's no picnic being blind, but why are the blind singled out for a special exemption? Why not the deaf or paraplegics?"

"Aha!" says Roy, pointing his index finger at the ceiling. "Taxes are extremely political. They reflect the power of lobbying groups. The blind simply have more power because they are better organized."

Gamblers, on the other hand, are obviously not organized at all. If a taxpayer declares a $10,000 gambling profit—and he might have to if he wins a big lottery payoff, or enjoys a hot day at the races or casino where the Man's going 'round taking names—he may deduct up to $10,000 in losses or expenses, provided he has proper substantiation. (A barrelful of losing tickets? A sympathy card from his croupier?) If he flat-out loses the $10,000, he can deduct nothing. How can Uncle Sam get away with cutting himself a slice of the pie without risking anything on a loss? What is this, Russia? Roy shrugs. "Everybody knows society doesn't like people to gamble or drink or run around. Taxes are very social and very moralistic. Income tax laws reward good behavior like home buying and capital investment, and punish bad behavior like gambling and divorce. This country's never going to have a sensible tax system until the government stops using taxes to enforce cockeyed ideas of national morality."

Without the vast opportunity for finagling afforded by Schedule A, Itemized Deductions, few moderate-income taxpayers would require assistance in preparing their returns. Deductible expenses include interest payments, medical expenses, other taxes, losses due to fire, accident and theft, charity, alimony, union dues and, needless to say, tax preparation.

If Schedule A is the cornerstone of the House of Block, the standard deduction is its scourge. In lieu of complicated computations and record keeping, all taxpayers are entitled to a standard deduction, which for single status is a minimum of $1700 or 16 percent of gross income up to $2400. Except for taxpayers with interest on mortgage payments or excessive medical expenses and casualty losses, itemized deductions seldom equal the standard deduction. In 1976, 64 percent of taxpayers claimed the standard deduction—and most of them, presumably, did their own taxes. Last year, when President Carter announced programs that could increase that figure to 75 percent, Block stock plummeted, and the brothers Bloch (altered for corporate purposes because of a phobia about being called "Blotch") reportedly had to be calmed down by their aged mother, who reminded them: "Every president has talked about the need for simpler tax returns as long as I can remember."

H. Bloch, the soft-spoken one, petulantly commented, "The attraction of a simple return and a single progressive rate for all is a snare and a delusion. It is not practical or desirable to eliminate all complexities from the tax laws that were enacted to treat diverse situations fairly."

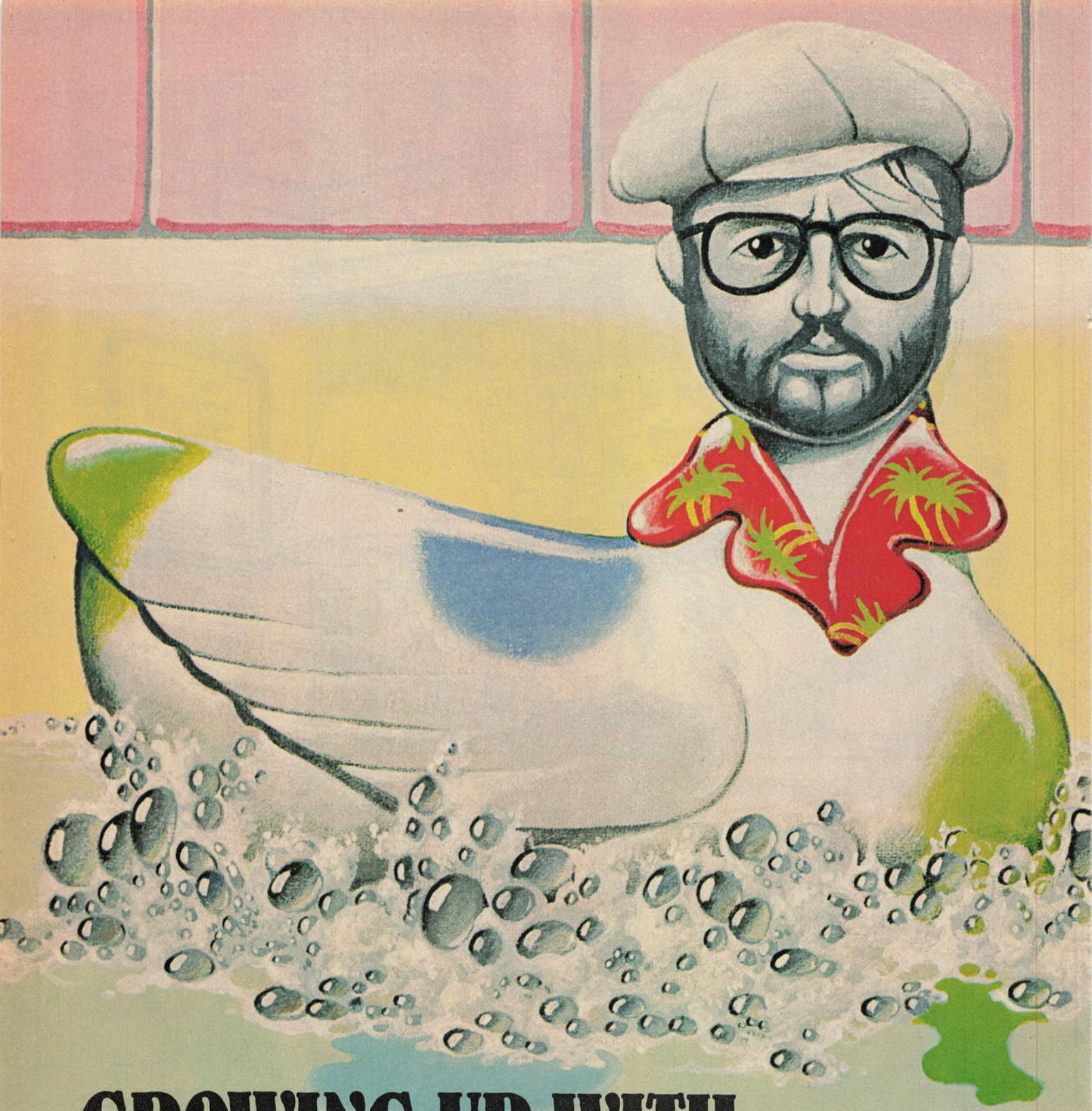
Back in class, Roy explains why the House of Block never departs from standard practices—however unreasonable they may be. "Block," he says, "is the biggest CYA (Cover Your Ass) outfit going. They have an out for everything. If a customer yells loud enough to make them put something on the form they don't like, Block makes him sign a declaration absolving them of blame. Block can't be a legal representative at an audit. They can only explain how the form was prepared. If you want creative accounting, try a CPA. An H&R Block tax preparer's first obligation is to avoid an audit."

Creative accountants like Chicago attorney and CPA Edward A. Williams see it differently. "My job is to see that my clients pay the least possible tax, irrespective of the threat of an audit. Outfits like Block—I call them cheap preparers—don't want to spend time going to audits. An audit is no big thing; it's just the government's way of asking you to explain. If a client of mine isn't audited sometime during my representation, I haven't been doing a good job."

The midterm—all Block exams are open-book and open-mouth—provides the class with another crack at unraveling the tangled finances of the Michael I. and Janice W. Wilson family. The Wilsons, whose fiscal situation is familiar from homework and previous quizzes, live at 326 Highland Drive, Your City, Your State, Your Zip, with their two children, James, 4, and Stacy, 2. Mike, 34, is a construction foreman, apparently much sought after, since in 1976 alone he worked for the Ace, Brett's, and Andrews construction companies. Jan, 31, is a legal secretary at Smith, Bench and Hodges. Between two salaries and judicious investments—including shares of H&R Block common that they unloaded before the end of last year—they pull down between 25 and 35 grand a year. The Wilsons regularly contribute to the Muscular Dystrophy Association and have a charge account at Sears, where they more than likely have their taxes prepared by you-know-who. The Wilsons lead a fairly normal middle-American life, except for peculiar comings and goings from the household of Frank Anderson, 68 (Jan's father), and Mike's careless habit of totaling his 1975 four-door Chevy sedan. Each time the class figures a Wilson return, it can't help get-

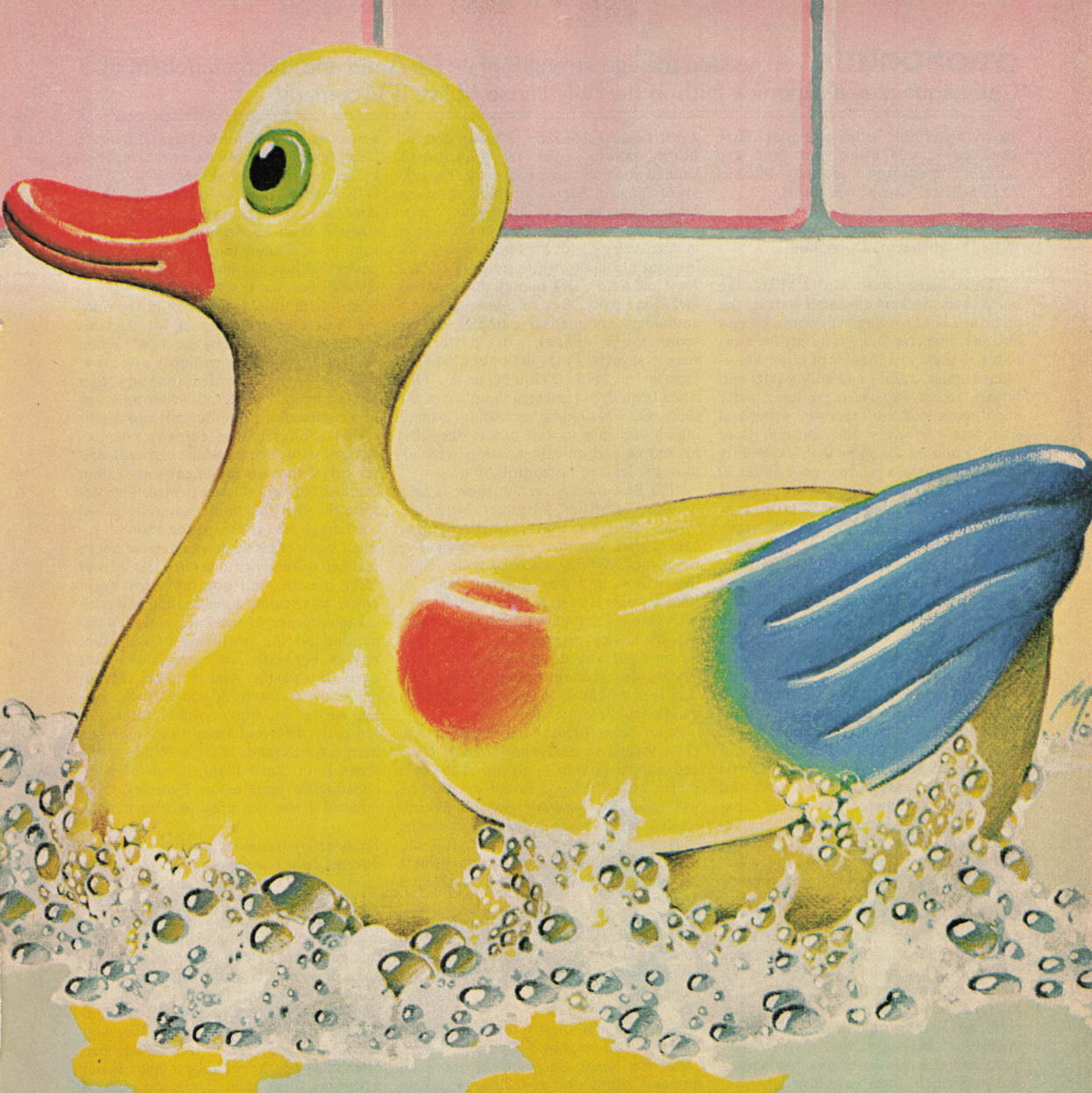
(Continued on page 116)

"I had no idea you'd probe so deeply on my first visit!"



GROWING UP WITH MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

A toilet-side chat with the mind that brought us *Saturday Night Live's* Claudine Longet Invitational Ski Tournament and other fun stuff



Profile by Bruce Mc Call Open on the cavernous interior of a Manhattan town-house apartment, bathed in sickly twilight due to drapes drawn against the midday sun. The motif is early Forties swank and the place is booby-trapped with knickknacks and souvenirs and artifacts, none of which predate the discovery of Bakelite or postdate the first rerun of *Gilligan's Island.* There is a sense here of treasure being hoarded, as if the more anally retentive of the two late Collier brothers had contrived to loot every flea market and Goodwill store in America and then fled to the honeymoon suite of a declining resort hotel intent on holing up there forever with his cache. The furnishings seem almost incidental; it's those knickknacks, those ubiquitous *objets de camp*, that make the point. And from the ceramic Ike-and-Mamie ashtray to the scale-model electric chair with its amiable stuffed monkey strapped into the hot seat, so relentless is the tone of perky glitziness that mockery can be the only point. Move in for a close-up of the centerpiece, a huge glass "Cabinet of Doctor Kitsch" that hogs one wall in the middle chamber of this floor-through grotto. Sealed inside, arranged with the delicacy of a museum case full of Egyptian funerary trinkets, is a penny arcade's worth of bric-a-brac. Pan across a landscape of plastic and Celluloid and Dish Nite dinnerware, past Deco detritus and novelty postcards from Atlantic City and a half-dismembered doll from God knows where. The eye lights finally on a herd of tiny black-plaster rhinos mustered in stampede formation and poised to crash its way out on a trajectory that leads straight over a chintz-upholstered bamboo lounge chair and into the parlor, where

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GROSS

O'DONOGHUE You needed the ego strength of an Idi Amin and the metabolism of a Chihuahua plus a Moonie's faith in the holy cause of live TV comedy.

barely discernible in the gloom are three cats dozing, one black bear dead and stuffed, and one object moving – Michael O'Donoghue, whose aerie this is.

•

"Sophomoric" is a liberal code word for "funny."—Michael O'Donoghue

•

The ambience suits. Mister Mike's the name, and mockery no small part of the game he's been playing with words, images and anything else that was handy for most of his 37 years in a medley of often simultaneous roles: author and editor, poet and lyricist, record and radio producer, actor and director and, most recently, writer and sometime performer and spiritual Lord Darth Vader on the show that, depending mainly on whether you're over or under 30 years of age, is either the worst thing that ever happened to American network television—or the best: *NBC's Saturday Night.*

You depise *Saturday Night* for the gleeful way it plays taboos like a pinball machine, for laying in a high hard one just when conventional TV humor lays off, for dragging in death and race and all those other ugly subjects that not even Don Rickles would stoop to? Blame Mister Mike as much as anyone; if he didn't concoct it himself, chances are strong that he put somebody else up to it, or volunteered the extra twist that shoved bad taste over into exquisite bad taste.

You love *Saturday Night* for the flip side of these same reasons: for its shocks and raw edges and the awful risks it takes, for at last pushing TV comedy somewhere beyond Carol Burnett's toothless parodies and Bob Hope's machine-made wisecracks and this plastic-wrapped comedy special and that sanitized-for-your-protection celebrity roast? Give credit to producer Lorne Michaels, Grand Moff Tarkin to O'Donoghue's Darth Vader, whose idea the whole thing was and who wet-nurses it along week after hectic week; and to Dan Aykroyd, perhaps the most gifted writer-performer in network television, master of the fish-in-a-blender school of video mayhem; and to a congeries of other writers and performers, born anarchists all.

•

Surely there must be better gifts God could have given us than life.—M. O'D.

•

But save a little something extra for Mister Mike (a name bestowed by intimates). The gunshot-riddled *Claudine Longet Invitational Ski Tournament*, the assembled Mormon Tabernacle Choir blinding itself with steel needles on cue, *Least Loved Fairy Tales*, wherein cute li'l bunny rabbits' lives are gratuitously snuffed—behind these and countless others of *Saturday Night*'s morbidly memorable moments hovers O'Donoghue.

But behind some of the show's subtler moments also stands Mister Mike—e.g., his inspired black-and-white satire of *Citizen Kane* and a *Star Trek* sendup that deserves inclusion in any "Best of *Saturday Night*" anthology; commercial parodies by the score; songs; dances; witty patter and snappy sayings. From the outset, back in October of 1975, O'Donoghue not only stood behind, but infected the spirit of the show with his singular sensibility, extending his influence so wide and so deep that his scripts and on-camera stints were almost the least of his contribution.

"His best quality on the show is as a mentor," testifies producer Michaels. Writer Marilyn Suzanne Miller amplifies: "He can tell you what *word* is wrong. I've never met anybody who's so understanding of how and why different kinds of humor work. He can recognize other people's abilities that have nothing to do with his own—can appreciate things that haven't got any dead babies in them. There's also a certain amount of intimidation with Michael; if you didn't write it good enough, watch out."

Actor John Belushi had worked with O'Donoghue on the *Lampoon Radio Hour* and recognized him as no run-of-the-mill media zany. "When I found out that he was hired for *Saturday Night*," Belushi recalls, "that's when I decided to do the show. I hated television up to that point, but I thought that any network that's nuts enough to hire Michael O'Donoghue is fine with me."

•

All my life people have been saying it's so hard to build things up and so easy to tear things down. It's very difficult *to tear things down!*—M. O'D.

•

What manner of silly monkey is this Mister Mike, anyhow? Opinion differs. "He's the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* of humor," grunts one ex-colleague, taking the most pungent aspect of O'Donoghue's work for the whole. Co-writer Miller is more charitable: "He just wants to get rich so he can go crazy."

There is no lack of such definitions—about Mister Mike, neither friends nor enemies are equivocal—but the essential O'Donoghue somehow eludes them all. So allow me. We go way back, Mister Mike and I, to the days when he was being called (among other things) "the Cardinal Richelieu of the *National Lampoon*," and our paths since then have often run parallel, up to and including shared pallets in the writers' gulag at *Saturday Night.* I fled the funky revels after only six shows, repelled by the very things that seemed to attract O'Donoghue and the others: You kept dope fiend's hours; you needed the ego strength of an Idi Amin and the metabolism of a Chihuahua plus a Moonie's perfect faith in the holy cause of live TV comedy. No thanks.

But there was Mister Mike in the middle—half a beat quicker of wit than his closest challenger among the show's legion of lightning tongues; endlessly inventive; prolific ("he has more ideas than any other human being," observed writer and former companion Anne Beatts); and a self-styled arbiter of the comedy cosmos, charged with such awesome certitude and self-belief that his judgment was seldom disputed, his will seldom denied. This despite the fact that more naturally gifted comedians than O'Donoghue abound. Indeed, much of his work is calculated not so much to be funny as to disturb. No, Mister Mike prevails and dominates by brain power, by wielding a penetrating and critical intelligence of the kind normally expended on the problems of quantum physics, but seldom on humor and almost never on showbiz. And it makes O'Donoghue the Rasputin, if you will—the cutting edge if you won't—of a movement as radically different from the American humor mainstream as Oscar Wilde is different from Elmer Fudd. It had been incubating for years before *Saturday Night* inflicted it on the unsuspecting masses.

•

You can show a cunt on television as long as there's a baby coming out of it.—M. O'D.

•

O'Donoghue on first sight appears fragile, vaguely un-American and not altogether well, an émigré Swiss professor emerging from a nervous breakdown, perhaps, or a consumptive Irish poet.

This fragile appearance is deceptive. Observe our Mister Mike now, at home in that apartment of his. He is prowling with a kind of caged urgency around an open patch of carpet; he could be a figure skater rehearsing turns as he carves the path of repeated figure eights he favors when agitated, pausing only for hits on a nearby joint.

Mister Mike just now is plenty agitated. Yet the words, when they finally come, are uttered with the soft relish of someone ordering himself a peach Melba for dessert: "I'd like to rearrange Mister What's-his-face's cheekbones with a softball bat."

Mister What's-his-face would be one James Wolcott, author of a rambling think piece on TV comedy in a recent issue of *The Village Voice.* Wolcott's rambling thinking seems to be that those precocious

(Continued on page 121)

Bruce McCall recalls that writing for "Saturday Night Live" brought him closer to death.

CHIQUITA

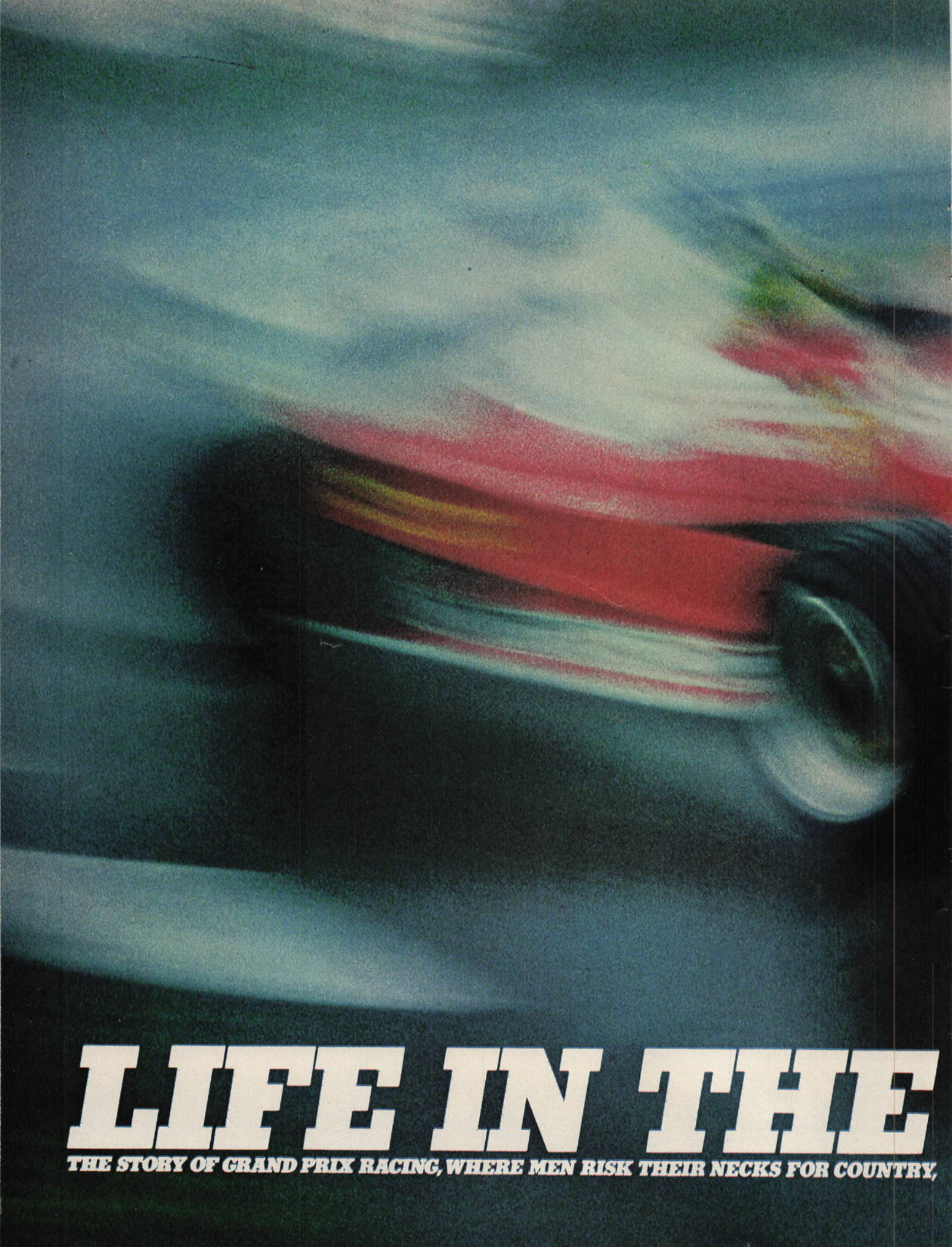
She hates jokes about bananas

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

But she loves tequila, Taxco silver

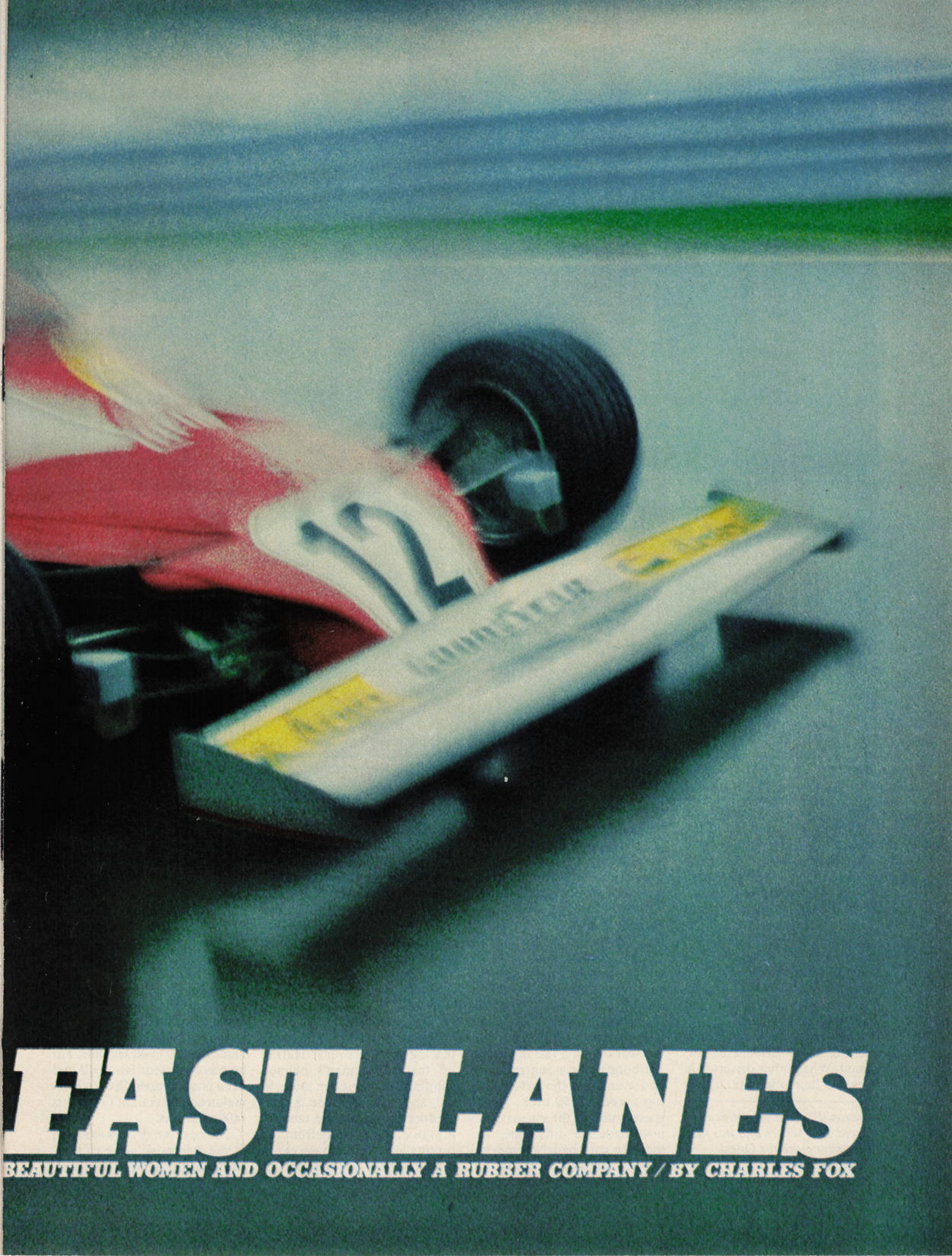
and Acapulco Gold

Most of all, she likes to play around south of the border ...



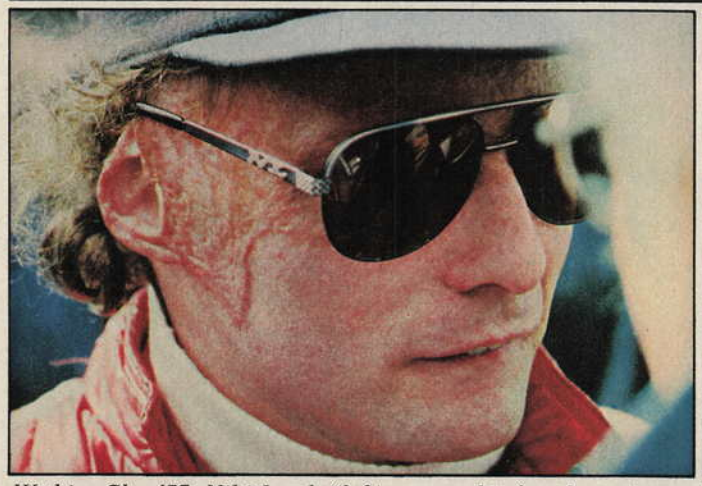
LIFE IN THE

THE STORY OF GRAND PRIX RACING, WHERE MEN RISK THEIR NECKS FOR COUNTRY,



FAST LANES

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN AND OCCASIONALLY A RUBBER COMPANY / BY CHARLES FOX



Watkins Glen '77: Niki Lauda (left) gave up his face for racing and finally his Ferrari (top), too. Meanwhile, old man Andretti (right) almost pulled off the win, sloshing into a heartbreaking second.

Midway through the second lap of the German Grand Prix, Andreas-Nikolaus "Niki" Lauda lost control of his Ferrari. At the time, he was negotiating the slight kink that precedes the Bergwerk, in fifth gear at about 140 mph. The car inexplicably veered to the right. It was 2:55 on a damp, misty afternoon in the Eifel mountains, the first day of August 1976.

The young man in the Ferrari did not enjoy driving at this circuit. When other drivers said they did, he replied that if they drove it as fast as he, they might feel differently. No one could argue this point, because Lauda was the only driver ever to have broken the seven-minute barrier at the track, and he had done this by a staggering second and a half. This meant he had driven the Nurburgring—14.2 miles and 175 corners that writhe and plunge through the fir-covered mountains—at an average speed of 120 mph. In the Thirties, when his father had dreamed of becoming a race-car driver, a fast lap at the Nurburgring was ten minutes, and even then the cars had a top speed of 190 mph. It was speed through the corners that now made the difference, and the new cars had become too fast for the old Nurburgring. This was exactly what Lauda had determined. Before the start of this race he had said, "I accept there may be a twenty percent chance I shall be killed in a race, but at the 'Ring you are at risk far too long a time and I will not accept any increase in the odds." When he spoke, there was no one who didn't listen, for Niki Lauda was champion driver of the racing world.

The Ferrari hit the fence going backwards. The wire fencing dragged over it, tearing off the young man's helmet, splitting the car open nose to tail and tearing loose a fuel bladder in one saddle tank. A mist of ethyl, bursting from the ruptured fuel cell, hid the car as it spun crazily around, and in an instant the mist had turned into a fireball with Lauda strapped in firmly at its center.

Upon impact, a small bottle mounted in the cockpit began feeding sterilized air into his helmet through a tube, but since the helmet had been torn off, this defense against the fire was useless. He knew he should not breathe the superheated air for it would destroy the lining of his lungs. He wore a suit made from artificial fiber that would protect his skin from the flames for 20 to 40 seconds, but he was confused: His skull had been popped open like a watermelon and he couldn't undo his safety harness.

The next two drivers to arrive at the Bergwerk went to him. There was a fire marshal there,

Charles Fox is a preeminent Grand Prix writer and has just finished a piece for Quest '78 *about the brain.*

Top: The Bog and Bog Hogs. Middle: Six wheels that went nowhere. Bottom: Fall colors under exhaust fumes.

but he stood frozen in fear, looking on at the struggling figure in the flames. It was Harald Ertl who snatched the marshal's fire extinguisher and put out the fire in the cockpit, and Artruro Merzario who knew the unusual design of the Ferrari seat belts and was able to release them. Then, together with American driver Brett Lunger, they wrested him free. The young man stumbled a few steps from the wreckage, then asked, "What does my face look like?"

They took him to the University Hospital at Mannheim. He had been in the flames for 40 seconds, his lungs and windpipe were burned, and the oxygen count in his blood had fallen one and four-tenths points below the life-sustaining eight. Infection was almost certain. The doctors told his wife, Marlene, that he was lost, and they called a priest. The priest came into his room to give Extreme Unction, and when he had finished he said, "Goodbye, my friend."

Lauda was shocked, and later was to say, "I wanted someone to help me live in *this* world, not to pass into the next. So I clung to the voices around me, to my wife's strength. I would not let myself become unconscious, because I was afraid that I would die."

The doctors put a tube into his lungs to suck out the fluid. It was an extremely painful process, but whenever Niki felt the fluid building up, he would tell them and they would turn on

WATKINS GLEN

Truth is, I was bored at Watkins Glen. Bored by the men, bored by the machines. The start of the race, of course, is one helluva kick in the pants—you think you're gonna drop your load with all them dragons roarin' in your guts. But after that first rush (which may be worth the trip all by itself), it's like B.B. King says: "The thrill is gone." You stand in the cold and wet for two hours, catching a glimpse of the cars now and then, and much too suddenly it's over. Then everyone runs to the Winner's Circle (by any standards a shabby altar upon which to decorate your heroes), panting and clambering like a bunch of lemmings to see who can get over the cliff first. Nicki Lauda says thank you, flashes a weird smile through his reconstructed face that was torched in a race just two years ago (see story) and splits. Jimmy Hunt poses for the cameras in the middle of 12 *Penthouse* Pets—and they're not even beautiful, just pretty—says thank you and splits. Poof. It's over. *Finis.*

All of which leaves you with air in your gut, like everyone's in too much of a hurry to get the coronation over with, like we can't show how proud we are of this guy who just risked his neck so we could get our kicks. All too clean, too quick, too technological.

Friends kept telling me: "If you liked Woodstock, you'll love the Bog. If you dug the pig-sacrifice scene in the flick *Lord of the Flies*, you'll go berserk at the Bog. If you got off during the storming of the Pentagon back in 1967, if you go for good times, the Bog is the place for you." And, for once, my friends were right.

It began in the Fifties when a group of drunken crazies on Harley hogs took over a part of the campground surrounding the track, grounds which just happen to turn into a bog every year at race time, and held, of all things, motorcycle jousts. Guys would plow downhill full-throttle into the Bog, which forms a sort of gully, and try to knock each other off their bikes. Good clean fun, right?

Well, they thought so too, and things went so well that they extended the evening's entertainment to include gang-bangs, blood and gore, you name it. Until the mid-Sixties, only the dumbest, most hardened race fans would spend the evening before the race in the Bog. It was so heavy even the cops stayed away. Then the flower children came along and added their own touch: Every year the master of ceremonies would steal a car, drive it into the Bog at midnight—while hundreds stood 'round cheering, mooning, dancing, flashing tit—and then set it on fire. For about ten seconds your average college punk could be Joe DiMaggio. "Atta boy, Joe! We love ya, Joe! We love ya!"

Imagine: One night you have the rabble letting loose in this primal, tribal, violent, voodoo hoedown à la Woodstock—complete with symbolic (though very *real*) murder of the very creature that brought them there—and the next day you have this ordered, rational, glamorous, jet set, marathon mass-worship service for the men and machines that are the epitome of 20th Century technology.

When I asked a guy who was throwing moons from on top of the burning Chevy what he thought of the whole thing, he said, "Hell, this is better than Woodstock! We should have one every week." When I asked him if he felt sorry for the person who owned the burning car upon which he was dancing, he said with Lucifer's grin, "Yeah, maybe a little." Pause. Bottles breaking over our heads. "But just think of all the pleasure everybody's getting out of it. That's worth it, isn't it?"

—David Rothman

LONG BEACH

Long Beach, America's upstart West Coast Grand Prix, tends to wince when the subject of Watkins Glen's 30-year tradition of spectator craziness comes up. Lunacy is the essential ingredient of any successful international event, as the Long Beach people well know, and the LBGP simply hasn't been in business long enough (going on three years) to have created a repository of folktale.

During the first Long Beach Grand Prix, drivers and crews discovered two unalterable truths about Southern California. There are places to find entertainment close enough to the track to be had in case of an emergency, and Hollywood parties aren't what they're cracked up to be.

When the manager of a major team looked up to talk to his mechanics during a practice session for the supporting motorcycle show before the first race, none was to be found. Astonished, he put out a call over the P.A. system, whereupon, as if by magic, they appeared before his eyes, trooping together out of the Mitchell Brothers theater across from the racing pits. Somebody had discovered that the ripping sound of high-revving engines and the shaking of the ground as racing vehicles went by at 170 mph added a certain dimension to the artistry of pornographic films.

Crew chiefs, drivers and hangers-on of every variety didn't need to check out Long Beach's first world-class craziness. Many of them were there to make it happen. Marjorie Wallace, a defrocked Miss World and all-around race *connaisseuse*, was spending an idle free-race afternoon in the bar of the Queen Mary when the schizophrenia of the ship-turned-hotel overcame her. Either this was a hotel or it was a ship. Forthwith, she determined to find out. Her method was direct but quixotic. If it were a hotel, it wouldn't sink. If it were a ship, it would. So, using age-old persuasive techniques, she wrangled an enormous ice pick from a bemused barman and embarked on a scuttling expedition. Wallace, her golden mane draped over determined shoulders, led a fascinated group of race folks into the bowels of the ship-cum-hotel, attacking bulkheads and haulplates with charming if ineffectual abandon. That the Queen Mary was fixed forever to the bottom of Long Beach Harbor in tons of concrete is not the point. Wallace is up to the stuff of legend.

When the second race rolled around, a racing representative of a German manufacturer of passenger cars—not the ones with the three-pointed star—decided to put up at the Queen Mary.

He discovered that the bathtub had taps for both hot and cold salt water, in addition to the normal complement; at about the same time he concluded the cuisine aboard ship did nothing to satisfy his delicate palate. Straightaway, he filled the tub with what he thought would be salt water, only to discover it was plain fresh; already frustrated, he went out and bought about ten cases of salt, a great deal of fresh fish, some clams, two or three dozen industrial-size cans of tomato sauce and assorted herbs. Back in his cabin, he ordered a dozen bottles of a good California white from room service and then went around the decks inviting all the racing folks to his cabin for bouillabaisse. These days, by special request, he stays at the Hilton.

One more story. As the checkered flag fell on last year's race, a dedicated fan who had been watching from high up in an apartment building said goodbye to his friends and sailed out the window. After all, the race was over—what was left? The judges scored him an 8 for form, 9.9 for timing and a full 10 for degree of difficulty.

—LEON MANDEL

the vacuum pump and suck it out for an hour at a time. They had to change his blood twice.

After a week he began talking of racing again. On September 12, he drove a Ferrari in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza, although his face was tender from the most hideous burns and he could barely blink. The following year, this past season, he regained his crown.

Many said Niki Lauda was crazy to return. Others said that since he had already given the sport so much, what more had he to lose? But those who argue have never felt the fever that surrounds Grand Prix racing. It is an almost tangible thing, particularly as the cars wait on the grid. Mario Andretti, at the age of 37 the odds-on favorite to succeed Lauda to the championship this season, says, "There's a fever attached to Grand Prix racing that's unequaled in my experience. But then let's face it: It's the biggest show in town."

And it's been the biggest since the beginning. So many

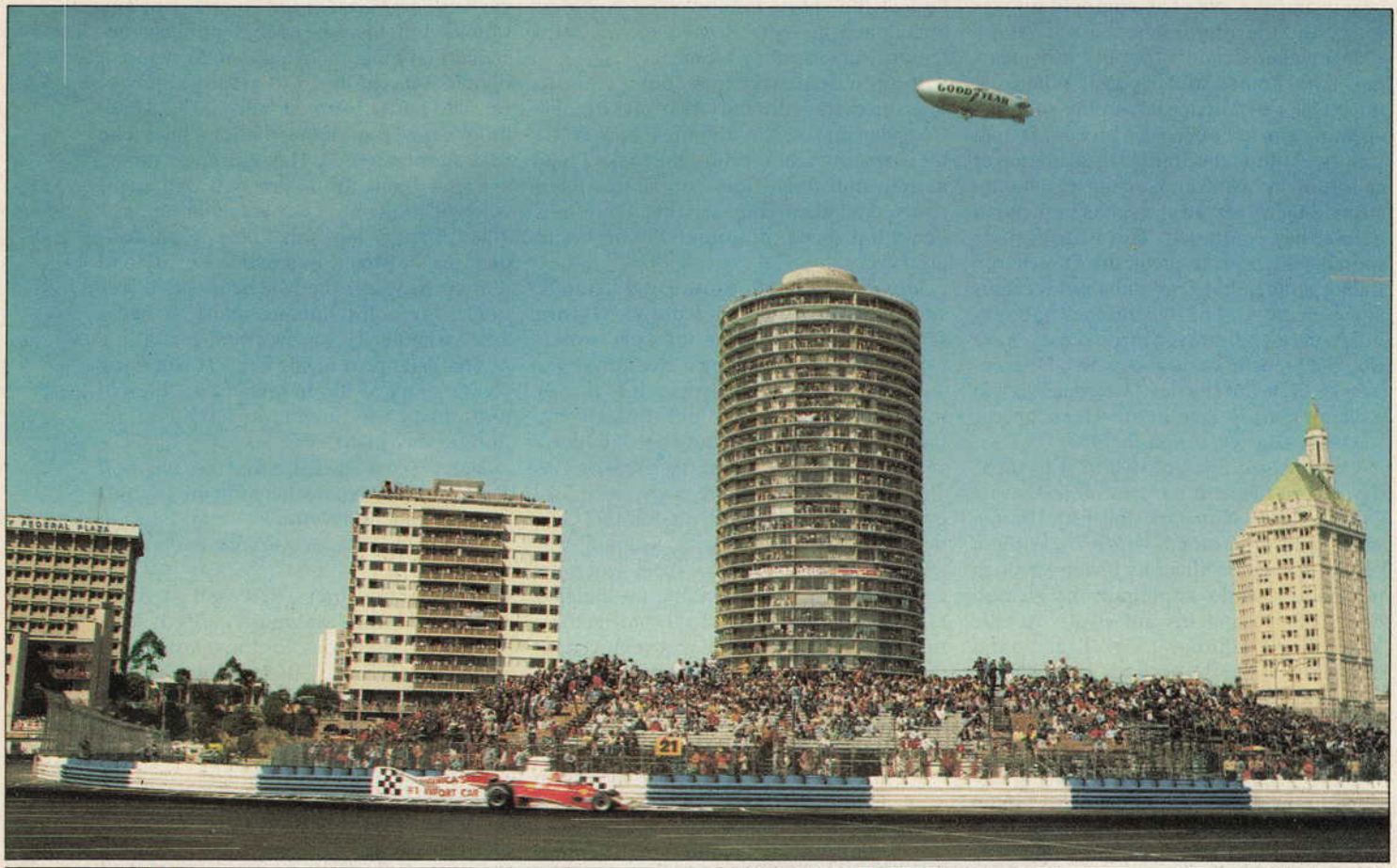
The Three Views of Long Beach: In the streets (top). In the pits (middle). In the stands (right).

dogs, drivers and spectators were killed during the Paris-Madrid race of 1904 that all intercity racing was banned and racers were forced to drive circuits. They say 3,000,000 people stood by the road to watch the cars go by that day.

They ran few races then. The world championship went to the winner of the French Grand Prix, for that was the only one, and it was prepared for as though it were war. The cars were painted in the colors of the represented country: green for Britain, blue for France, red for Italy and white for Germany. Indeed, the races were long and arduous battles. The French Grand Prix of 1914 was run at Lyons in June, over a 23-mile course. More than 100,000 Europeans came by car and special trains to watch Georges Boillot defend his title and the honor of France in his powder-blue Peugeot, against a fleet of white Mercedeses. Boillot and his teammate, Jules Goux, were the darlings of society, and those were the days when Kaiser Wilhelm led his court to see the races. Boillot had a smile like heaven and eyes like Maurice Chevalier's. While leading one race, he had paused at the pits to stretch his legs, have a drink and inquire casually how the opposition was coming along. And Goux was well known for drinking much white wine during competition and tossing the bottles over the side of the track.

By some miracle the insouciant Boillot sat upright behind a great wooden wheel, lips set grimly beneath his grenadier's moustache, and held off the Germans for almost 500 miles. Over unpaved roads, on the flimsiest of tires, with only rear-wheel brakes, and with kidneys belted in and forearms taped against the massive pounding, he averaged almost 70 mph. But the four-car German onslaught was too much. One by one they harassed him and then fell back to rest, until the strained Peugeot finally broke on the last lap. There was silence in the grandstand as

Bottom sequence: 1976 World Champion James Hunt begins the 1977 Long Beach Grand Prix with admirable eagerness, overrunning John Watson, who will be the teammate of Niki Lauda in 1978. Perfect pairing.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOE DIMAGGIO/JOANNE KALISH, JEFF COHEN

GRAND PRIX Occasionally the British sallied forth, filled with beer and national pride. Their cars were a joke, but the British drivers were world-class material.

Christian Lautenschlager led his teammates across the line. Two months later the tribes of Europe were at each others' throats.

Boillot was killed in action while flying over the trenches. There was no Grand Prix for seven years. But a legend had been born that no one would forget.

SOME HISTORY

The Twenties were cloche hats, elegant Bugattis, Alfa Romeos (whose team was run by one Enzo Ferrari), Delages, Sunbeams and the like. The competition was spotty and the atmosphere relaxed. At the 1925 Belgian Grand Prix only two teams ran: Alfa Romeo and Delage. When the three Delages failed, early in the running, an angry crowd booed such an easy Italian victory. At this, the Italian team manager called in his cars and, while mechanics cleaned them, served the drivers luncheon before they continued. The British made sporadic attempts to break the French and Italian stranglehold, as did the Germans and even the Americans. But they had very little success. Jimmy Murphy may have won the French Grand Prix with a Duesenberg in 1921, but the next American to win a championship race in an American car was Dan Gurney at Spa in 1967.

Certainly no one got rich at it in those days. Most of them barnstormed. Drivers such as Tazio Nuvolari (the little Italian who generally raced while wearing a yellow cardigan with a tiny tortoise brooch pinned to it, and was perhaps the greatest driver of all) and his archrivals, Achille Varzi, Louis Chiron, Luigi Fagioli and others, lived hand-to-mouth and race-to-race, and most of them owned their own race cars. The Italian government once ran a lottery on a Grand Prix in Tripoli. The brick merchant who drew Varzi's name came to the driver's hotel the night before the race, and they rigged the run. The only trouble was that Varzi's car developed engine trouble and the others had to slow down to a crawl to keep him in front.

The balance of power didn't shift until the Nazis came to power in the mid-Thirties. The Führer decided that Grand Prix racing was to become "a measuring stick for German knowledge and German ability." He ordered Mercedes and Auto Union to build cars, gave the companies a subsidy, and appointed a Korpsführer to be certain that, among other things, German drivers did not publicly kiss their wives before the start of a race.

In truth it was an ideal amphitheater for the Führer's purposes. There was no world championship for drivers at this point. Cars were reckoned a more significant factor—which was the case—and cars unmistakably represented countries in a battle that rolled from country to country across the continent, with no country entitled to hold more than a single race. It was strictly a European affair, although they sometimes sailed to North Africa and raced in the Italian colony of Libya.

The prewar Mercedes Grand Prix cars and their mid-engined rivals, Dr. Ferdinand Porsche's Auto Unions, were utterly overwhelming, brutally eclipsing Italy and France. One by one they recruited the top drivers, including some who had to abandon country and company loyalties for love of the sport. Finally, even Nuvolari abandoned his Alfa Romeo for an Auto Union. Varzi went to Mercedes.

It was a despairing time, but a glorious one for extraordinarily fast machinery. Consider how skinny the tires, how crude the suspension, how pitiful the brakes, how narrow and rough were public, tree-lined roads. And then consider that these cars had a top speed of around 190 mph and used every bit of it.

Drivers wore cloth caps, flying helmets, short-sleeved shirts and brown Oxford shoes, and there were no roll bars or harnesses. Better to be thrown clear and take your chances. Strapping yourself to the car was inconceivable. The only man I can think of who died of burns in all those years was Dick Seaman, the greatest English driver between the wars, who like everyone else went to drive for the Germans on the eve of war. Seaman was trapped by the steering wheel when he crashed at Spa, while leading the Belgian Grand Prix. The driver could not get out until the steering wheel was removed. It was a simple lock, but in Seaman's case it jammed. Seaman was trapped for only 30 seconds; but without fireproof clothing and modern antibiotics, he died soon after.

"PISS-UPS"

After the war, largely through the enthusiasm of President Juan Perón and the prominence of Juan Manuel Fangio, who was five times world champion and also an Argentinian, South America was added to the sweep of the Grand Prix circus. In 1950, the world championship for drivers was introduced. Ferrari began building cars under his own name; his competition came from Alfa Romeo, Maserati, Lancia and, once again, Mercedes-Benz. Occasionally the British sallied forth, filled with beer and national pride. Their cars were a joke, but the British drivers—Stirling Moss, Mike Hawthorn, Peter Collins and Tony Brooks (the dentist) were world-class material. Dr. Giuseppe Farina (the Milanese engineer who invented the straight-arm driving style) drove an Alfa Romeo to become the first world champion, and together with Fangio, Alberto Ascari, Froilan "Speedy" Gonzalez, Piero Taruffi and Luigi Fagioli dominated the early postwar years. And then came the titanic struggles between Fangio and Moss, then Moss and Hawthorn, with Hawthorn becoming the first British driver to win the title when he beat Moss by a single point in 1958.

Moss was the prototype of today's drivers: a serious nonsmoker and teetotaler who did, however, make the headlines where women were concerned. While Fangio was never seen in the company of any woman but his wife, Moss publicly declared that making love the night before a big race relaxed him and helped him concentrate better. And certainly Mike Hawthorn enjoyed a "piss-up" after a race. The year after he retired, Hawthorn was racing a friend home from the pub one night when he lost control of his Jaguar and was killed. Farina, too, was killed in an accident on the street, but years after he had retired. Nuvolari died in bed, which was ironic, given his famous retort to being asked whether he wasn't afraid every time he climbed into a racing car: "If you think you're going to die in your bed," he had said, "then why aren't you afraid to get into *it* every night?"

Harry Schel owned a bar on the Left Bank in Paris where he went in the off-season, and Tony Brooks went back to pulling teeth. Almost everyone had an off-season job.

The manufacturers were still at it for God and country, and in the cases of Alfa, Ferrari and Mercedes, for the sales of their domestic machinery. But still they ran the cars in the colors of the mother country, and still Moss hated to drive an Italian car, though he would have become world champion had he done so.

THE NEW WAVE

Through the Fifties, one by one the old guard fell away, until only Ferrari remained. He found himself doing battle with an entirely new breed of racers. This "new wave" consisted largely of Englishmen, Australians and New Zealanders. They operated out of basements and backyards, and tended to be short on old virtues and long on making a buck because they had no other source of income. If they didn't come home in the money, they didn't eat. But more than that, they were filled with new ideas and understanding: They knew how to work the new metals and knew about modern aircraft design; so they built skinny, lightweight cars. The engines weren't in the front but in the

(Continued on page 126)

michael salem's

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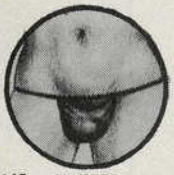

417 — CLUSTER
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VENUS GARTER BELT (#106) Lush Lace. Hooks easily in back and has adjustable garters. The open 'Peek-A-Boo' rear is dynamite. **$6.99 (2/$12.99)** in S-M-L. Pink, Lemon, Beige, Red, Black, White. XL sizes **$8.00 (2/$14.99).** Garter Belt Extenders **(#119) $2.00 ea.**

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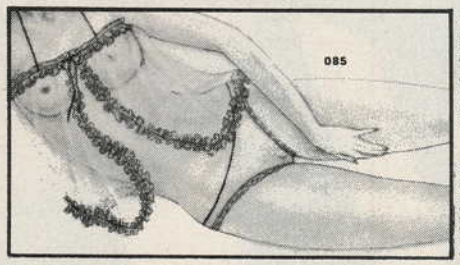
XL Set **$21.99.**



PASTIES G-STRING (#211) Now is your chance to be a little naughty. Add excitement to your life. Be a new and different woman with this Pasty and G-String ensemble. Comes in Glitter Purple, Glitter Red, Glitter Black, Glitter Gold & Glitter Silver. One size fits all. **$6.88 2 for $11.99.**

085 — TENDER TRAP
Caught is what he'll be in this outrageous sheer crotch, sheer nipple ensemble. Accented around border with soft lace trim. It's the sexiest thing you'll ever wear. Black, Red or Purple. One Size Fits All. **$12.99.**

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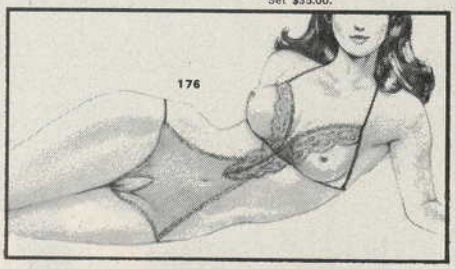

176 — SUNDOWN
Flaunt your charms in sheer peek-a-boo seduction. Perky ruffle edges teasing open front and lays softly across bosom.
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SEAMED STOCKINGS (#122) not shown, for that ultra sexy look. Black, Beige, Taupe. Sizes 8½-13 Long. **$5.00 a pair (2 pair $8.99).**

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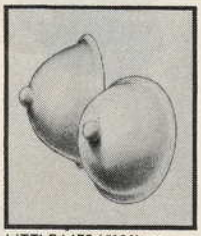

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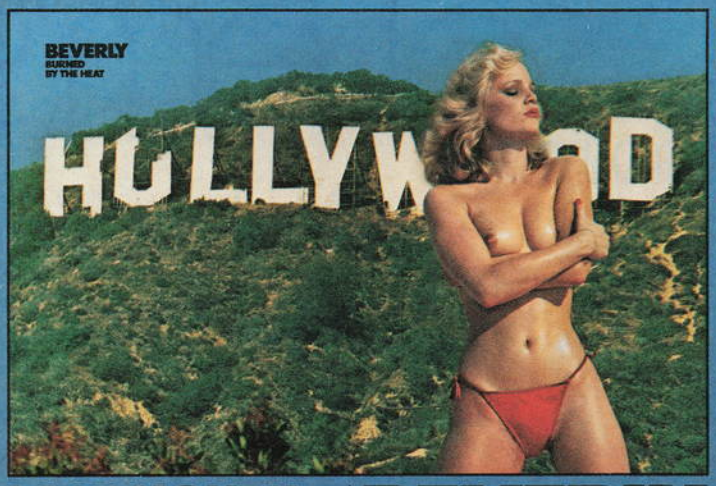


LAST MONTH OUR NEW GIRL IN TOWN DISCOVERED HOW HOT IT CAN BE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS.

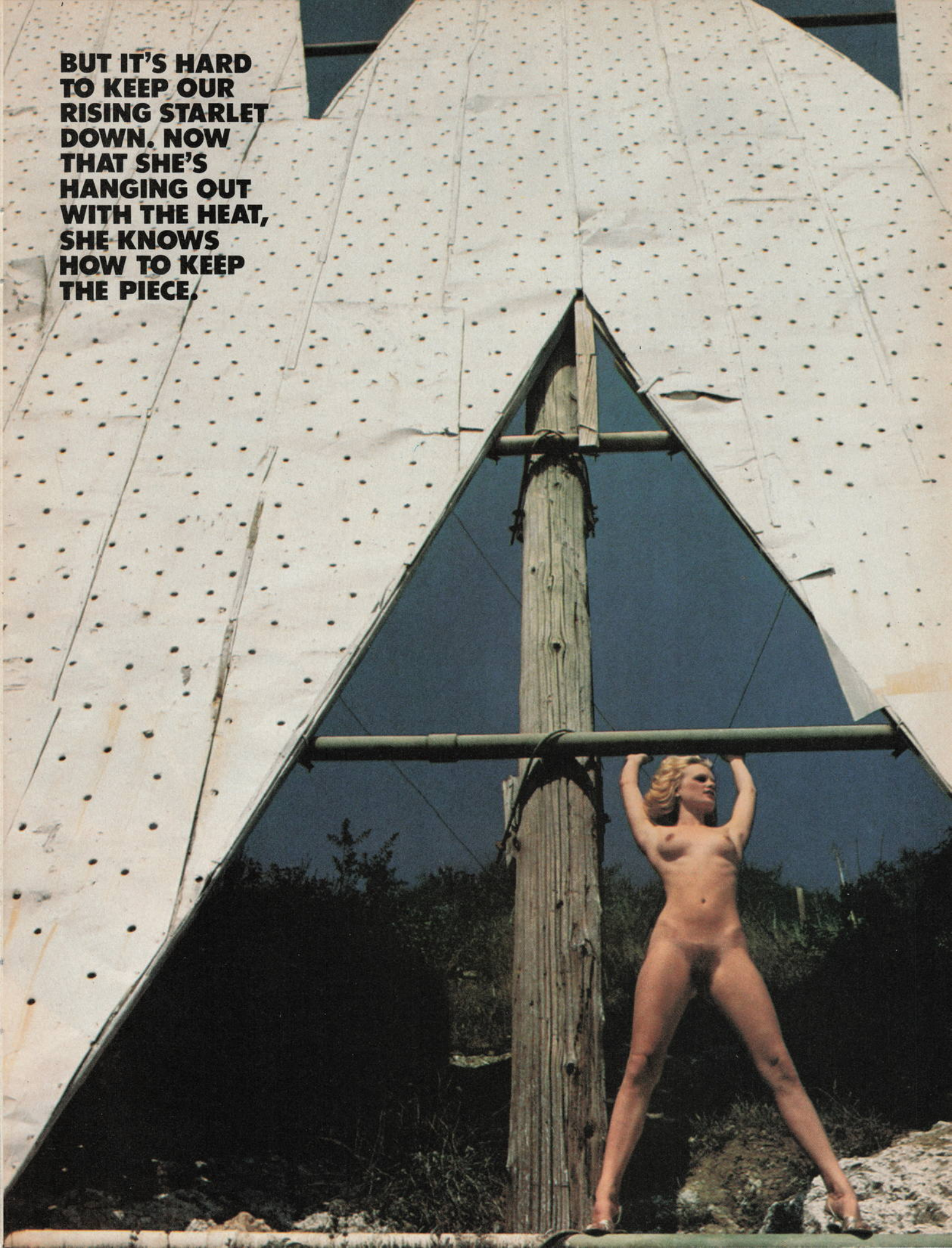
BEVERLY
BEATS THE HEAT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JEFF DUNAS

STRYKER

METROPOLITAN
POLICE

THE LONG ARMS OF THE LAW CONVINCED HER THAT A GIRL CANNOT ALWAYS COME AS SHE PLEASES.
POLICE


BUT IT'S HARD TO KEEP OUR RISING STARLET DOWN. NOW THAT SHE'S HANGING OUT WITH THE HEAT, SHE KNOWS HOW TO KEEP THE PIECE.

THE GREAT BLUBBER BOFF-OFF

THE HORNY DIETER'S GUIDE TO WEIGHT LOSS DURING SEX

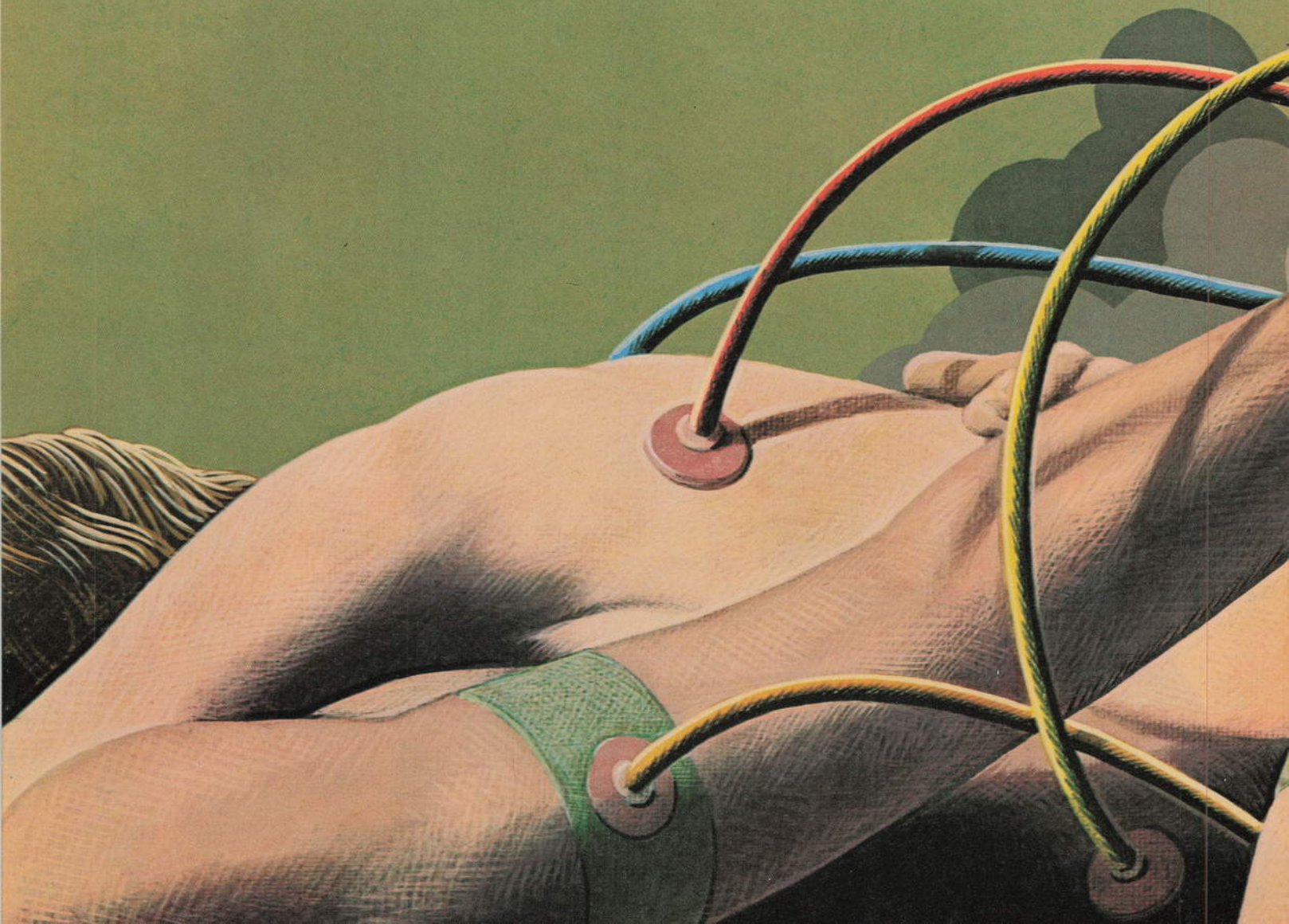
HUMOR BY RICHARD SMITH

How much weight do we lose during sex? Although the diet literature abounds with charts and books explaining how many calories we burn while jogging, playing tennis or golfing, similar information concerning sexual activity has, until now, been largely unavailable. Yet, a random survey of 206,000,000 Americans indicates that 98 percent devote more time and effort to sex than to jogging, tennis or golf, and we felt that the time was right for a new type of sex manual.

With few exceptions, sex is considered to be the least boring and most pleasurable form of physical exercise, not to mention the cheapest. Indeed, those who indulge have nothing but praise for its all-around benefits, and vigorous endorsements such as "I like it"; "It's nice"; "It beats walking to Uruguay in moccasins" are not uncommon.

Standard exercises, of course, are effective weight-shedders but they take a good deal of time. One hour of jogging, for example, burns only 600 calories; one hour of swimming, 500 calories (more if you remain underwater); and two hours of pitch 'n' putt only 71. On the other hand, faking an orgasm convincingly can burn as many as 160 calories in just 19 seconds, not counting the warm-up. Add to this another 20 calories for avoiding the wet spot and 30 calories for getting a towel, and the benefits of sexual activity become obvious. Everything we do burns

TAKEN FROM "THE DIETER'S GUIDE TO WEIGHT LOSS DURING SEX," BY RICHARD SMITH, WORKMAN PUBLISHING CO., MARCH 1978.



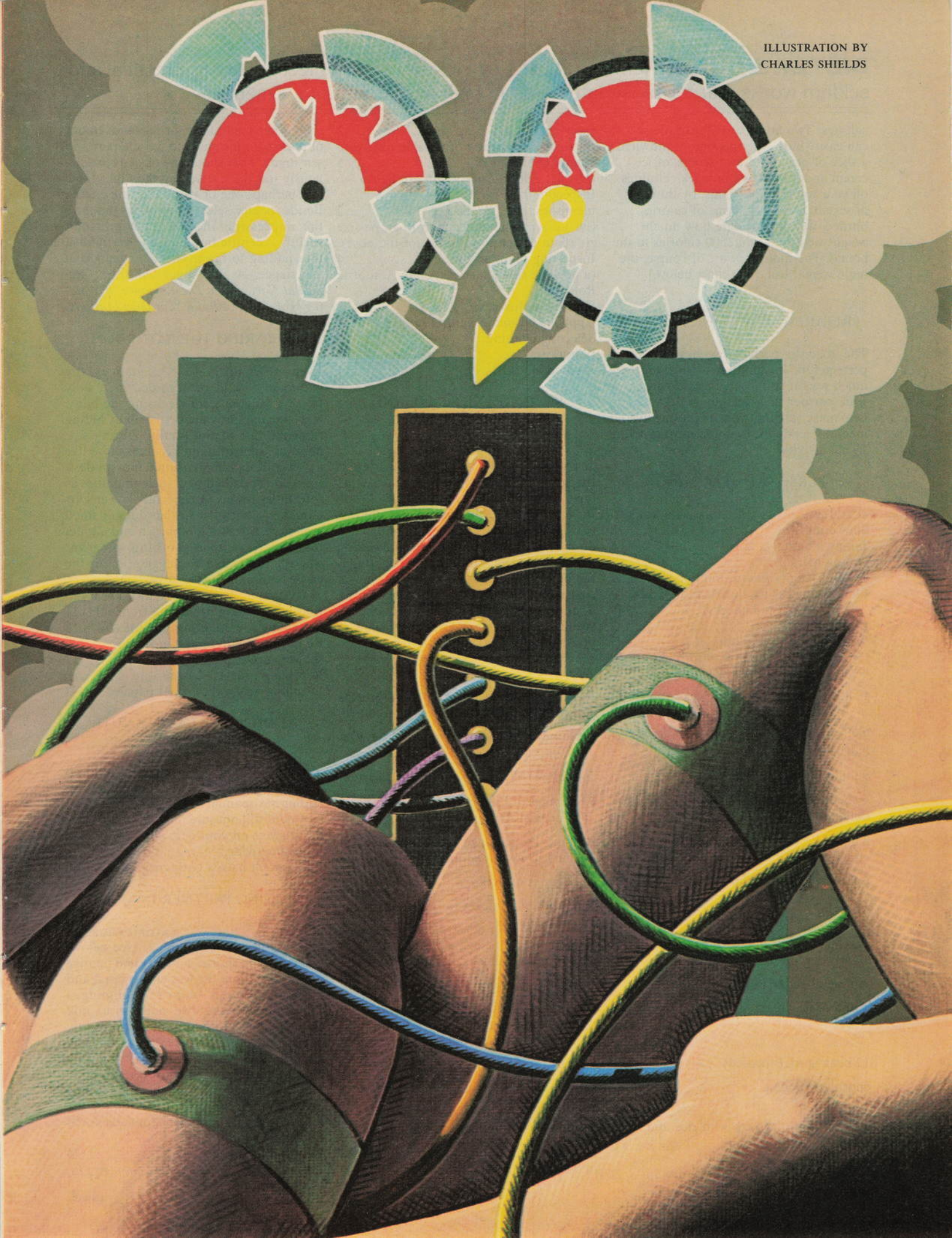


ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES SHIELDS

DIETER'S GUIDE Removing socks by violently shaking feet is very impractical and seldom works, but for those interested in high weight loss, it's essential.

calories: Two hours of enthusiastic sex can easily burn off a pastrami sandwich, a slice of pecan pie, two scoops of ice cream and those few maverick cellulites on your upper thigh. Thus, by thinking of sexual activity in terms of calories burned, we can calculate how much weight we lose, using 3500 calories to the pound. The more activity, of course, the more weight lost. [See chart below.]

PREPARING FOR YOUR PARTNER

The road to perfect sex begins with a perfect you. In addition to showing how much weight you lose while preparing for your partner, this section is designed to help make sure that you are physically and mentally ready for even the most grueling sexual activity.

PERSONAL GROOMING

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Showering	8
Taking a bath	6
Drying hair:	
Towel drying (vigorous motions)	9
Blow drying (using electric blow dryer)	3
(using cheeks)	348
Brushing teeth	2
With electric toothbrush	¼
Inserting teeth	2
(includes application of reliable fixative)	
Combing hair	5
(Deduct 4.96 calories if you are bald.)	
Inspecting face for pimples, blemishes, etc.	2
(includes paranoiac reaction to grape-size zit about to debut on bridge of the nose)	
Inspecting pimples for face	4
(a possible side effect of too many Tootsie Rolls)	
Shaving (either sex)	3
Applying cosmetics (either sex)	3
Selecting clothing:	
If you care	7
If you don't	1

SETTING THE SCENE AND INITIAL INTIMACY

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Preparing the bedroom	42
(give or take 3 calories)	

Includes dusting, fluffing up the pillows, tuning the radio, bouncing up and down on the bed, putting up posters and setting the snooze alarm. Make sure the lighting is right. Too dark and the place becomes a coal mine; too light and it looks like an operating room. Try a 50-watt candle. Avoid stinky incense. Use props such as books to make a good impression and show what kind of person you are. Books of poetry, for instance, convey literacy and sensitivity. They should be placed conspicuously—on the dresser, by the night table and perhaps one or two under the covers. Besides poetry, select a few books that give the impression that you are unusual, slightly eccentric but not quite certifiable, thus adding to the mystery of the sexual experience. A few suggested titles: *Remedial Norwegian; The Romance of Welding (Vol. II);* and *Build Your Own Mailbox.*

PREPARING THE BATHROOM

Even under normal circumstances, the bathroom should be regarded as a holy place, a sanctuary for cleansing the body, renewing the spirit and occasionally hiding from the rest of the family. During sex, however, the bathroom becomes more like a first-aid station. It should be spotless, sparkling and filled with such amenities as soft, fluffy towels, a cheerful shower curtain, a new bar of soap that doesn't smell grotesque, an extra toothbrush and a toilet that flushes with a soothing, pleasant whoosh. If possible, we suggest boiling the entire bathroom, just to be certain.

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Erasing two-month-old ring from tub	11
Scrubbing (de-crudding) the tile	14
Removing alien vegetation from shower curtain	12
Replacing towels	3
Installing new roll of toilet paper	2

ADDITIONAL LAST-MINUTE PREPARATIONS

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Vacuuming	6
Hiding sex manual	3
(If you're still not sure of what to do, write the answers on your cuffs.)	
Decanting wine	4
If you don't have a corkscrew	268

GETTING PARTNER IN MOOD

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Meaningful Conversation	(see below)

Naturally, the shorter and less imaginative the conversation, the less energy used and the fewer calories burned. Beginning a conversation with "I've nothing to talk about; let's go to bed," though certainly direct, burns only three calories and may alienate the most willing partner. The longer and deeper the conversation, however, the harder your imagination works and the more calories consumed. See the following topic suggestions for substantial caloric consumption.

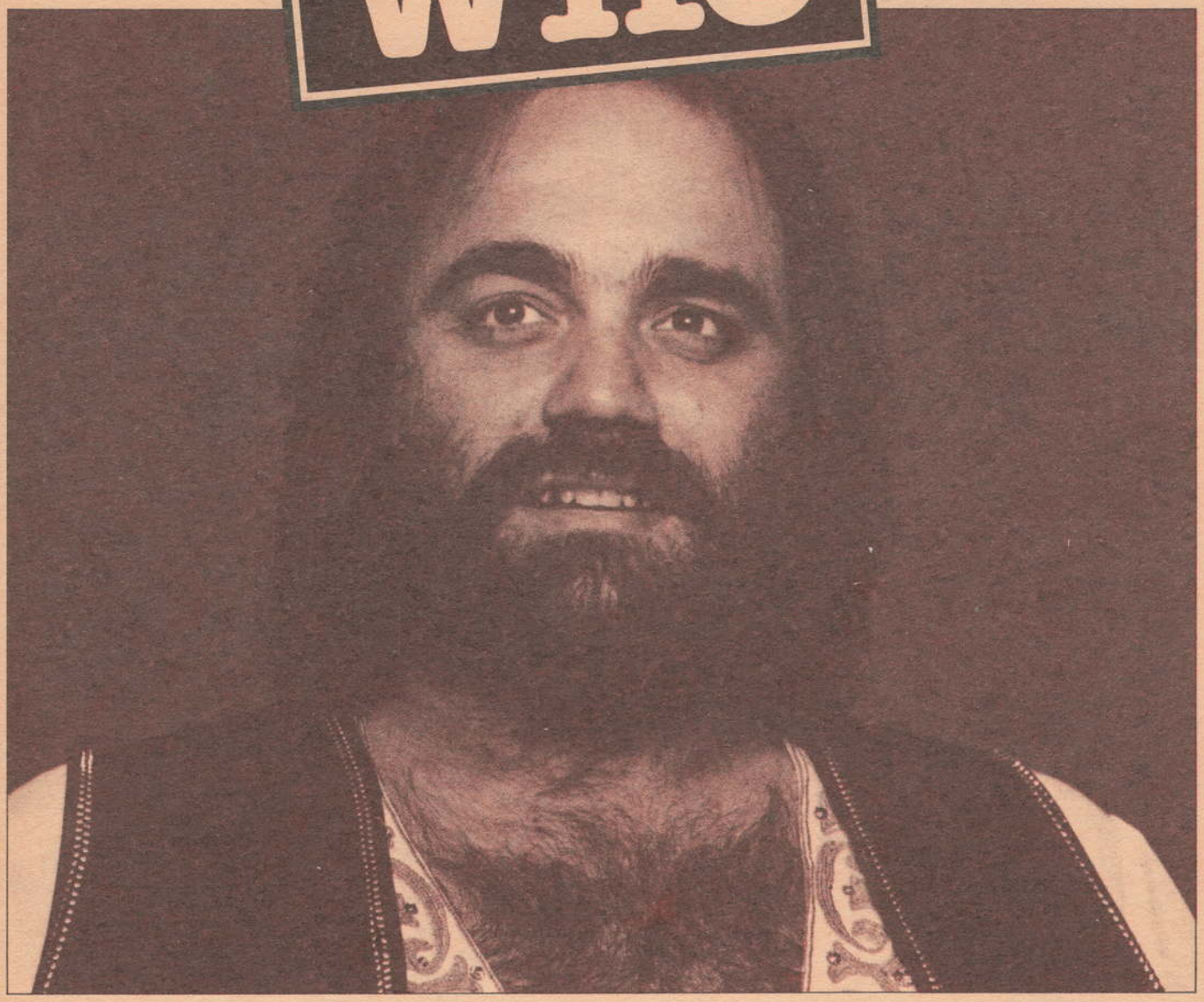
Why you hate your job	24

(Continued on page 113)

EXAMPLES OF EXERCISE REQUIRED TO BURN OFF:

1 slice (large) of chocolate cake	1 hour of intensive foreplay (114 breaths per minute) or 18 minutes of intercourse
2 slices of pizza with extra cheese, meatballs and mushrooms	26 minutes of nonstop intercourse plus one 9-minute orgasm, or the equivalent
9 lollipops	16 minutes of frisking and tickling partner
1 cheeseburger with 14 french fries and a dollop of catsup	53 minutes of French kissing, or 6 minutes of abnormal foreplay
2 bottles of beer, large portion of spaghetti and 1 slice of toast	2 hours of bondage, or 47 minutes of flogging using a medium-weight flog
6 Hershey's Kisses (no tinfoil)	15 minutes of oral sex
11 grapes	7 minutes of aural sex (anything involving partner's ear)
1 wedge of crab quiche Lorraine with 1 glass of wine	52 minutes of massaging partner's back, or 10 minutes of massaging your own back
1 piece of fudge (1′ x 1′ x 7″)	1 hour of massaging partner's heart
1 pint of ice cream	62 minutes of chasing partner around the room at a medium jog, or a 2-hour pillow fight with 20-pound pillows
12 bean sprouts (salted)	1 sneeze
chocolate mousse	intercourse in at least 4 different positions within 6 minutes
2 Cornish pasties with wild rice and pudding	31 minutes of foreplay in the lotus position
1 large slice of cheesecake	24 minutes of mutually satisfying oral sex in a swimming pool

WHO



COURTESY MERCURY RECORDS

The Caftan Crooner Cometh

"I will hit them like a cross between a guru and **Liberace**," boasts Falstaffian warbler **Demis Roussos** of his coming U. S. tour. Resembling both an old-fashioned medicine man and a Biblical patriarch, Roussos is already the biggest thing to hit Europe since the Common Market.

He first appears through the mists (pumped by machines on either side of the stage) to the sound of cymbals and drums, a mammoth figure cloaked in a white, beaded caftan, like a religious apparition. He's enormous, with gleaming black eyes, long black hair and a messianic beard. A heavenly choir, flaming torches, and suns and moons flashing on a silver screen introduce Roussos, at 240 pounds, perched perilously on high-heeled silver boots.

You can't walk a block in Paris, London or Rome without hearing Roussos' high-pitched wail emanating from somewhere. The 31-year-old Grecian came to musical stardom in Paris, building a career as much on his grandiose lifestyle as his 30,000,000 record sales—more than any other performer in pop except The Beatles. His bouzouki-laden Mediterranean-flavored music (one of the wonders of the world is to hear him deliver *Country Roads*—Greek style) has brought him a mansion outside Paris, a private jet and all the other accoutrements of success—including a beautiful French wife. And this year Roussos is spending a half-million dollars in puffery and pageantry to bring his traveling circus to the only unconquered territory remaining—America.

The neo-Byzantine sex symbol apparently brings a message of universal love to an adoring female following. Noted one middle-aged lady at a London S.R.O.: "Oh, what I'd give for an hour under that caftan." But Roussos said nay to a women's magazine that offered him a fat fee to be its nude centerfold. "If I remove my caftan," he explained, "I remove my mystery."

—Ivor Davis

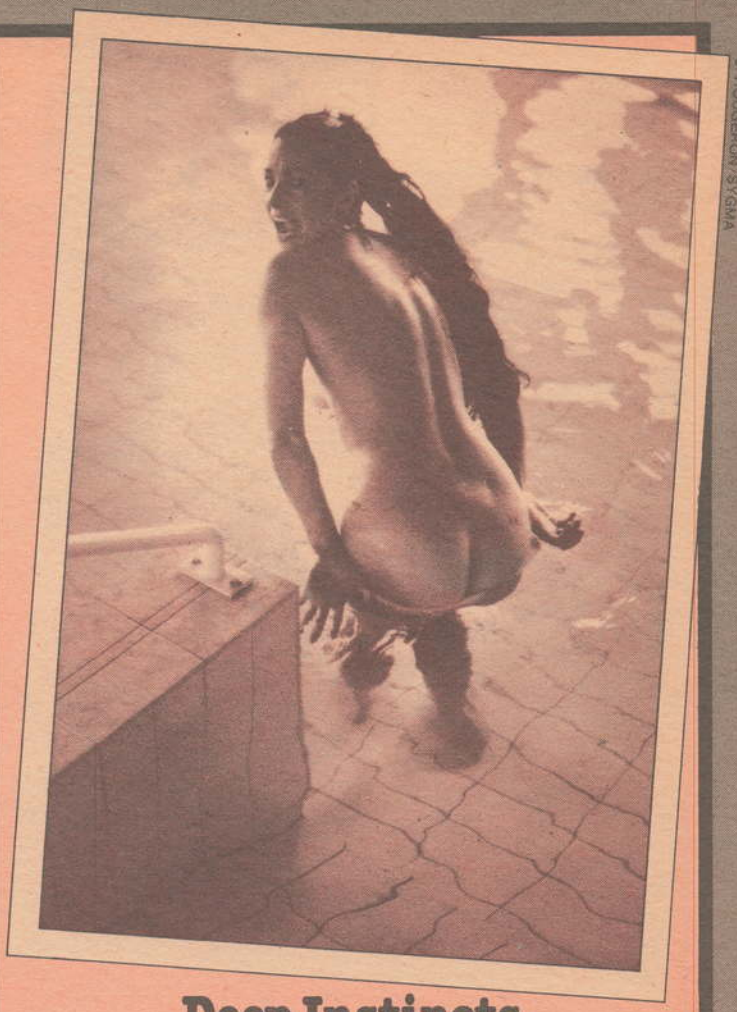
BENNO FREIDMAN

Irish Elocution

Ireland doesn't have the richest of rock-music traditions: **Van Morrison, Rory Gallagher** and **Thin Lizzy** are just about *it* for cranking out on the Emerald Isle. But now comes the new Irish hope, **Horslips** (above). Horslips? Well, the name just sort of dribbled out one day, when one of the guys had more than a few rounds of the favorite national beverage and tried to say "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which is what he wanted to call the band. Actually, as you can see, there are five Horslipsmen, and they play your standard instrumentalia, plus all manner of fiddles, flutes, whistles, mandolins and concertinas. One of them, they claim, "plays the tin whistle in various orifices to see which one produces the sweetest sound." It didn't take them long to become Eire's number-one band with a sound that's a blend of the country's traditions and **Jethro Tull**–ish rock. Their album-length suite, *The Book of Invasions,* chronicles the pre-Christian days of Ireland, when it was dominated by wizards and warriors whose accomplishments baffle modern science. According to Horslips, it sounds "seductively, simperingly emerald with lilting flute and dipping fiddle and little bits of jigs and reels."

Apparently, the lads were once again enjoying the favorite national beverage.

—Peter Gambaccini



J. ROUGERON / SYGMA

Deep Instincts

Leave it to **Edy Williams** to liven up a dull party. Things were a bit slow at the last Deauville Film Festival, and the lady (who admits, "I go on my instincts") didn't disappoint the weary guests and photographers. "It was very morose, like a funeral," remembers Edy. "I could tell everyone was waiting for me to do something." So she got onstage, did a sensuous striptease and "wiggled my ass at the cameramen." One respectable old matron told Edy later, "That's just what Deauville needed." Edy, who's starred in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and other cinematic cheesecake, is now preparing what may be the first film ever to stem directly from a *Playboy* photograph. A poster company asked her to recreate the magazine's shot which showed her nude, spread-eagled and floating on water. Soon, as she tells it, people were asking her where the film was that went with that poster. So she wrote *Take the Deep Dive,* a saga about an Olympic swimming gold-medalist who (ahem) turns to "acting." Even when it comes to sex in real life, Edy believes "a woman should have a lot of partners, not just one. It keeps you in good shape, primed up and ready to go." Just the kind of girl you need to liven a dull party.—P.G.

COURTESY EPIC RECORDS

Palpitations of the Heart

After punk, glitter and other mutations, the **Wilsons** (**Ann**, the brunette—**Nancy**, the blond) of **Heart** seem like wholesome, reasonable, mature young ladies. But lead singer Ann, who admits to being "outspoken and noisier," laments, "I'm always reading about Nancy the demure and Ann the vixen. Nobody gives me a chance to be a nice girl. They always assume I'm a witch." Apparently, more than a few hot-blooded male fans have fallen under Ann's spell, as she's been mobbed onstage way too many times. But she's not surprised. "The whole purpose of rock 'n' roll is this frenzy, this passion," she confesses. "Our job is to incite them to it. I want everything so intense that people will just freak."—P.G.

Gould Takes a Dive

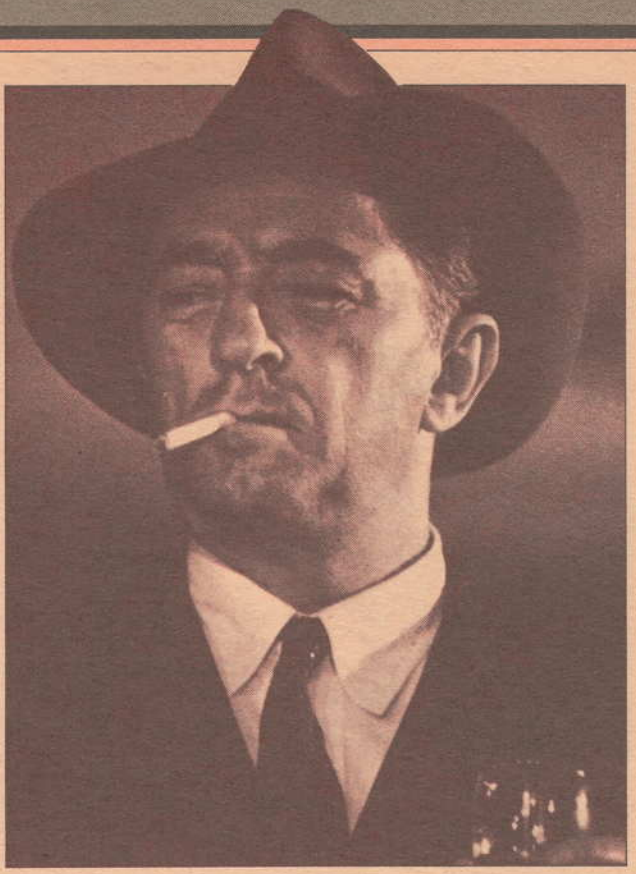
Elliott Gould has had the rare privilege of starring alongside a long list of talented and sexy co-stars, and usually commands top billing. Now, however, he's been "upcanvased" by a pouchy Australian. In the upcoming *Matilda*, based on **Paul Gallico**'s comic novel, Gould plays Bernie Bonnelli, a small-time shyster and theatrical agent who "discovers" Matilda—a sure winner in boxing exhibitions at seedy carnivals—and decides to hop with her into the big time. Gould, shrewdy that he is, gets the slightly tipsy heavyweight champ (wishfully played by **Jerry Quarry**) into the ring with Matilda, and the Kantankerous Kangaroo knocks out the champ with a single punch, much to the chagrin of his underworld managers (Nickelplate, Big Chimp and Zito) and an ASPCA socialite (**Karen Carlson**) who's upset about Elliott's exploitation of the animal. It all leads, of course, to a climaxing night of craziness at Harrah's Club in Reno, where Elliott learns, once and for all, that you can't cheat an honest marsupial.—P.G.

LOUIS GOLDMAN

Bionic Buffoonery

A "black Cary Grant"? Well, maybe not, but **Darrow Igus**—actor, singer, comedian—possesses the versatility to give this pitch a ring of truth. Although he's done films (*Car Wash, Fun with Dick and Jane*), TV and theater, Darrow is at his best doing his stand-up comedy routine. Thus, while television brings us *The Bionic Woman*, Darrow gives us *The Bionic Nigger*, a slow-motion pantomime that consistently blows out his audience. He's also got a thing for science fiction, transporting his fans from *Star Trek* ("Spock was a cocaine freak; that's why everything is so goddamned logical!") to Godzilla in the ghetto ("How come monsters always attack Japan? How come they never attack a place like Newark, New Jersey? 'Cause they'd be mugged before they got out the water!"). And his **Johnny Mathis** impression has brought tears to the eyes of his female fans. "It's easy," he muses. "Johnny Mathis sounds just like **Boris Karloff** singing." And if you ever wondered what's with the Pillsbury Doughboy, Darrow knows: "He copped out, man, so they shipped his white doughy buns to the ghetto. And you can be sure he browned up quicker than in a microwave oven!"—TOY GIBSON

RON WALTON



COURTESY AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES

The Big Mess

In the 1978 version of **Raymond Chandler**'s *The Big Sleep*, **Robert Mitchum** makes a classic hit worthy of entry into the Dirty Harry Hall of Famous Overkill. Mitchum, already an expert at Marlowe, has the task of destroying the dreaded and villainous Lash Canino. The evil "Man in Brown" is played this time around by **Richard Boone**, who is every bit as deadly as his predecessors, although perhaps a little slower, since he plays Lash with a cast on his foot. Asked if he felt any remorse over crunching a cripple, Mitchum explained, in Marlowesque fashion (and more graphically than we cared to hear), just how vile a cur Canino was—bum foot or no. At one point in the film, Canino tosses a friend of Marlowe's through a plate-glass window. Rather than soaring through, the victim hangs there and (are you ready, gore fans?) gets shredded. Yech . . .

—MIKE MALEK

JENNY LENS

Born to Die

"I want to make my best work and then die," claims **Elvis Costello** (above), a 22-year-old former computer analyst now being heralded by rock critics as one of the most talented singer/songwriters to emerge from England in years. His fierce, cynical, intensely passionate songs are being favorably compared to **Graham Parker**, **Van Morrison**, **Robbie Robertson**, **Bruce Springsteen**—even **Bob Dylan**. Although he's yet to achieve his own niche in teen idoldom, Costello deadpans: "I'm never going to stick around long enough to churn out a load of mediocre crap like all those guys from the Sixties. I'd rather kill myself. I'm not going to be around to witness my artistic decline."—JUDSON KLINGER

GIANCARLO BOTTI/SYGMA

Another Disney Development

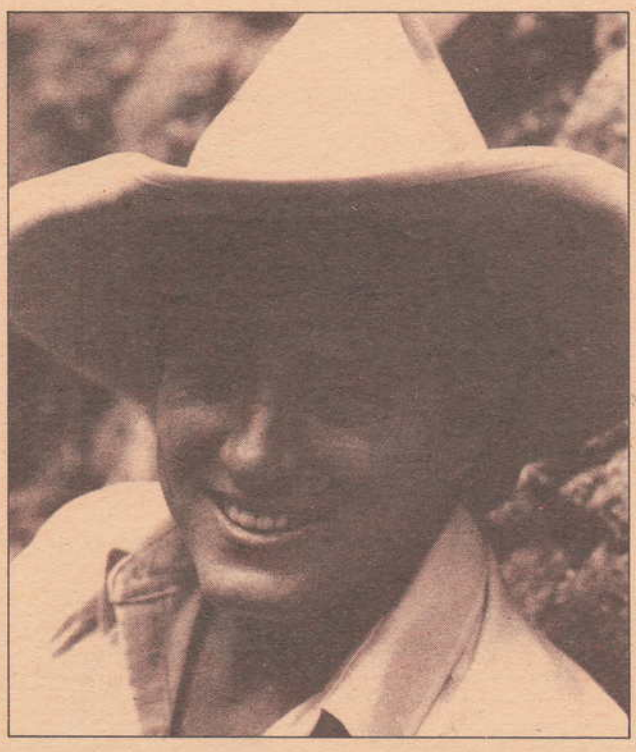
In *Playmate*, **Dayle Haddon** (above) is the editor of a men's magazine who organizes a search for the world's last romantic lover. One of the two finalists, a lion tamer played by French actor **Gerard Tybalt**, refuses to remove his pants at a crucial moment and thus settles for second place. But maybe he's no dummy; the runner-up gets a weekend with the woman of his choice, and Gerard wisely chooses Dayle. (The winner has to settle for $30,000 cash.) OUI last saw Dayle in *Madame Claude* (January '78) and as *Spermula*, the leader of an interplanetary troupe of virgins who come to Earth on a highly original goodwill mission: They deprive the world's evildoing politicos of the energy to perform dire deeds, and they do so in their own inimitable style—by fellatio. Dayle Haddon, for you *Fantasia* freaks, is a former model and cover girl, and as a young ballerina performed with the Bolshoi and Kirov in Leningrad and Canada. She also appeared in *The World's Greatest Athlete* for Disney before moving on to films you won't see during the Family Hour.—P.G.

The Mad Munchkin

"They tried to hide **Judy Garland**'s tits in that movie, but they couldn't hide them from me." This, explains **Stephen Bishop**, is perhaps the root of his troubling fixation for *The Wizard of Oz*. The guy who won the Rock Awards' Best New Male Vocalist of 1977 with his two hit singles, *Save It for a Rainy Day* and *On and On*, is an *Oz* junkie, reportedly beyond redemption. Stephen not only does a medley of songs from the film classic onstage, but even his telephone-message recorder sports background sound effects from the movie sound track. Besides skipping up the yellow brick road to the top of the pop charts, Bishop is also a blossoming actor with four flicks under his belt. He's a singer who auditions for **Paul Williams** in *Phantom of the Paradise*, a 1962-style folksinger with **John Belushi** in the upcoming *National Lampoon's Animal House*, and he'll appear among 100 rock stars in the chorus finale of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. But "The Bish" isn't worried about typecasting. "In *The Kentucky Fried Movie* I do a bit—like previews of coming attractions—called 'Catholic Girls in Trouble,' with **Lenka Novak**, a girl who was on the cover of OUI."

—JUDSON KLINGER

MICHAEL PUTLAND



Sunny Side Up

Guich Koock was just a good ol' boy running an egg route in Luckenbach, Texas, before Hollywood snagged 'im and he became the sandy-haired deputy on TV's ho-hum *Carter Country*. Not many folks know it, but Guich is somewhat responsible for **Waylon Jennings**' number-one single about Luckenbach, for three **Jerry Jeff Walker** albums that were recorded there and for **Willie Nelson**'s first July Fourth picnic that was held in the town square. You see, up until he sold it two years ago, Koock *owned* Luckenbach, home of outlaw country music.

Guich, along with Texas folklorist **Hondo Crouch**, bought the town (a house, a large barn-cum-beer hall and a parking meter), when he saw it advertised in the Fredricksburg newspaper under "towns for sale." Guich appointed folklorist Crouch as mayor, and Hondo in turn brought along Jerry Jeff Walker, a maverick from the New York folk scene. Within a year, a quarter of Nashville and half of Greenwich Village was converging on Guich's kingdom. But that didn't pay for the utilities and Lone Star beer, so Guich continued his egg route. Then one afternoon, he moseyed into a bar in San Antonio and bumped into **Sherri Rhodes** from Hollywood, who immediately cast him as a Louisiana cop in *The Sugarland Express*. "All I did was serenade the radio," he explains, remembering his role in the film. Now, since Guich landed on *Carter Country*, there's been talk of a possible spin-off series of his own and a recording contract, but Guich simply smiles and ignores all the chatter. "Hell," he says with a shrug, "bein' a star is easy, but peddling them eggs in Texas—now, *that's* work."—JIM NASH

DIETER'S GUIDE One person may respond sexually to a pork chop, while another may eat it. And there are those who do not consider the phrase "urban renewal" erotic.

(Continued from page 108)

How you are striving to become your own person 41
How you are striving to become somebody else's person 50
How you are trying to become less dependent on your: a) mother b) plants c) dog 57
All of the above 268
Echoes of Nietzsche in *Jingle Bells* 75
Spelling Nietzsche correctly with assistance 92
The relationship between bad posture and a wrinkled shirt 15
Why love without sex is meaningless 38
Why sex without love can be pretty good 45
Convincing partner that it is not just a physical attraction 70
(especially difficult if partner has a wonderful body but an I.Q. of 67½)

MAKING THE FIRST MOVE

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
If you are shy	15
Have a morbid fear of success	22
Are easily intimidated when a person acts distant and reserved	36
(A person who orders you to keep your hands to yourself is acting distant and reserved.)	
An anxious person with a large inferiority complex	45
Sell used cars	2
All-out begging	25

According to psychologists, the anxiety produced by the prospect of making the first move, for either sex, is directly proportional to one's fear of asking a delicatessen waiter for a clean glass.

OVERCOMING RESISTANCE

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Passive	1½

Passive resistance is indicated if partner, while trembling, utters "don't" in a low, meek voice. "Please don't stop" indicates extremely passive resistance.

Active	62

Active resistance may include biting, punching and weapons. Press on if you think it's only an act.

Seducing partner:	
If you are rich	5
If you are poor	164

(only applies to venal partners)

BODY CONTACT INITIAL TOUCHING

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Fumbling	4
Casually rummaging around	7
Serious fondling	14
Involved massaging	17
Caressing	19
Petting:	
Above the waist under loose-fitting garment such as sweater or raincoat	21
Below the waist under tight ski pants	46
(Stop if waistband cuts off circulation.)	
Squeezing (any part of body except entire head)	15

AROUSAL AND STIMULATION (ADVANCED)

It was difficult to assign caloric values in this category, since what is high-kilowatt sex for some may be total boredom for others. One person, for instance, may respond sexually to a pork chop, while another may eat it. And there are those who do not consider the phrase "urban renewal" erotic. We therefore freely admit that the counts below are somewhat imprecise.

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Blowing in partner's ear:	
Using mouth	9
Using bellows	14
Using blow dryer (low setting)	2
Blowing in your own ear	158
(experimental form of autoeroticism still not completely tested)	
Nibbling on partner's earlobe	8
(If your partner is a gypsy, be careful not to swallow an earring.)	
Biting partner's head	27
Belly dancing	100
Actually dancing with partner's belly	165
Stage fright	18
(Can occur when both partners are finally naked and realize they will soon have to quit stalling and get on with it. Chief symptoms of stage fright are anxiety, nausea and an irrational need to either sleep or flee. It can usually be conquered by locking yourself in the bathroom and releasing the "bad energies" with a plunger.)	

REMOVING CLOTHES

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
With partner's consent	12
Without partner's consent	187
In winter	25
(Calorie count provides for removal of typical cold-weather gear—ski parka, shirt, pants, hat, earmuffs, scarf, gloves, long underwear, goggles, socks and boots.)	
In summer	3
Removing socks by violently shaking feet	418
(Very impractical and seldom works, but for those interested in high weight loss, it's essential.)	
Unhooking bra:	
Using two calm hands	7
Using one trembling hand	96
(The record here for incompetence is 2½ hours and a badly mutilated index finger.)	
Trying to unhook a bra that has no hook	500
(known as "heat of excitement error")	
Any attempt to remove panty hose without first removing slacks	375
(Add another 100 calories if you are actually successful.)	

Should you remove all of your clothes? The answer is generally yes, since most people take it as a sign of commitment. Women are especially put off by men who keep their socks on and also by men who, being unduly obsessed with hygiene, refuse to have sex unless they can keep their shorts on.

EMBARRASSMENT

Calorie counts indicate amount of energy expended when coping with feelings of embarrassment and disgrace induced by:

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Large juice stain on shorts	10
Holes in underwear:	
If you are rich	2
If you are poor	20
Tattered underwear	10
Excessive hair in unusual places:	
Pubic hair extends to feet	25
Hair around nipples (for man)	½
(for woman)	8
Large pores	10
Tattoo with raised lettering	18
Bloodshot nose	14
Bags over the eyes	66

FOREPLAY

Professional dieters tell us that one sheds more weight during foreplay than during any other stage of sex, with the possible exception of dancing in a grope suit and intercourse in the back-to-back position. It is easy to see why. Foreplay is a time to experiment and try new things—magic caresses with a kipper, love bites if you have good teeth, bouncing with abandon, ricocheting off the wall and arousing each other by making ridiculous faces.

Those, on the other hand, who regard foreplay as drudgery may prefer to skip directly to intercourse and hope their partner won't notice.

ORAL SEX

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Cunnilingus	15
Nosebleed	5
(can be caused by overly excited partner)	
Fellatio	30
(requires almost twice the effort of cunnilingus since it uses more muscles, es-	

DIETER'S GUIDE What happens directly after sex can be just as important as what happened during. Some people light a cigarette. Others put theirs out.

pecially those of the neck, hands and eyes) 14
Attempting to breathe through a severely stuffed nose 14
Hat trick 187
Toe sucking 12
With shoes on 49
One of the great advantages of oral sex is that if both partners are in fairly good health, it can go on almost indefinitely. The only adverse side effects will be a temporary lapse in the efficiency of the taste buds and difficulty in chewing anything harder than applesauce.

DOING IT FOR THE FIRST TIME

Don't panic if the earth doesn't move. The first time around is usually more intellectual than physical. Many people, in fact, find themselves drawn to the word *fiasco* when called upon to describe their initial experience. *Catastrophe, botch, tragedy* and *lawsuit* are also sometimes used. Most problems, however, dissolve with time, patience and two or three hundred partners' worth of experience.

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Fumbling around	4
Desperately trying to put something somewhere	18
Completely missing	9
Embarrassment	15
Disappointment (the famous "You mean that's it?" syndrome)	27
Scorn	30

INSERTION

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
If the woman is ready	¼
If the man is not	274

INSERTION

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
If the man is ready	¼
If the woman is not	274

ORGASM

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Real	27
Faked	160

ORGASMIC INTENSITY SCALE

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Shoes flew off	35
Expression didn't change	½
Room turned purple	4
Face turned purple	15
Orchestra swelled	6
Birds sang:	
Large birds	7
Small birds	3
Magical explosions	10
Trumpets blared	12
Flutes blared	2
Roman candles	14
Blazing pinwheels	16
Blazing sheets	25
Earth moved	30
Vesuvius erupted	47
You began moaning in Latin	60

PULLING OUT (UN-INSERTION)

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
After orgasm	¼
A few moments before orgasm	500

PREMATURE EJACULATION[1] (FOR MALE)

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Cursing	5
During insertion	2
During intercourse (approximately two seconds or three thrusts after insertion, whichever comes first)	5
During foreplay (while scrambling eggs, for example)	3
During dinner (very premature)	1
While parking the car (over-anticipation)	¼
Immature ejaculation (similar to premature ejaculation except male acts childish and throws a tantrum)	4

[1]Often caused by an inability to do anything right

ACHIEVING ORGASM UNDER UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
While donating blood	45
After two bottles of wine (Even insertion will be a problem and you may have to try "tossing" it in and hoping for the best.)	50
While talking on the telephone	15
On a mushy bed	11
With close relatives in the room	60
While negotiating for a loan	100
During a job interview	100
During intercourse	8
Delaying orgasm	25

Medical evidence suggests that prolonged procrastination of orgasm (four to six weeks) impedes the flow of vital juices, making you feel bloated and not at peace with the world. Delaying orgasm for a reasonable time, however, causes little harm and may be necessary in order to accommodate a slow partner. A man whose partner has been repeating the phrase "not yet" over a two-hour period will find it necessary to hold off. At a certain point, though, he will become desperate and wonder if he's going to die. Women occasionally find it convenient to postpone orgasm if they think they're going to hate themselves in the morning or, at the very latest, right after lunch.

NOT ACHIEVING ORGASM UNDER USUAL CIRCUMSTANCES

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Impotence	11
Some common causes:	
Desire to be trendy	
Subtle defense mechanism against giving or receiving V.D.	
Harassment by a large dog	
Three-minute time limit	
Eight glasses of wine	
Fear of success	
Sixth attempt in an hour	
Partner's locket, when she's on top, keeps going in your mouth	

Note: So long as neither partner gets upset, there is nothing to worry about and sex should proceed as if all were normal.

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Frigidity	11
Some common causes:	
Partner is wearing "Days of the Week" boxer shorts and garters	
Partner's foreplay technique consists of lighting a cigar and ordering food from Chicken Delight	
Partner refuses to show vasectomy scar	
Fear of feeling obligated	
Partner keeps asking, "Are you there yet?"	
Television too loud	
Television too soft	
Lack of privacy (kids keep running in and asking for milk and cookies)	

PENIS ENVY

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
For woman	3
For man	72

POSITIONS

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Italian: man on top, woman in kitchen	26
English: woman on top, man in hiding	15
German: facing each other but in different beds	48
American: both on top	60
Total disagreement over position	118

TYPICAL SEX-RELATED FEARS (RATIONAL AND IRRATIONAL)

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Partner hates me for what I did	4
Partner hates me for what I didn't do	8
At any moment my grandparents will	

enter the room and quietly sit down 5
Forgetting the instructions in the sex manual 10
Climaxing too soon 5
Climaxing too late 6
Not climaxing 20
Partner thinks of me as a sex object 9
Partner doesn't think of me as a sex object 47
Partner will neglect to administer last rites should I not recover from orgasm 88

COMMON MALE FEARS

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Partner comparing me to swarthy soccer player she met in Spain while on a 21-day excursion tour, during which time she saw no sights and didn't care	25
Partner is getting angry because my sweat is smudging her makeup	15
Partner will say "don't stop" at the wrong time	40

COMMON FEMALE FEARS

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Partner too timid or ignorant to tell me what he really wants me to do	10
I'm making partner work too hard	15
Partner thinks that I'm aggressive because I've been on top for the last two hours	25

PERSONAL FEARS

Some shortcomings, real and imagined, that you think your partner is noticing:

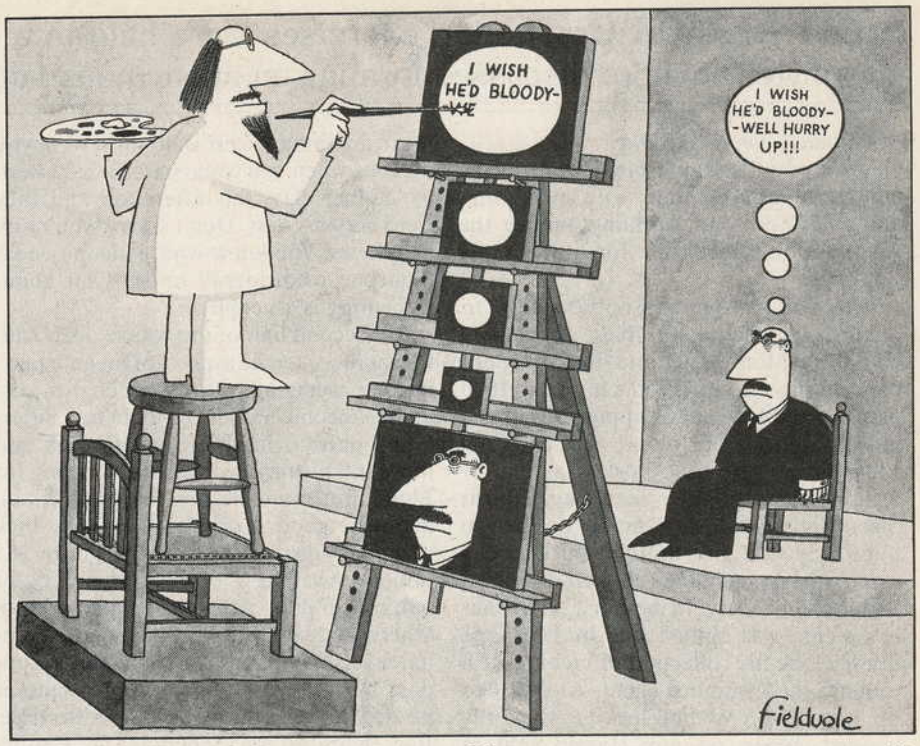
ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Breath smells like a wino's trousers	4
Stretch marks that look like a plowed field	8
Large pores	5
No pores	10
Excessive hair under arms	3
A roll of fat around the middle that becomes especially prominent when you sit down	20
Body odor of a disgruntled yak	25

Note: It has been pointed out that people who were toilet trained late (teens to early twenties) have a remarkable fear of everything.

Rejection	24 to 25
Signs of rejection:	
Partner tries to make bed during foreplay	
Partner calls you Susan but your name is Isaac	
Partner refuses to turn off television, even though reception is poor	
Partner shaves during intercourse	
Partner doesn't remove gloves	
Partner attempts to sharpen a knife on the side of your head	
Partner keeps asking you to leave	

AFTERWARD

What happens directly after sex can be just as important as what happened during. Some people immediately light a cigarette. Others immediately put theirs out. Generally, however, most people concentrate on making their partner feel that it was totally satisfying and wonderful. This is easily accomplished by just lying there and looking contented (a vapid stare is good), instead of rushing into the bathroom and scrubbing yourself with Ajax.



GETTING CAUGHT

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
By partner's spouse	60
By your spouse	60½
Trying to explain	165
Stuttering	28
Throwing up	40

Calorie counts here are flexible, depending on type of spouse—whether understanding and open-minded, or narrow-minded and armed.

REMOVING HAIR

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
From:	
Tongue	3
A relatively simple operation involving thumb and index finger. Try to be discreet.	
Roof of mouth	8
Slightly more complicated. Finger and tip of tongue may be necessary.	
Soft palate	14
Very complicated, especially if it is sticking. You may have to use tongue plus a couple of fingers, possibly even your whole fist. If this doesn't work, try a fork.	
Uvula	20
If hair is wrapped around uvula, it is easily extractable with pliers or a vacuum cleaner. Partner may notice.	
Throat	23

Unless there's a small mop handy, you're better off just swallowing the hair. Only 2 calories per strand.

DISAPPOINTMENT

The following are some common disappointments and the calories burned in dealing with them:

ACTIVITY	CALORIES BURNED
Partner looked better with clothes on	10
(You may prefer sex with your partner's clothes.)	
Partner looked better with your glasses off	10
Partner's body resembled a tubercular chicken	12
Partner wore corrective underwear	15
Partner's sweater turned out to be hair on his (her) chest	20
Partner turned out to be of wrong sex	100
You don't mind	¼
Partner turned out to be of wrong religion	57
Typical reactions to sexual disappointment:	
Setting partner on fire	15
Suicide	1
Weeping:	
Internal	27
External	4
Laughter:	
Controlled	5
Hysterical	14
Inventing complicated but believable excuse for leaving	5

Richard Smith's articles on food, dieting, sex and human behavior appear regularly in national publications. The reasoning for this escapes us.

H&R BLOCK Graduation exercises were held in a neighborhood tavern, where neophytes-no-more discussed forming an anonymous land-trust syndicate.

(Continued from page 80)
ting pissed off because bitch Donna (age unknown), Mike's former wife, bleeds him for a $130-a-month alimony, money the Wilsons could really use for little Jimmy and Stace.

(The Wilsons aren't the only "clients" to qualify for continuing roles on *Forever Fernwood*: Mary Kiner and Tammy could scarcely survive on Alfred's miserly $1800 alimony and $600 child support—Tammy's myopic optical bills alone were $143—so Mary is working as a hostess at one of Kansas City's popular feed bags, Burnt Steer. Robert and Mary finally decided to put Zindy Lou and Bobbie, Jr., into day care so Mary could finish her degree at Podunk University. In January, Al Speaker's stereo was ripped off. In February, thieves took his collection of etchings. En route to the insurance agent, Al smashed up his 1974 VW but luckily was fully covered. When rat fink Harold split in August, Betsy Atkinson, never one for self-pity, found a job the next day. Baby Watchers, Inc. takes care of little Stewart, and at tax-filing time Betsy still had "no idea of Mr. Atkinson's whereabouts.")

While students finished up the exam, the city manager dropped by to bolster morale. "Did you make any mistakes? That doesn't mean anything. To err is human. Were you nervous when you came in tonight? I went to another class this afternoon and they were nervous, too. Don't worry, you're all neophytes. You know what a neophyte is? Someone who doesn't know a lot about something is a neophyte."

The second half of the course dealt with the more *recherché* aspects of income tax—income averaging, retirement credits, disability income exclusion—concepts interesting only to hard-line tax junkies and those still nurturing dreams of working for Block. But even the most esoteric lesson might be good for at least one gimmick potentially exploitable for the entire $85 tuition. Awareness of the possibility of writing off bad debts emerged from an otherwise dismal class on exchange of capital assets. A taxpayer may deduct an unpaid business or personal debt whenever he decides that the debt is uncollectible. Bad debts go on Schedule D, Capital Gains and Losses, along with a statement of the debtor's name, date due, efforts to collect and reasons for considering the debt worthless.

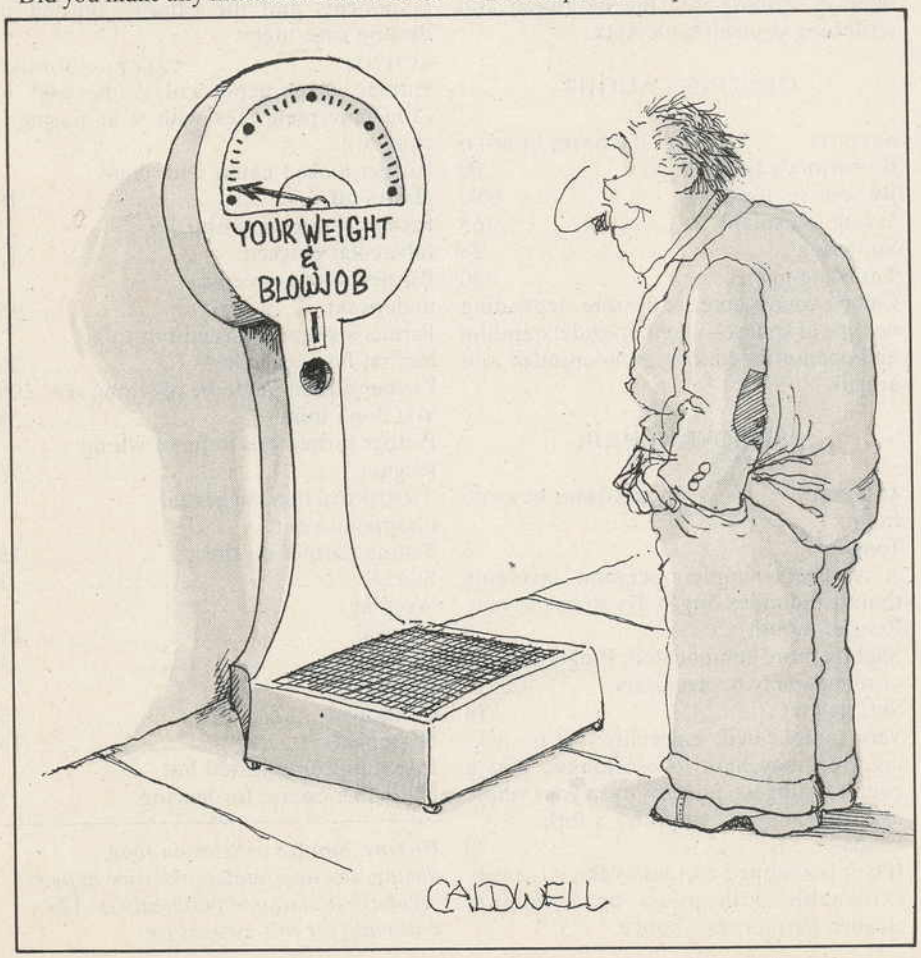
It turned out that everybody had a sad bad-debt story, inevitably a heartrending tale of truncated romance, betrayed friendship, broken promises. One woman discovered that she could deduct the value of a color TV she once loaned to a "friend," who sold it. The IRS, she was delighted to learn, gave her the only mechanism for closing the books once and for all on a painful and hopeless situation.

Only five survived the final exam, a 13-page lalapalooza of a tax return for some new Your City birds named Townsend. Those who had succumbed to the arduous demands of two hours' homework per class meeting did not receive weathered parchments attested by Henry Bloch and Roy that certified a successful completion of the course. Graduation exercises were held in a neighborhood tavern, where neophytes-no-more reminisced about carefree school days and discussed forming an anonymous land-trust syndicate.

About 35 percent of course graduates go on to work for Block; three members of the class had already interviewed with the city manager. Block pays employees a 20 percent commission over a guarantee of $2.65 an hour, the new minimum wage. Seasonal workers receive semiweekly checks for hourly wages and, at the end of tax season, a check for 20 percent of the business they have written, less hourly wages already received. Part-timers work two or three evenings plus one weekend day a week, and new employees must take 40 hours of additional training, mainly on interviewing technique. "He asked me if I liked taxes," said the would-be former taxi driver. "I said I hated them but I hated them more before I understood them. I think that was the right answer."

Commissions increase by 2 percent every other year, and employees must sign contracts agreeing to prepare no tax returns professionally, either on their own or for any other company, while employed by Block and for two years after terminating employment. The contract stipulates a $1000 penalty for each infraction.

"I'm glad I took the course," said an actor who hoped for a seasonal Block income that would supplement a less-than-seasonal acting income. "But I almost didn't go through with it after the introductory open house. This lady practically called me a communist for asking if the tuition was tax-deductible. However, the whole thing turned out to be a hell of a lot more interesting than I expected. I'm sure I'll save the tuition many times over each year in taxes. Taxes are fun in a weird way. You can be creative, use your imagination. And best of all—I'll never have to spend another cold winter night in a grubby storefront, waiting to pay hard-earned money to put myself in the none-too-steady hands of some underpaid, overworked CYA turkey of an out-of-work actor." □



COLUMBO "Nasty?" one of the cops remembers. "I've never heard such a foul mouth on a girl."

(Continued from page 56)

it to me in the ass," she told the two "hit men." "The rest is only for DeLuca."

They gave it to her. The arrangement went on for months. Again and again, she asked them, "When are the hits going down?" They kept putting her off. She kept taking them on. She provided dossiers for them on each member of her family—information on Frank, Mary and Michael's habits, schedules, frequently traveled routes. She gave them photos of each, and drew a detailed floor plan of the interior of the house. They continued to stall her and ball her. As an excuse, they told her they would have to have a way to get into the house. One day, she stopped by the family home to pick something up, then left without it. After she left, her mother found the door to the patio unlocked. Mary's nervousness and a sense of ominous foreboding increased. Her health deteriorated. The Columbos had the locks changed.

Finally, Lanny and Roman got scared. Patty was serious. She was after them constantly—phoning, nagging, demanding to know "when the hits are going down." She wanted to get the job done over a holiday, she said. She wanted it to be her gift to them. Once, angry, she pulled out the loaded derringer she carried in her purse, pointed it at them and said, "See how easy it is to kill someone. All you have to do is pull the trigger."

Lanny and Roman began avoiding Patty. They stopped returning her calls. No piece of tail, they decided, was worth what Miss Columbo was trying to get them involved in.

Obsessed by now, having spent so much time planning and hoping for the murders, Patty decided that she and DeLuca would have to do the job themselves.

They focused on the money they were sure they would gain. DeLuca told people of his plans to buy a boat "soon." "I'm coming into money," he explained. Patty promised him there would be enough to finance his divorce, their new apartment, marriage, all their dreams.

And if they had gotten away with it, there would have been. If Patty had been acquitted, if she and DeLuca had beaten the rap, although she had been cut out of the Columbo will, she would have been the beneficiary of a quarter of a million dollars in insurance money.

Frank Columbo was a careful man. He was heavily insured. He wanted his family well taken care of.

Investigators Gene Gargano of the Cook County Sheriff's Police and Ray Rose of the Elk Grove Village Police became suspicious of Patty very quickly. She was too cool. Her grief appeared nonexistent. "She might have gotten away with it if she had only cried," a relative speculates.

Instead, she immediately arranged to have the bodies cremated, raising the hackles of the Catholic members of the family and shocking the rest. Gargano and Rose, too, both Catholics, recognized the hasty cremation as peculiar action for a bereaved daughter. Frank Columbo's brother tried to explain the family's feelings to Patty. "Listen, you fucking jag-off," she told her uncle, "I'm the daughter and I'll do what the fuck I want."

At the wake, she managed to squeeze out a tear or two, but mostly she drifted around the crowd, touching people on the shoulder, acting the hostess. "She spent more time downstairs drinking coffee than she did mourning," Rose remembers.

An anonymous phone call cracked her flimsy cover. "Patty's been looking for months for someone to kill her family," police were told. Lanny's name was mentioned. The cops scooped up Lanny. Terrified, he led them to Roman and to the dossiers Patty had written, which he had wrapped up in the folds of his wife's dress and hidden in a dresser drawer.

Within a week after the burial, Rose, Gargano and a troupe of investigators were knocking on the door of the apartment Patty and DeLuca shared, with a search warrant. Swearing at them through the closed door, she stalled for time. They tried unsuccessfully to kick the door in, then sent for the fire department to do it with axes.

But Patty opened the door.

"Nasty?" one of the cops remembers. "I've never heard such a foul mouth on a girl. She called us every name you can think of and a few you can't." In the apartment, they found a pad of paper exactly matching that on which the dossiers had been written.

Tying Patty to the case was relatively easy. Nailing DeLuca proved more complex. Stag films, starring DeLuca and taken by him, had been found in the apartment search, along with stacks of photos of Patty with DeLuca and a dog. Watching the films for clues, investigator Rose thought he recognized the woman with DeLuca, but couldn't quite place her.

Then he saw her—having coffee in the restaurant next door to Walgreen's, a stone's throw from the Elk Grove Village police station. She was DeLuca's former girlfriend, victim of his sexual assaults and a fellow employee at the drugstore. The cops swooped down again.

But the old girlfriend wasn't talking. Not with DeLuca still walking around, free to retaliate against anyone who connected him directly to the case. Neither was another fellow employee, an assistant man-

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COLUMBO The jury gasped as Mitchell explained that Patty "wanted it in the ass... Patty didn't have money to pay for the hits so she said she'd lay her ass on the table."

ager who, the cops felt, knew more than he was telling.

Evidence technicians had been combing everything for clues. A gloved handprint they lifted from one of the Columbos' cars had been made, a forensic anthropologist ruled, by a person missing an index finger and a fingertip. Frank DeLuca was missing an index finger and a fingertip.

After his arrest in July, the case began to come together. Both Walgreen's people agreed to talk. The assistant manager had driven Patty on dry runs past the Columbo house. They said DeLuca had told them, on the morning of May 5th, that "the hits went down last night."

Evidence piled high.

From jail, Patty and DeLuca steadfastly declared their love for each other, and their innocence.

But one night, Patty called for Gene Gargano. Apparently feeling the need to unburden herself, she told him of a "vision" she had had. She had seen her father, lying in a pool of blood on the living-room floor, his shoes off. She had seen her mother similarly dead. And with his toy trucks strewn around him, her baby brother, covered with blood, also dead.

The "vision" included details no one could have known who wasn't there.

•

A year after the bodies were found, Patty and DeLuca went on trial. It was a scene Hollywood might have staged. The seventh-floor courtroom in the Cook County Criminal Court building was jammed. Press and spectators jockeyed for seats.

The jury—the requisite, thorough mix of male, female, black, white, Chicano—eyed the proceedings like a Greek chorus, fascinated. Judge R. Eugene Pincham—a tall, aristocratic black man newly arrived on the bench from a flashy career as a defense attorney—was determined to make a splashy start in the judiciary with this, his first big case. Every day, a fresh rose appeared on the bench before him.

The defense had little to go on. Patty and DeLuca hog-tied their lawyers, both public and private, by insisting on being tried together. Perversely, the two tried to create around themselves an aura of abused young lovers, persecuted by the system. What came across instead was an image of avarice and hate-filled seaminess. DeLuca, in court, was a punk—Patty, a spoiled, conniving slut.

Desperate, their lawyers tried to fling mud on Frank Columbo, hoping to connect him in the jury's mind with illegal business practices or the Mob. The combination of his Italian name and the finding of some cash in a safe in the house, they hoped, would lend a reasonable doubt to the prosecution's case. "It seems like Mary and Frank are the ones on trial," a relative complained.

The defense's best chance of defaming Columbo, of tying him to gangsters and therefore raising the possibility of a gangland assassination, was an anonymous letter that had arrived at the Elk Grove Village police station after the murders. It was read into the record by a square-jawed Dick Tracy–type cop who had headed the original investigation. The handwritten note charged that a gangster named Pucci had put out a contract on Frank Columbo, had ordered him killed, because of an internal Mob dispute. The jury, hearing the letter, looked quizzical. It was the only piece of the puzzle that didn't seem to fit.

The state's case made more sense. It was presented, too, by a battery of lawyers that could have won awards for heroics, preparation and theatricality. Assistant State's Attorney Algis Baliunas, a street-smart Chicagoan with a thorough understanding of crime and criminals, wisely focused the jury's attention on Patty.

And there she sat. Her Farrah Fawcett hairdo had grown limp in prison; six inches of dark brown roots showed off bleached blond ends. A pimple marred her formerly flawless complexion. She slumped, world-weary, arrogant, her face blank, her thin arms fragile, her body looking used.

If there was one scene in this story that bespeaks its meaning, one image that tells what the Columbo tragedy was all about, it was the picture of that young woman in court. Only twice during the many weeks of trial did she cry, and then only a little bit. Once, it was when a pathologist described the condition of her little brother's body—the companion of her childhood, her sibling, her playmate—the dozens of stab wounds, narrowly inflicted, "probably by a woman," the skull shattered by an athletic trophy found at his feet. The child had been asleep. His murderers had wakened him, stood him up so he knew what was happening and then shot him at close range.

In a futile attempt to make her appear compassionate, her lawyer had run for a Kleenex at that point, making a big show of bringing it out to her. It did little good.

Seldom had anyone seen a human being that hard. "I've dealt with habitual criminals twice her age who didn't touch her for toughness," one of the police officers remembers.

Patty Columbo, sitting in that courtroom the spring and summer of 1977, was the Demon Child. Books have been written about the phenomenon, movies made. None is as frightening as the reality.

How did she get that way? What makes a girl hate so much, so deeply? What happened to family love? To loyalty? What brand of craziness is abroad in the land? God only knows. And in that crowded courtroom, He seemed not to exist.

Had she and DeLuca never met, it is unlikely that either would have ever been involved in a serious crime, let alone a murder of such horrendous proportions. His life, before Patty, gave no indication of real trouble. Born on Chicago's South Side to a laborer father and housewife mother, he had gone through high school and college with little to distinguish him. Teachers noted his "quick temper" and his interest in girls. He played football at Purdue University. After pharmacy school, he went to work for Walgreen's, where he rose to manager of what, at the time of his arrest, was one of the chain's most profitable stores. He and Marilyn married young and produced four daughters and a son, but he led a seemingly tireless life with other women. They were his hobby, his interest. Ordering them around, being in control, seemed to be what kept him going.

Independently, Patty and DeLuca were partial people; together, they formed a conscienceless whole, a sensate-obsessed unit bound for self-gratification at any cost. Money is the easiest answer to the question of why they did it. Hatred is the next. Both are valid. But rather than ask why, it might be more useful, given Patty and DeLuca's psychological profiles, to ask why not? They seemed to see no reason why not. Life, as they saw it, would be more convenient if her parents did not exist. She had put them completely out of her mind, anyway. To her, they *did* no longer exist. He had convinced her, and she had convinced herself, that only he could be trusted, only he had her best interests at heart. Everyone else was an enemy. Therefore, why not kill the parents and collect the money? DeLuca feared that Michael might someday finger them; therefore, he had to go, too—as a convenience. That was all there was to it.

Patricia Bobb, the astute young prosecutor who assisted Baliunas on the case, says, "It's so hard for people to understand that there is no rational explanation for an irrational act."

Although DeLuca had read and reread *Helter Skelter,* the detailed account of the Charles Manson gang's murderous atrocities, he lacked the charisma and the intelligence to be a leader of the Manson stripe. He did have a certain power over women. Although an unlikely-looking stud, frail and wan, some women seemed to find him irresistible. Others, usually more independent types, were totally baffled by the phenomenon. His wife, Marilyn, even after they were divorced, after all the shattering publicity, after the hell he put her

and the children through, stood behind him at pretrial hearings as he held hands with Patty, offering to remortgage her house to pay his bail. His ex-girlfriend, married and the mother of teenagers, allowed her life to fall into a shambles because of her association with him. After he had abused and humiliated her, time and again, she allowed herself to come back for more.

As with Patty, DeLuca's relationships with women were much like prostitute and pimp. Patty referred to him as "my man." She declared herself "proud to be your woman." She wanted to do for him, buy for him, ease his way. In the process, she lost her self-respect. And in losing that, eventually lost much, much more.

•

The state's case was a series of building blocks that, one by one, tied Patty and DeLuca to the murders. Baliunas took his time. Slowly, deliberately, he brought out witnesses who linked the lovers with solicitation to commit murder, with conspiracy to commit murder, with murder itself. He tangled them, as they had tangled themselves, inextricably together. He laid snares near them, around them, then pulled them tight.

Lanny Mitchell, scared, nervous, his used-car salesman's life a shambles from the notoriety, testified to the "parties" with Patty and Roman. The jury gasped as he explained, voice lowered, that she had "wanted it in the ass." Roman told his story, too. "Patty didn't have any money to pay us for doing the hits," he explained, "so she said she would lay her ass on the table."

Walgreen's employees linked DeLuca to the crime. Evidence technicians laid down a grid of physical evidence.

Clifford Childs, for a time DeLuca's cellmate at the county jail, gave the final analysis of DeLuca's character. The pharmacist had hired him, he testified, to kill all witnesses who could link him to the crime. To do this, DeLuca had had Marilyn provide the money for Childs' bail. But Childs, realizing that DeLuca would have had him done away with as well, went, instead, to the state's attorney.

Counting the murder victims, DeLuca had been prepared to snuff out the lives of nine people, "going almost overnight," one of the officials says, "from a corporate peabrain to a mass murderer."

We talk about apathy in our society. Consider this: At various points, at least ten people knew of the plan to murder Frank, Mary and Michael Columbo. Any one of them could have stopped it. A phone call to police, even an anonymous one, would have resulted in questioning, which would have put Patty and DeLuca on notice that they would be suspects if anything happened. Any one of those people could have saved that family's lives. No one did.

Walking through a Criminal Court building hallway one day after court, Mary Columbo's sisters encountered Patty, being escorted back to her cell by a matron. Agilely, the young woman ducked behind a pillar as if she didn't want to be seen. As her aunts passed, however, she popped out, laughing maniacally. "She was laughing at us," one remembers. "It was eerie. It was as if she were saying, 'Ha ha, I've got the last laugh. I've won. I've taken them away and there's no getting them back.' "

Baliunas saved his *coup de grace* for the end. A little old lady, brought in by the state, admitted to being the author of the Pucci letter. It was an attempt, she said, to cause trouble for her neighbor, whom she didn't like. She knew nothing about Frank Columbo, had never met the man, had no knowledge of his business, his life or his death. The Pucci letter, so puzzling, turned out to be nothing but comic relief.

•

The state rested its case on Patty Columbo's twenty-first birthday. The jury made themselves stay out for two hours to avoid the appearance of too rapid a decision. It had been exciting; although they had been sequestered, away from family and friends for weeks, they agreed they would do it again.

Their verdict was expected—both defendants guilty of solicitation, conspiracy and murder. DeLuca looked like a balloon that someone had let the air out of. He gazed pleadingly at Patty. She refused to look back at him.

Judge Pincham, ever solicitous, thanked the ladies and gentlemen of the jury for their time and distributed autographed photos of himself. The defendants were led away to begin what would be 200- to 300-year sentences on each charge. □

SLAM DUNK "When we took it off the air, we didn't get nearly as many letters of complaint as we got when The Mary Tyler Moore Show was canceled."

(Continued from page 59)
was unemployed in basketball at the time he was competing in the dunking semifinals and wore a *New York Post* shirt into battle, compliments of a sportswriter friend from that paper.

It was decided to air the final showdown between Hillman and McNeill live during halftime of the sixth and ultimately final playoff game between the Philadelphia 76ers and Portland Trail Blazers. It was a hot, sunny Sunday afternoon, June 5th, in Portland, when I made my live TV debut. (The rest, remember, were taped.) CBS' main concern was to complete the slam dunk segment of the halftime activity in no more than five minutes, including player warm-ups. I don't think the contestants or the judges had much trouble with this deadline, but some of the production people must have had a bit of a rough time, not to mention Don Criqui, who was the "Voice of the Slam Dunk Contest" throughout the year. The last I saw of them the night before the final, they all were engaged in a marathon poker game in the suite of producer Bob Stenner. I heard later the game didn't break until about six in the morning, and we were assembled at the arena about 11 o'clock.

The Hillman-McNeill pairing was a match-up of a power stylist—Hillman—and a guy who was exciting because of the length of time he could hang on the rim after his shot. Rim hanging is illegal under normal game conditions, but perfectly acceptable in the dunking contest, as was traveling with the ball, another McNeill characteristic.

Still, Hillman was a prohibitive favorite to win the $15,000 first prize because of his flair for waving the ball high overhead in one hand, then slamming it down with brutal force. "I once broke my hand doing that," he confided.

Hillman didn't break his hand this time, and he did win the contest. People who were observant enough to watch the way we scored noted that I gave McNeill and Hillman identical point totals of 8.5, even though Darnell's shots seemed much more explosive and dynamic. I explain it this way: Hillman had the contest wrapped up at the coin flip to determine the order the two men would shoot. Hillman won the flip and elected to go second. He thereby had the advantage of seeing McNeill's repertoire before unveiling his own. Had McNeill had a bad performance, Hillman could have done a mundane one and still come out the winner.

McNeill gave his customary, steady performance, making all five of his shots and earning 8.5s from all three judges. Then Hillman, knowing he didn't have to pull out all the stops to win, gave what was for him a prosaic display. "I had worked on new dunks in the months between the semis and finals," he said later. "But I saw I didn't really need them. I didn't want to take a chance on trying new stuff and looking bad and maybe losing. So I went to my usual routine."

That's why I gave both men 8.5s. Hillman won the thing when Mendy gave him a 9 and Sam a 9.5. Darnell won $15,000 and McNeill came away with a none-too-shabby $7500. Later, after he was sent to the New Jersey ball club, Hillman received another nickname, "Dunkenstein."

Chances are that CBS, which failed to attract sponsorship for the slam dunk competitions and therefore had to absorb all the expense itself, has had its fill of dunk shots. This past season it featured as halftime entertainment games of "H-O-R-S-E," the classic schoolyard two-man contests.

One CBS spokesman summed up his network's position on the slam dunk contest this way: "When we took it off the air, we didn't get nearly as many letters of complaint as we got when *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* was canceled." □

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O'DONOGHUE "If Edsel and Tacoburger and Roto-Broil are funny words," he insists, "then deathcamp is a funny word. It's just further down the line."

(Continued from page 84)

half-Quiz Kids, half-Bowery Boys of *Saturday Night* have, with their incessant eye-gouging jokes and their freewheeling employment of death as just another pig's bladder, gone just too revoltingly far. Worse, he pronounces, in dealing with death they betray themselves as callow smart asses who don't know what they're joking about; with the singular exception of Woody Allen, ". . . jokes about death from young comics are always glib and jeering since they're not living with the dread in their bones."

O'Donoghue pauses in mid-figure eight. "Yeah, sure," he whinnies. "I'll live forever. That's what gives me the right to make jokes about death. I pity those poor bastards whose hair is falling out and in a few years they can't get it up and start pissing blood and get brown spots on their hands. Fortunately, I won't go through that. I don't fear that at all and of course that's why I make those jibes.

"Listen, pal"—he is now going over Wolcott's head to address mankind itself on behalf of anyone who ever trifled with the mortality of man—"if you make jokes about death, it's not like you're outside the fuckin' *game*!"

•

In man's long climb up the evolutionary ladder, when did he first learn to drown?
—M. O'D.

•

It is entirely consistent with Michael O'Donoghue's philosophy that he would be unapologetic, proud even, about death jokes, eye-gouging jokes, Totie Fields jokes, Karen Ann Quinlan jokes and charnel-house humor in general. In the vocabulary of that philosophy, concepts like sacrilege simply don't exist. Mister Mike snorts at the idea, implied by Wolcott, that comedy writers are somehow duty bound to respect some arbitrary stop sign along the humor continuum that permits a man to slip on a banana peel, but forbids him from sticking needles into his own eyeballs.

There's no such stop sign in O'Donoghue's mind. "If *Edsel* and *Tacoburger* and *Roto-Broil* are funny words," he insists, "then *deathcamp* is a funny word. It's just further down the line. It drives me nuts when people stop at a certain point and say, 'Hold it. This is as far as I'm going!' "

So he continues going all the way down the line, pushing things to the limit, butting heads with the NBC censor and the Mister What's-his-faces of the world. It earns him hate mail in which he revels as if it were praise, and labels like "nihilistic" that leave him less than crushed.

"I had a theory at one point," explains Mister Mike, "that if you can't fuck it, blow it up. Meaning if you can't love it, destroy it. Whatever you put up in its place will be better. A lot of my humor has been along those lines—a search-and-destroy sort of thing."

Which raises that old building up-versus-tearing down controversy. Whereupon O'Donoghue turns dead serious. Destruction, he maintains, "requires lots and lots of skill. And it performs a function for society, knocking down dead things."

•

If the Romans hadn't had capital punishment, Christ would be alive today.—M. O'D.

•

Michael O'Donoghue has spent the better part of the past 15 years serving as a one-man

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Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

O'DONOGHUE "If Stevie Wonder were to leap from a tall building or be pulled below the waves by a riptide, would his entire life pass before his ears?"

social-demolition crew, laying waste to everything from beloved American maxims ("You can't eat your cake and fuck it too") to beloved American heroes ("If Lenny Bruce had really been any good, they'd have given him the chair") to beloved American pets ("Lassie's real name is Elaine Horowitz"). Long before *Saturday Night* provided the means for savaging the Babbitts coast to coast, Mister Mike had been mortifying the thousands who read the *National Lampoon* or heard its *Radio Hour* offspring, enriching the annals of blasphemy. There were *Children's Letters to the Gestapo* ("Dear Heinrich Himmler: How do you get all those people into your oven? We can hardly get a pork roast into ours") and *The Vietnamese Baby Book* ("Baby's First Word: 'Medic!' ") and *Lt. Calley's Kill the Children Federation* ("We're not trying to destroy the whole world. Just a little piece of it").

There was *Underwear for the Deaf*, a regular feature in which the hard of hearing, personified by a dumb blond in black lingerie, always ended up getting it in the ear. And *Cowgirls at War*, probably the only action comic in history to set a rotating cast of S/M lesbians in skimpy western duds to fighting the Nazis and each other with burp guns and whips in a shattered French farmhouse, while mouthing dialog composed exclusively of pulp-fiction clichés: "Oh Gwen, I never knew it could be like this!!!"

•

In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed man is king and Sandy Duncan is queen.
—M. O'D.

•

Mister Mike cheerfully concedes that despite certain notable exceptions (*The Vietnamese Baby Book*, for example—a Swiftian assault on American complacency over the genocide in Southeast Asia), high moral purpose is only an occasional stimulus in his work. "Sometimes," he confesses, "I just like to mindlessly kick ass and get people off." And bizarre as are the directions his mischief making often follows, he equally often offers up oblique little insights:

"Cats think shoeboxes are coffins."
"Mice think bats are angels."
"Licorice is the liver of candy."
"Tulips are the vodka of flowers."
"If Stevie Wonder were to leap from a tall building or be pulled below the waves by a riptide, would his entire life pass before his ears?"

Built into virtually every O'Donoghue utterance is some degree of affront to tender middle-class, white American sensibilities. This impulse to shock can be attributed to mere misanthropy, collegiate callowness, a reaction against the pastel-tinted pap that passed for humor in the Fifties while Mister Mike was growing up or a simple rebellion against authority. Insofar as he credits any of them, O'Donoghue credits the latter. "If some elevator operator says I can't stop on that floor, I just go *nuts*, from zero to a hundred in *seconds*. I always had big, big authority problems—still do."

•

The papers should report the state of underwear in fatal car wrecks.—M. O'D.

•

Whatever the cause, the outrage factor tends to obscure the pure craftsmanship invested in making those utterances memorable, in making the images stick. O'Donoghue, working in magazines or radio or television, goes to inordinate lengths—and goads art directors and sound engineers and set designers to exhaustion—to mount his words, set his scenes, dress his characters just exactly so. Not just a limousine in the *porte cochere*, but a Hispano-Suiza. Not just cork-tip cigarettes in the drawing-room scene, but Murad cork-tip cigarettes. Not just a few breezy notes about sound and lighting and costumes on a TV script, but a whole catalog of specific, detailed commands. O'Donoghue's is a creative mind with hospital corners, the mind of a perfectionist. He is also that rarity, a writer with a photographic visual sense who knows how the eye works and what it wants to see.

Aural or visual or verbal, O'Donoghue's tableaux are pieced together like a mosaic from a mental inventory of atmospheric details, argot, period flavor and social manners that amount to an obsession with accuracy, loading the humblest joke with the burden of trying to be art.

It's a methodical obsession. There's been barely a snatch of idiot dialog, a weird fact or a blip of comic inspiration encountered over the years that Mister Mike hasn't faithfully recorded on the spot in one of his ever-handy notebooks, to be entered later under the appropriate heading into a system of ledgers and file folders worthy of the late J. Edgar Hoover. ("The human skin weighs about six pounds," reads a sample entry.)

Perfectionism takes time. Mister Mike's art isn't a career so much as a monomania pursued 24 hours a day; wives, kiddies and bridge games would only get in the way. O'Donoghue's private and professional lives long ago merged into a single force that attracts only those elements, personal or professional, useful to the cause. The cause itself seems not to be money or even fame, welcome though these side benefits may be. No, Mister Mike's goal appears larger and murkier: something like subverting the media from within, gaining control, then seizing power as master of a new world order where his foes—censors, liberals, dull-witted editors, petty bureaucrats, snotty waiters, certain former *Lampoon* colleagues, douche bags and human swill of every race and creed and color—will finally get the lumps they deserve.

•

There's something thrilling about blowing one's nose on a cocktail napkin.—M. O'D.

•

Born in Utica, New York, and migrating Dick Whittington-style to Manhattan from the upstate wastelands in the mid-Sixties, O'Donoghue began selling pieces to *Evergreen Review*; co-wrote (with

George W.S. Trow) a film, *Savages*; and developed a budding avant-garde reputation. But Mister Mike fully hit his stride when he and the then-fledgling *National Lampoon* connected in 1969.

The early *Lampoon* deserves far more of a niche in the chronicles of modern American humor than those in charge of certifying such things will probably ever be able to admit. It burst into being almost by spontaneous combustion, the proverbial idea whose time had come. If it didn't already exist, it would have had to be invented to give voice to the small mob of creative upstarts—products of the postwar baby boom sprung from college and now hot to trot—whose comic vision not only disgusted their would-be clients at the established national magazines, but was in large part dedicated to demolishing the very values those magazines espoused. Written off as a fart, tit and jerk-off sheet, roundly condemned by the media establishment for its crassness and nastiness and cynicism, that early *Lampoon* was really guilty only of youth and of having perfect cultural pitch. The era of Kent State, Cambodia and Richard M. Nixon & Co. called for satire with more teeth than the prattle of Johnny Carson or the harmless spleen of S. J. Perelman were up to; and the *Lampoon* answered the call.

•

If you don't get shot in this decade, nobody really believes you're dead.—M. O'D.

•

It wasn't easy for Mister Mike—or for his confreres. For O'Donoghue, chivvying a new piece past all obstacles, ambushes and fuck-ups and into print exactly as he wanted it was almost impossible without yet another feud added to his extensive collection or the destruction of one more innocent article of office furniture. The *Lampoon* of the early Seventies was a tiny physical space packed tightly with towering egos and volatile natures; fast ducking was required to avoid being hit by flying debris, physical and verbal. Such conflict has seldom fazed O'Donoghue, but the more or less permanent strain helped diminish his zest, and by 1973 he wandered away from the magazine to produce, direct, write and act in his own *Lampoon Radio Hour*.

The *Radio Hour* subsequently folded, but not before *Saturday Night*'s Lorne Michaels heard enough to hire Mister Mike for his new NBC comedy project. And as at the *Lampoon*, so too at *Saturday Night*: arbiter of style, setter and enforcer of standards, *eminence grise*. Not to mention wall-banging, door-kicking, phone-throwing *enfant terrible*.

But even the giddy plateau of *Saturday Night* seems to be serving our Mister Mike only as a way station. Moving with the swift, sure instincts of a media Son of Sam, he has recently broadened his venue by collaborating on the writing of ex-*Saturday Night* idol Chevy Chase's forthcoming major motion picture comedy. The O'Donoghue function on the show has, in the third season, shifted from writer to part-time writer and consultant—signifying not only a loftier role than the grinding out of weekly scripts but a less intense involvement, making room for "future TV projects" hidden thus far in the not-allowed-to-talk-about-it secrecy that attends such epochal plans.

•

Animals don't leave fingerprints.—M. O'D.

•

The apotheosis of Michael O'Donoghue seems more than anything else a testament to the power of the tube. The energy and the talent and the brains had always been there; day by day for years and years he had been writing and thinking and living his own stubborn vision of art and entertainment. When he did reach *Saturday Night* and the NBC cameras, that vision changed not at all. Same old Mister Mike, slipping the same cold proctoscope up America's anal canal to the permissible hilt. He was most of all an intellectual, a thinker, stuffed with the works of Saki and Southern and Nathanael West. His natural *métier* would seem to be the more thoughtful world of magazines and books; but books reach thousands, magazines a few million tops, and *Saturday Night* upwards of twenty million. *Twenty million*, at one instantaneous crack. There is power in that statistic, and opportunity, and Mister Mike was poised and ready for both.

I look ahead to some day in the not-too-distant future, when it wouldn't surprise me in the least to see a Michael O'Donoghue TV series produced, written, performed in and directed by Mister Mike. And Michael O'Donoghue movies, ditto. And even a Michael O'Donoghue act at Caesars Palace in Vegas. I can see it now: A stark, dimly lit set. In the background, 16 buxom chorines in nuns' habits form a semicircle, suspended from meat hooks. In the foreground a simple podium, where Mister Mike in a white Palm Beach suit, holding a little poodle dressed in a teeny black SS uniform, slowly dons those glasses of his with the smoked black lenses and commences to read his poem about the bears:

The people fill the stadium
To see mice dance on radium
And ice-pick murders are the rage.
The bears are dead.
Unlock the cage.

The Royal Fusilliers believe
That Persians take ten years to weave
The carpets of the British king.
The bears have eaten everything.

You think the bears are dead.
You lock your cage.
The bears come back and eat
everything.
The end. □

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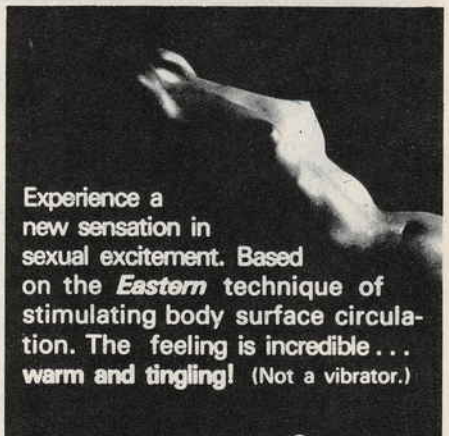

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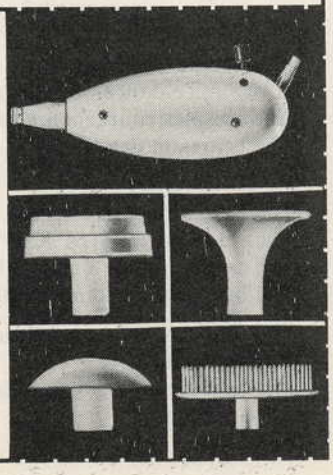

FILM

(Continued from page 38)

Army's Uncle Sam "I Want You" recruiting poster. If the real-life MacArthur had been as boring as Gregory Peck played him, President Harry S. Truman would have left him in command in Korea—with no questions asked.

The George C. Wallace Backsliding in Stature Award (given to the star who best lowers himself or herself to the acting level of Richard Roundtree):

The Wallace Award goes to two men who fell from grace in the same motion picture, *A Piece of the Action*: Bill Cosby and Sidney Poitier. Further, a special citation goes to Poitier for directing *Action* almost as poorly as he performed in it. The only other "double-threat" winners of the Wallace Medal are Gene Kelly, Jack Webb and, of course, the legendary Jerry Lewis.

The Cecil B. DeMille Wretched Excess Award (given to the director who spends the most possible money for the least possible effect):

This priceless honor is bestowed upon the youthful Steven Spielberg, who gave up his rubber shark and other bathtub toys to lavish a whopping $20,000,000 on *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.* Borrowing heavily from the Alfred Hitchcock bag of spellbinding tricks, Spielberg promised something truly unique, but fell disappointingly short with a gilt-edged combination-rehash of *North by Northwest* and *The Day the Earth Stood Still.*

But the stunning success of *Close Encounters* cannot be denied, even if it was an extraterrestrial anticlimax by *Star Wars* standards. If it did nothing else, the film clearly underscored the remarkable strength of American moviemaking: "There's a sucker born every minute . . . ready and willing to pay four bucks a head to see any movie made in 70mm with a Dolby sound system."

The Academy Board of Governors' "Benedict Arnold" Award (given to the one irreverent individual who gets into the most hot water with his peers by biting the hand that feeds him):

The handsome Benedict Arnold plaque is awarded to Oscar-winning director William Friedkin, for his no-frills production of last year's Academy Awards night for television. Breaking all tradition, Friedkin tried to cut short the thank-you speeches, cover up the cleavages of female presenters and restore some semblance of meaning and dignity to the proceedings.

Though he failed abysmally in the end, Friedkin did receive the highest honor a Hollywood renegade can earn in his lifetime. Rona Barrett vowed she would never forgive him for making a mockery of the awards.

And who needs an Oscar when you win a tribute like that? ☐

TV We're too lazy, busy or stoned to call up the station. That's how the crazies stay in control.

(Continued from page 32)

cide for the stations which of their on-camera staff are appealing to the audience. The stations, paying a fat fee for this advice, follow it in sheeplike obedience.

The result is vanilla. If the "talent" doesn't fit the mold, it is either trained to do so (gelded) or fired. Welcome to the *Ken & Barbie Show*.

An example of the type of person they'd surely recommend firing would be someone who is overweight, looks Jewish, speaks with a distinct New York accent, refuses to fly, is literate and opinionated, displays irreverence and can't read copy very well. That's why Gene Shalit will never get a job on a local TV station.

Some further examples:

Item: Ted Dawson, a sportscaster of considerable class and talent, was once up for a job at KOA-TV in Denver that paid $15,000 a year. He didn't get it, on the advice of a consultant company. The guy they recommended was hired. He stank. The same company then suggested Dawson a year later for the same job at KMGH in Denver at $30,000. He turned it down. If you wanna see Ted Dawson, watch CBS' O & O in L.A.

Item: Thayer Walker, a highly professional, dig-it-up reporter, worked for KOLO-TV in Reno in 1972. Former Congressman Walter Baring was hospitalized for what the press was told was "indigestion." Thayer talked to the ambulance driver and hospital attendants on the case and discovered that the politico suffered not from a tummyache, but a heart attack. It was an election year, so the true story was killed by station manager Jim Herzig, because he had reason to believe that the station's owner, Don Reynolds, was in Baring's camp. Check it out, news fans.

Item: A sports director was hired at KATU-TV in Portland, Oregon, in 1977 on the advice of McHugh/Hoffman, the consulting company. That was the year, if you recall, that the Portland Trail Blazers won the national championship. *The sports director hardly went to a single game*, according to Bill Walton, a tall person who did attend.

News and public service are departments responsible for the majority of local production, but there's little profit in public service, so the news boss swings the weight. Station managers and program directors, their imposing titles notwithstanding, are generally obedient to his whims. Take, for instance, KCRA in Sacramento, California.

It was the night of the first network airing of *Medical Center*. Ten minutes before the end of the program, just when the plot was at its cliff-hanger-most, they cut away from the program in order to broadcast "live" the monumentally dull spectacle of Gerald Ford stepping off the Presidential plane. "I thought he might stumble," was the intrepid news director's vacant rationale. Try telling *that* to over 300 irate phone callers.

The following morning I listened in disbelief as he seriously suggested to the program director that they air the missed ending segment of *Medical Center* next week, right after—you guessed it—*Medical Center*. He probably would have, too, only they forgot to tape it.

The really depressing capper to that incident occurred when the news director was finally canned six months later. He was replaced by a guy whom he had trained for the job. It's like a buffalo teaching a weasel brain surgery.

It's only fair to report that from this very same local station came topflight network talent like John Martin, a superb journalist who is currently with ABC in New York. Neither above-mentioned news director was very happy with John when he was a local staffer, because Martin reported the truth, spelled correctly and did all that uppity stuff. Another is Joan Lunden, also now with ABC in New York. Without a doubt one of the hardest-working young television commentators in the business. She does *Good Morning, America*. Wave hello, Sacramento.

Local stations love to brag to their networks that they are attuned to the opinions of their respective local audiences, but it's bullshit. That's because they rely almost exclusively upon a woefully inaccurate, but delightfully cheap, bellwether system—the ol' Incoming Phone Call. They know, but refuse to acknowledge, that there are only two basic types of callers-in. There are the Irates and the Compulsives. Self-explanatory. Many of the Irates are also Compulsives and vice versa. So the bottom line is that they rarely hear from anyone *else*.

What nobody seems to recognize is that there is a huge segment of the viewing audience who, no matter how much they like something, won't call in to say so, simply because it doesn't occur to them. People who call in complaints are people who *like* to call in complaints. And *they*, goddamn it, are the ones the local stations cater to. The special-interest groups know this and manipulate the stations easily.

Actually, calling in when you enjoy something or someone on your local television station is a terrific idea, but you and I know that we're not going to practice it: We're too lazy, preoccupied, busy, unconcerned or stoned. And that's how the crazies stay in control.

Me, I'm just gonna watch reruns until I catch the last ten minutes of the first *Medical Center*. □

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GRAND PRIX Andretti doesn't enjoy driving with Hunt. "He's one of the topliners I just can't trust...He's not enjoyable to race with...He'll shut the door on you."

(Continued from page 96)
middle, behind the driver, where Porsche had put them in the prewar Auto Unions.

Cooper and Lotus were first to build these machines, and with them came a new batch of future champions: Jim Clark, John Surtees, Graham Hill, Jackie Stewart. From New Zealand and Australia came Jack Brabham, Bruce McLaren and Denny Hulme. From America there were Dan Gurney, Phil Hill and Ritchie Ginther. These drivers no longer sat up and drove in their shirt sleeves; they all but lay down, cocooned in gasoline tanks that were built into the walls of the chassis. These men were far more serious about the game than their predecessors. If you won a race, maybe you won $5000. Half of it went to the car owner and 10 percent to the mechanics—which is still true today—so nobody was getting rich. But the competition was that much keener; the cars went that much quicker—and you had to stay that much more alert to stay alive.

Many didn't. Even Jimmy Clark, who won 25 Grand Prix (a number narrowly surpassed only by Jackie Stewart), was killed—as were Jochen Rindt, the only man to become world champion posthumously; Jo Siffert, the Swiss who had the talent to become a champion; Bruce McLaren; the brothers Pedro and Ricardo Rodriguez; the charming Piers Courage; the quiet Mike Spence; the aloof Jo Bonnier; and such talented Italians as Lorenzo Bandini and Ludovico Scarfiotti. But Stewart survived and more than any individual began campaigning for safer cars and tracks and clothing. At the same time, Stewart began promoting himself and undoubtedly became racing's first million-dollar driver. He charged $100 to kiss your baby, so to speak. He hired himself promoters and a manager—the same New York people who packaged Arnold Palmer and a lot of other superstars—about the same time that the promoters began to see the light. The key car builders—Colin Chapman of Lotus; Teddy Meyer, who took over McLaren Racing when Bruce McLaren was killed; and Bernie Ecclestone, business manager of the Brabham racing organization—began to realize that *they*, not the track owners or sanctioning bodies like the CSI-FIA, had what the people paid to see. So they formed the Formula I Constructors Association, and took the show and packaged it—like the PGA or Jack Kramer's tennis circus.

These men wrought other sweeping changes, too. Colin Chapman, the genius designer behind Lotus, was the first to abandon British racing green and paint his Grand Prix cars in the colors of his sponsor, a cigarette manufacturer. Others followed suit. Cars became flying billboards, prompting the old maestro Fangio to note sourly: "In my day at least we died for our country. Today a man dies for a prophylactic company." (A reference to John Surtees' team, which is sponsored primarily by Durex, the big British rubber company.)

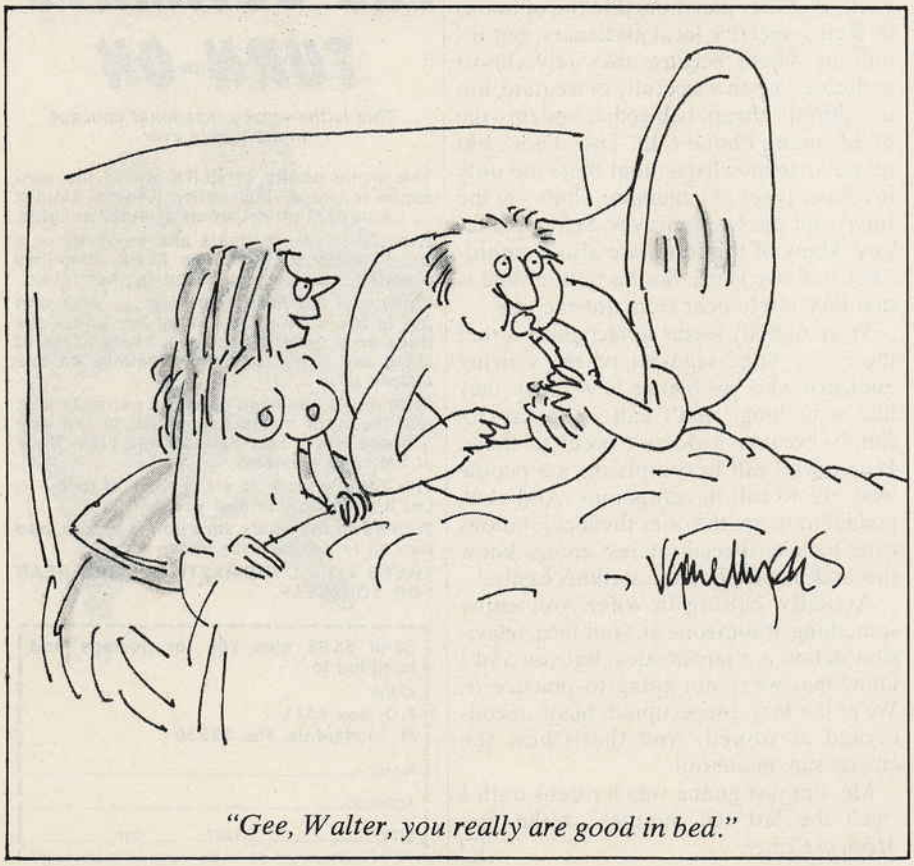
Eventually, Japan was added to the list of stopping places for the circus and—is nothing sacred?—the United States was granted *two* championship races—Watkins Glen and Long Beach. [See pages 93 and 94.] Nationalism still plays a big part. "It's that that keeps the show so popular," Meyer admits. "It's the international rivalry." It's also the money. Anyone with enough money and influence to get a date on the incredibly crowded calendar can get a Grand Prix. The price this year is between $500,000 and $650,000 as a guarantee. The show opens in South America in January and ends in Canada in October. The casual days of Alfa Romeo versus Delage are gone. Today, for your money, the constructors offer you 14 or 15 regular teams, fielding 22 highly competitive cars, which are flown about the globe in the bellies of chartered 707s.

The cars are dazzlingly sophisticated, exotic to the point of erotic, and come with a set of exceedingly fast young men with magnificent looks and gunfighter eyes. Top racing drivers don't come ugly.

The new Grand Prix chassis are knee-high and as long as a VW. And whereas 15 years ago Bruce McLaren and a welder could build one well within a week, the job now takes nine men working ten hours a day for nine weeks—at a cost of $75,000. Engines used to cost about $2500 a copy. Now a single Cosworth V8, which is what most teams use, costs $27,000. "And," says McLaren's Teddy Meyer, "we use them for one race in the number-two car and then tear them down and do a six-thousand-dollar rebuild before they're ready to go in the number-one car.

"We used to use chalk marks on the floor to lay up a chassis when I began fifteen years ago," Meyer adds. "Now we have an eight-hundred-page shop manual. The cars today are as different in complexity as the Mercury spacecraft was to the Apollo moon-landers."

The Cosworth engine develops about 500 hp at 10,500 rpm from 3 liters, or 186 cubic inches (the same engine, used in USAC Indy-style racing, turbocharged and run on methanol instead of ethyl, produces 925 hp). The cars must weigh at least 1265 pounds dry, and they'll go to 100 mph and back to a stop in under ten seconds with ease. McLaren's new Grand Prix car, the M26, is built with an aluminum skin that is between 20 and 40 thousandths of an inch thick. Beneath this skin is a honeycomb layer of plastic, sandwiched with a layer of fiberglass or Kevlar glass. In Detroit, Tyler Alexander, the man who runs McLaren's



"Gee, Walter, you really are good in bed."

American division, says, "We have a special room with a big oven here and a vacuum pump to suck the air out of the honeycomb and lay up the chassis. We subscribe to all the technical and space journals to keep up with what's going on, and when we see a new airfoil shape or material we try it on the cars. The M26 is so advanced we're calling it 'The Space Shuttle.' "

Titanium is largely used in place of aluminum. The half-shafts, the roll-over bars, the front frame supporting the wing and nose, and even the foot pedals are all titanium.

The new Brabham dispenses with water radiators; instead, the skin has panels that double as heat exchangers. There are no instruments other than a tachometer. If a driver wants to know his water or oil temperature, he punches a button and gets an LED readout on the center of the steering wheel. Every time he passes the pits, his lap times come up, too.

The new Lotus may be only a refinement of last year's model, but it's still so radical that its number-one driver, Andretti, says, "I'm sorry, but I don't care to talk about it. You're going to see four copies of it this year, and I guarantee you all but one will miss the point." The one that won't will be built by Ralph Bellamy, who built last season's Lotus and then left the team.

"Let's just say it's the best racing car I've ever laid hands on," Andretti says. "It's very critical to set up, but I seem to know what to do because I never went to the line last year thinking, 'Shit! I'm really out to lunch.' " Driving these cars is a job as complex as the machines themselves. Aside from monitoring his digital punchboard, Niki Lauda, who has left Ferrari to drive the new Brabham, is going to have to be continually adjusting the stiffness of the front and rear roll bars. This is done from the cockpit. If the track starts to get oily, for instance, and the car starts to oversteer (in other words, the back end wants to overtake the front), he'll adjust the sway bar to give more grip at the rear wheels. In some cars the driver also manually operates the fuel tanks, switching from one to another periodically to keep the weight even and the car balanced. "These," says Andretti, "are things we never used to dream of."

Tyler is skeptical about the Brabham's digital stuff. "The drivers have enough to do to keep the cars aimed straight as it is," he says. "If you tried punching up your water temperature going into turn one at Indy, you'd all of a sudden find yourself on Sixteenth Street."

There are generally 14 or so different makes of cars on the tour. Each of them has different design solutions to the same problems. No two are remotely alike. Yet when qualifying ends, the first 10 to 14 cars will generally be separated by less than a second over a three- or four-mile course. And positions on the grid often have to be decided by a hundredth of a second.

"It's a fine edge," says Andretti. "And whatever you can possibly do, you've got to do, because if you don't, the next guy will and then he's got the edge."

"What happens if the bee has a premature ejaculation?"

"IS THAT ARROGANT?"

Andretti considers the Englishman James Hunt (the man whose wife ran off with Richard Burton), driving for McLaren, to be his chief rival next year. He doesn't enjoy racing with Hunt. "He's one of the topliners I just can't trust," he says. "It's proven over and over again. I've seen it. Whenever people pass him, it's a near miss every time. He's not enjoyable to race with. You could race with Niki or [John] Watson and have fun. But not Hunt. He'll shut the door on you." That's Andretti's way of saying he'll cut you off in the corner.

Hunt is not much more pleasant off the track. He won the Japan Grand Prix and then wouldn't attend the awards presentation because he was in too big of a hurry and the organizers wouldn't supply him with a helicopter to leave the track.

It's a miracle to many people that Hunt has lived long enough and organized himself well enough to get a Grand Prix drive at all. On his erratic and crash-ridden way up the ladder, he was known as "Hunt the Shunt." Nevertheless, today's Grand Prix drivers are the cream of a wildly competitive cactus league, and they come from all over the world. There's not just glory in it now; there's huge money for the drivers, too. The Brazilian Emerson Fittipaldi is widely touted as the most highly paid athlete in the world, and whether or not that's so, it's a cinch that Andretti, Hunt and Lauda are all making close to $1,000,000 a year.

When Pete Biro wanted Lauda to do some advance promotion for the Long Beach race, Lauda held up five fingers. "Five thousand a day it will cost you."

Lauda is typical of the kind of man it takes to get the most out of today's complex Grand Prix cars. It's a standing joke on the circuit that Brabham hired him away from Ferrari this year to drive its radical new car because "Brabham's built a computer and they want a computer to drive it."

Lauda even excels Andretti in testing. But unlike Andretti, who calls himself "the Dutch uncle" of the circus, Lauda is a cold and distant individual.

"People say I'm arrogant," he told British journalist Keith Botsford. "And yes, the truth is I have difficulty with people. I have difficulty with their demands on me. I don't want to be owned by others. I don't want my body and my clothes to belong to them. But is that arrogant? Am I not entitled to a life of my own? It is not my doing that I'm clapped or booed or that people try to tear me limb from limb."

Try telling Lauda it's the price of superstardom. Try telling him that at his prices he might be a little more giving. And no doubt he'll tell you he's given enough already. □

NEXT may

THE REINCARNATION OF MARILYN MONROE

This lady's got the legs, the lips, the hair and the body to make you miss your bus and itch for more than seven years. But she's no female impersonator; she's very much for real. Like to meet her? Stay tuned.

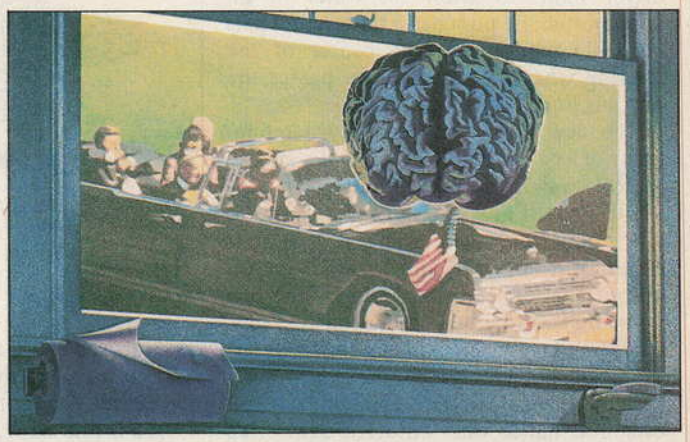
PARDON MY RAT HAIR

There's nothing wrong with eating insect parts and rodent hairs, says the FDA, because that stuff is just clean dirt. It won't hurt you. Besides, there are limits—only 59 insect heads per pound of fig paste, for example. A report that gives new meaning to You Are What You Eat.

Rx FOR OLYMPIC GAMES FEVER

Aside from taking two aspirin, there's not much Los Angeles can do for the next six years. Other than spend $30,000,000 on security.

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND APRIL 11TH



MAKING FRIENDS WITH MAE BRUSSEL

She claims to have the inside dope on everybody from Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Freddie Prinze, to Jimmy Hoffa, JFK and the FBI—not to mention the untold story of the *real* Howard Hughes. All this and more by the eminent publisher and raconteur, Paul Krassner.

PLUS:

A very uncomfortable interview with General George Keegan, the former Assistant Chief of Staff of U. S. Intelligence; John Waters' wacko confessions of a trial groupie (what did he learn about Patty Hearst and Charlie Manson that the straight press never reported?); Doris Barrow's remembrances of her short—but exciting—career as a female porn cutter; Ed Naha with the last rites for punk rock; D. Keith Mano's baseball predictions for 1978; when and how to borrow money from a loan shark; athletes talk about getting it up; a thwarted attempt to defend Barry Manilow; a glimpse at hot beach radios; and an illegal though provocative female-flasher pictorial.

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BURTON When I go to a party, people literally shake. They think I'm going to do things terribly outrageous, like kicking them in the teeth or pouring beer over their heads.

(Continued from page 72)
won't fight each other . . . we'll fight with each other against everybody else." He said, "Oh, thank God you said that." So that was the agreement. Roger being the permanent referee, the arbiter: "All right, cool it, boys." As you know, he's a divine man. Roger's the only one with the hangover.

OUI: Yet most recent interviews are still dwelling heavily on your boozing?

BURTON: Yeah, I get fed up answering the same questions all the time. But I was talking to Harris the other day, who himself is pretty good with the bottle—well, he was at one time—and he said, "The most awful thing is when somebody comes up to you and says, 'Do you remember that night in Nine Elms [Kent, England] when we stayed up till six in the morning, and you spoke the Crispin speech in the middle of Paddington Station?' And you don't remember it at all. You don't know if they're making it up. Imagine all we've missed." W.C. Fields, apparently toward the end of his life, said, "I wonder what it would have been like without the booze." And Harris and myself went into a profound study last night, trying to imagine what our lives would have been like without booze. And there's no way of working it out. Alcohol on the scale that Harris and I have taken it is by no means standard. Incredible amounts . . . well into the third bottle every day.

OUI: But this isn't the first time you've given up the bottle.

BURTON: No. I remember when I had agreed to appear on *The David Frost Show*. Frost was going through a bad time, or so he claimed. He said if I went on, it'd pick him up. And I'm always a sucker for that kind of thing. So I went on and then forgot all about it. About six months later, I was sitting in Malibu at a friend's house and it came on the box. I looked at myself . . . that's when I first gave up booze, because my face was so larded with alcohol. My cheekbones had disappeared from sight . . . my eyes were slits. I thought, "God almighty," and stopped drinking for a year. Pure vanity. Wasn't feeling ill or anything. That was the first time I stopped drinking.

OUI: Do you find that your reputation as a hell-raiser precedes you?

BURTON: Oh, I've had that for years. I'd go to a party, which I rarely do, and I'd see people literally shake. They think I'm going to do something terribly outrageous, like kicking them in the teeth or pouring beer over their heads. Maintaining a sense of humor about the whole thing is the key, though.

OUI: Yes, but you've certainly led a high-profile life. Does trouble seek you out?

BURTON: I suppose I'm incident-prone. I remember a night at the bar of a Salzburg hotel after work. Suddenly a man came and sat beside me. He ordered drinks all 'round and said, "You're Richard Burton, aren't you?" "No," I replied, "I'm Paul Scofield." Suddenly, after half an hour, the man pulled a gun from a shoulder holster and stuck it in my stomach. I tried to make light of it. "You can kill me, you can kill my friends—but don't kill my dog," I told him; then I finally said, "Don't be so bloody silly—piss off." Brook Williams [an actor friend], who was sitting next to me, whispered, "Richard, for Christ's sake be careful, it's loaded and cocked . . . one of those .45 magnums that can blow a hole right through three of us in a row." It was strange. There we were drinking until two-thirty in the morning, and halfway through it all, Elizabeth came to the balcony—it was one of those hotels with the bar in the lobby, ten stories down. She yelled, "Richard, are you coming to bed?" I just waved back. Well, I couldn't very well say, "Sorry, sweetheart, there's a gun in my ribs." Finally, about three o'clock, Brook stood up and announced, "Well, I'm going for a piss—anyone coming?" And we all got up and left. We called the police and they arrested the fellow. He was an ex-OSS man who lived in Austria. A bit of a nutter. They caught him. And the strange thing was that there was this man from the *London Sunday Times* who'd come to interview Elizabeth—he was also trapped at the bar. And you know, he never wrote a line about it.

OUI: Have there been other times you've run into trouble?

BURTON: One afternoon while I was in West Africa, I went for a ride in the car to see a place I'd seen in *National Geographic*—a village township built on stilts in the middle of a lagoon. When I arrived, there was a massacre right in front of my eyes. I later found out that the tax people had gone to this tribe in the lagoon and been murdered. So the army sent in the next lot of tax collectors with machine guns. They blew up the bloody lot, right in front of my eyes. I scoured the papers for the story of the murders—and found one tiny mention, that's all.

OUI: Do you care what the newspapers or critics say?

BURTON: I don't read stories about myself—haven't for years. A very curious thing happens about the critics. Your curiosity about the notices—especially in a play, because you have to go on the following night—can be intense. But if you can force yourself not to read them, and a year later think, "I wonder what they were like," it's better. You know anyway whether the house is full and how the other actors respond to you. And there's another danger about stage reviews. If the critic says, "Ah, I shall never forget the way he said line X"—that's it. When I played Prince Hal in *Henry IV, Part One*, a critic wrote, "I shall never forget the way Richard Burton said, 'The land is burning, Percy stands on high,' " and so on and so on. Well, that was the end of the couplet for me. It was finished. I was too aware of it and it screwed me up. And I wonder if Edith Evans felt the same way about "a handbag" [in *The Importance of Being Earnest*] when she replayed that part. Good or bad—if you can keep away from reviews, it's much better. In films, of course, it doesn't matter so much because you can't change them anyway. But I don't mind being attacked—as long as it's witty and funny.

OUI: But the amount of press coverage of your private life with Elizabeth Taylor, beginning with *Cleopatra*, was phenomenal, wasn't it?

BURTON: I remember going to Mexico with Elizabeth—the first time ever for both of us. I was doing *Night of the Iguana*, and somebody who knows about such things said *Variety* reported there were 183,000 items about our visit. I take it that's worldwide. Well, first of all, who counts them and what on earth did they say? God knows what they write in Japan or Germany that I don't read.

OUI: Weren't you marvelous copy for the papers with that huge yacht and all those flashy diamonds?

BURTON: Elizabeth and I wanted a house in the south of France, and when we looked around, the prices were astronomical. We went to Monaco and chartered a yacht. It was a super boat, so we decided to buy it and tidy it up. It cost a lot of money in the end—seven million dollars. A little gem with a marvelous library and paintings done by Sotheby's so the salt air couldn't get to them. But we spent practically no time on it, and it turned out to be a complete waste of money. A Japanese finally bought it, I think.

OUI: What about all that jewelry? Were you trying to tell the world something with those huge purchases?

BURTON: Well, I had the money. I bought one diamond costing a million, and now it's worth two and a half million dollars. As long as you keep it in the bank and don't pay the insurance, they're bloody good investments.

OUI: Has the publicity been quite so intense with Susan?

BURTON: When we were trying to get married, two English fellows who wrote for the *National Enquirer* just followed us day and night. We thought we had everything covered because I'm very experienced at

BURTON Elizabeth has lots of assets. She's very comfortable. She doesn't have to worry. It would be nice if her husband became senator for Virginia or wherever it is.

this, as are my mates—hiding your identity, getting on planes and so on. We flew by a very devious route from Hollywood to New York. From there, we were going to Haiti to get our divorces—and hopefully get married. We got on the plane in New York—and there were Mutt and Jeff from the *Enquirer*. I must say I had to laugh. I couldn't believe they found out, because we were Mr. and Mrs. Strangeways on the cast list. Unbelievable—you had to admire them. And then the *Enquirer* offered me twenty thousand dollars to write about Susan and me. They offered our driver two thousand if he would reveal all—what happens between the front and back seats.

OUI: Does it make life difficult for you?

BURTON: You should see the women follow Susie into the ladies' room. They're fascinated by her. She goes in and suddenly there are about ten sailing in after her. Coming out of theaters we've had problems. People ripping buttons off and wanting bits of Susan's hair—very uncomfortable and frightening.

OUI: Is Susan used to it by now?

BURTON: Well, she had a large dose of it before she met me, with James Hunt. But that was, relatively speaking, on a local scale—just Europe and South America. So she'd already had some training in that department. They're like lunatics, you know, those race-driving fans and groupies. [See Grand Prix racing story, page 90—Ed.]

OUI: It's said a man marries the same woman over and over again. Is it true?

BURTON: Well, my three have been terribly different. Sybil was an actress but not a star, and she was quiet. I didn't know anything about her, I've discovered. I was with Sybil for thirteen years. I was with Elizabeth for thirteen years—maybe thirteen is a lucky or unlucky number. But it wasn't until Sybil and I parted that I discovered she had this incredible ability to put things together, and she started a nightclub—a discotheque which became world famous—called Arthur. And there she was making money hand over fist, until she was richer than all of us—probably still is. Thirteen years and I didn't know this side of her at all. And thirteen years with Elizabeth. I don't suppose I know half or an eighth. It's like an iceberg—I've only seen the tip of both women. Both Sybil and Elizabeth were short and dark. And this one's a giant. She's five feet, ten in her bare feet, which makes me only half an inch taller. I've always wanted to marry a woman I can look up to, I said. But tall women always wear those high heels, too. Richard Harris now goes 'round in high heels because his wife is terribly tall. I think she's even taller than Susan. And when he talks about his former marriage, he comes out with the damnedest things. And Roger, too—he's been married twice before. Makes terrible cracks about his ex-wife. Well, you know, I adore both my former wives, but they actively resent former wives, and out it comes in a great stream. I can't be nasty about Elizabeth because I'm so fond of her. I can't be nasty about Sybil, but I can tell funny stories about them all.

OUI: Why did you marry Elizabeth the second time?

BURTON: I've never understood that at all. It's gone in the mists of time.

OUI: There were stories from Liz, around the time of your final divorce, about how complicated it was to split up your vast estates.

BURTON: Absolute rubbish . . . we had the same lawyer, and the same thing happened with both divorces. I said, "Give Elizabeth everything. She can leave me one house and she can have the rest." Which is exactly what happened in both divorces. There was no hacking among lawyers, absolutely nothing at all. I heard the stories too, and I said to Elizabeth: "What's all this? Have you got another lawyer or something?" She said, "No—it's just the press." Elizabeth has lots of assets. She's very comfortable. She doesn't have to worry. It would be nice if her husband became senator for Virginia, or wherever it is.

OUI: Have you met him?

BURTON: Only once. I went up to the house in Gstaad and sat and chatted with John Warner for four or five hours. Elizabeth was there, too. He seemed very nice, and I was curious to know if he could control Elizabeth . . . it seemed as if he could. There was a party starting later in the afternoon, and I got there early because we wouldn't have had a chance of talking once it began. She seemed very happy, which made me happy. I'm hopeless on the phone, but I do talk to Elizabeth now and again, mostly things about our daughter, Maria, who's sixteen and at school in Geneva, and should she have special tuition for this and that—that kind of thing.

OUI: Do you think the senator's-wife role will suit her?

BURTON: A very good part . . . all those sherry parties they have in Washington. Of course, it's very amusing because Warner is a Republican and Elizabeth is a lifelong Democrat, left wing. So I say, How do you reconcile all this? What do you chat about over breakfast? Quite amusing. Anyway, she seems to have married a stable chap, which makes a bit of a change. He's not what you might call "a ticking bomb," as she once described me.

OUI: How did you meet Susan?

BURTON: I was in Gstaad, and Elizabeth and I had agreed to split up again. I stayed on through the Christmas holidays—the children were there. I was just waiting to go to New York to start rehearsing *Equus*, and I thought, "That's it—no more marriages. 'There *shall be* no more marriages.' " Like Hamlet. I was in a queue, waiting to go on a ski lift, and I turned 'round and saw this incredible-looking girl, and I said, "Who's that?" I was very curious, actually, because a few days before, my daughter Liza came home and said, "Guess who I gave a lift to today? He was jogging." I said, "Who?" She said, "James Hunt." I said, "Who the bloody hell is James Hunt?"—because I'm not interested in motor racing, so the name didn't mean anything to me. And she said, "Oh, you must know James Hunt—he's a glamor boy, a motor racing driver." So, at the lift when I said, "Who's that?" and somebody said, "That's James Hunt's wife"—I thought, "Oh, Christ, that name again." And then I thought, "Well, that's no good." I was just thinking of her as a possible . . . a very pretty girl. I met her that night and I was struck by her. And a couple of days later someone said, "You know, the Hunt marriage is on the rocks." So I said, "Oh—let's have her 'round for lunch." She came to the house quite a few times, and I didn't say a word to her—nor she to me. I went to New York and started rehearsing *Equus*, and I said, "Hang it. I've never been without a woman in my life. First my sister, then Sybil whom I'd married very young—Elizabeth, a few in between, then back to Elizabeth. Never been alone." Then I thought, "I wonder if that Susie Hunt was as interested in me as I was in her?" So I telephoned her—remarkable thing for me to do, telephone anybody—and said, "Tell me, would you like to come to New York?" She said, "Ah, well, ah, ah—yes." So she came to New York. It was very unusual.

OUI: Is Susan more placid and even tempered?

BURTON: Oh, no. Placid is not the word. She can get very uptight and very difficult to handle sometimes. I always seem to choose people that are difficult to handle. Maybe I don't want the bovine type. And she's a bit sluggish in the mornings, as to getting up and all that. But compared to Elizabeth, she's Flash Fred. Elizabeth always thought she was early if she was forty-five minutes late. □

(Continued from page 30)

Lou does ticket cashing, professionally. Podiatrist Z, $50,000 in 1978 from feet, hits a $3000 Trifecta. Enter Lou. He'll cash for Z, have perhaps $400 taken off at the window and declare $3000 on April 15th. Z, grateful, might squeeze him a tip; after all, he's saved Z around $800. "Anyhow, way I'm going this year, I'll get the $400 back on my refund."

All right, let's take another one. Say I bet $500 on the Nets. They lose. Suddenly, gee, I don't remember my bet. Bet? Bet? How d'you spell that again? B-E—nope, never met the man. What can Fat Lou do? Take my seven cats hostage? An unpleasant subject. Lou's stomach will grouse with such authority that the waitress says, "In a minute. Can't you see I'm busy?" There's no D & B rating for bettors. And Sol just doesn't like to hear a sad story. It'd spoil his peristalsis. Lou absorbs, absorbs. What else? Sure, there are men from the Italian Conglomerate who're always willing to lend a fist. Laid-back as Dick Cavett. Gucci holsters. They'll be glad to do some debt collecting, right after 8 A.M. Mass. But Fat Lou won't handle that kind of action. "Sol and me, we've never gone near them, not in thirty years. I've seen it happen too often. Once you use them, they're your partners for life. It's like a cancer. I don't care how refined they look. They're animals. They revert." This surprises me. I thought the Mafia was used up by now, strictly a Francis Ford Coppola production. "Don't believe it, friend. If anything they've got more power than ever. And they draw cops like a bitch in heat."

For some time OTB has been talking football-baseball-hockey. Fat Lou will laugh at that. He lights up a Baby Ruth, tapping it out on his wrist. "Go on, tell me. How're they gonna do it? I mean, with point spreads, the way the public is used to it. Suppose people lay $20,000,000 on the Jets. Is the state gonna take a licking like I do? Are they gonna raise taxes to pay off? Best they can do is make a pool out of it, but who'll put up $100 to win $20 on a favorite? And the corruption. Beating the state—that's like beating Hitler. It's almost patriotic. They'll be selling quarterbacks like off a used-car lot."

We stand outside La Cloacum. Fat Lou's elbow has dug through his jacket arm.

"Um," Fat Lou is being careful. "You follow the Ivy League. What about Penn-Princeton basketball this weekend?"

"Penn could win. Then again Princeton could win."

"Yeah, athletes. They're like women, the stupid pricks."

I say goodbye. Fat Lou ughs himself into the Plymouth. A moribund species, I think. And one of the few civil, reliable service industries left in America. □

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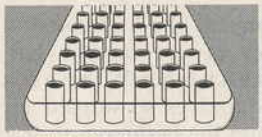

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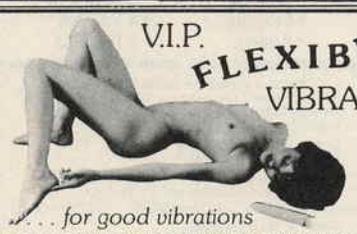
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Mo. YR.

SEX TAPES LETTERS She moaned and her eyelids closed. The shower sounded like an express train.

(Continued from page 28)
a phone booth without sniffing it to see if anyone's been jacking off in there lately.

JONATHAN N.
Los Angeles, California

My old man and I have a habit of sitting in the corner of our favorite bar and masturbating each other. We have on occasion gotten ourselves so worked up that we've gone into the bathroom to screw.

Last week I met him at the bar for what was to have been a quick drink, because I had to get up for work the next day and didn't want to be out late. I was wearing a long, antique crepe dress, which must have turned him on, because while we were talking–about sex–he put his hand underneath the dress and proceeded to get me very wet.

We left soon afterwards and he said he wanted to walk me home–he lives with another woman–because he wanted to be with me awhile longer.

Then, when we were passing the little park near my apartment, he said he wanted to sit on the bench for a while. So we went into the darkest corner of the park and sat under some trees. After some conversation, he slipped his hand under my still-wet panties and played with my clit. Finally, he took his cock out of his pants and I lifted up my dress, pushed my panties aside and sat on his lap.

It was not the easiest sex we'd ever had, because I had to stop bouncing every time people walked by. I know a lot of people noticed anyway, but that just made it more exciting. When I came, I just kept sitting there on his cock, but he fell out of me pretty soon anyway because we were both laughing so hard.

It was a great turn-on for both of us, and we're planning to do it in the snow this coming winter.

DEBRA T.
New York, New York

Sex and Politics

Politics was responsible for one of the best fucks I've ever had. It was the night before the local elections, and my girl was trying to talk me into voting. I didn't see much point in it–I don't really care who's ripping off my tax money–but she's one of these people who's always trying to make the world a better place. She said I had to vote against the machine candidate, that the Republican challenger was a good man who would upset the patronage system and roust the bureaucrats who'd been living off the fat of the land. I told her she was a fool and she told me I was a cad. We both lost our tempers and she stormed outside, slamming the door. I sat quietly for a few minutes; then I fixed myself one more vodka-and-tonic (we were both pretty soused, as you may have guessed) and headed upstairs to take a shower.

I didn't hear her come back in the house because of the pounding of the water, but suddenly she was there in the bathroom, naked. She pulled back the shower curtain and joined me under the faucet. Neither of us said a word about the argument. We just soaped and washed each other; then I grabbed her and kissed her, as the hot water beat on my shoulders. I felt my dick rising; suddenly it was pressing against her velvety crotch. She sighed and leaned against the tiles. I pressed forward and she bent her knees a little. With my feet wide apart, and leaning over so that I wouldn't fall, I gripped her buttocks and slipped my prick up inside her. She moaned and her eyelids closed. The shower sounded like an express train. It occurred to me that if I toppled over backwards I might kill myself, so I didn't waste any time with fancy strokes. The water was beginning to turn cold when my semen spurted up into her cunt, which was clutching me in a responsive orgasm. When I pulled out, she slid down the wall until she was sitting in the tub. I turned off the shower, and as the water drained out we both shook our heads and laughed, because we both knew that the intensity of our just-completed fuck was due to the argument we'd had earlier.

The next day she voted and I didn't, but I heard no criticism. And, just as I expected, the machine candidate won by a landslide–or at least what appeared to be a landslide. Which goes to show you that a good fuck is worth a lot more than a wasted vote.

LESTER J.
Chicago, Illinois

Male Orgasm

I think it's funny that doctors and the media have just discovered what plain old fuckers like us have known for centuries–that you can prolong intercourse, and eventually blow both yourself and your chick right out of the sack, by getting right to the edge of orgasm and not going over the brink. Patience pays off. But I never thought of those "almost" orgasms as orgasms–just as work. They're what you have to go through before you can really start fucking. In fact, I would go so far as to say that if a guy has never learned to control his orgasm that way, then he can't even imagine what's possible. Of course, this isn't something you want to do every time you go to bed. You don't always have the time, for one thing. Your partner may not have the time, either. But believe me, the technique works.

RAY L.
Hot Springs, Arkansas

MUSIC Can white men sing the middle-class blues? You betcha. 'Cause nobody else would want to.

(Continued from page 34)

concert barefoot on a hot plate while singing songs exclusively about teenage private parts could prove beneficial.

Paul Simon. Now, here's a performer with both global appeal and total respect. A living legend, Simon is, along with Dylan, *the* song poet. A sensitive human being. An excellent folk guitarist. Lamentably, Paul is the possessor of a receding hairline and a fairly cuddly, wholesome image (which really knocks out the *macho* bit). He plays mostly gentle, acoustic tunes and is exceedingly literate. He just never approaches the cathartic stage Presley displayed regularly. His songs don't sneer, they smile. His vocals aren't wanton, they're wry. A Fonzie wig and tight pants will alter both his image and his vocal prowess. Hiring Kiss as a backup band could also increase Paul's rep as a raver.

Harry Chapin. Harry Chapin's idea of hard rock is Mt. Everest. At this point, Chapin's following is devoted but select, consisting mostly of old Durwood Kirby and Lyle Waggoner fans. Chapin's tunes are torn out of today's headlines, provided you read nothing but yesterday's papers (or maybe *Reader's Digest*). Tunes like *The Sniper, W.O.L.D.* and *The Taxi* are truly rancid slices of life that pale in both scope and delivery when compared with say, *In the Ghetto*—or even *Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear.* Can white men sing the middle-class blues? You betcha. 'Cause nobody else would want to. Angst au-go-go will never replace rock-a-billy.

John Denver. Ever-singing, ever-smiling John Denver's fandom transcends all age barriers. His boosters include parents, grandparents, teenagers, preteens and folk-oriented embryos. Despite the variance in age, however, all his fans have one thing in common: Muzak. A gentle folkie to the hilt (he started out with the Chad Mitchell Trio), John's horn-rimmed Cheshire Cat motif just does not cut to the quick, does not hit the teen anguish bull's-eye. He knows not of heartbreak, acne, rebellion, motorcycle accidents, lust, crabs, Mormon parents or jock itch. He's too busy singing to his pals, the mountains. For a crash course in what it's like to feel teenage trauma, John should try touring with the Fugs, getting rid of his Moe Howard haircut and becoming involved with a voodoo cult that requires human sacrifices nightly. In short: Mix with the common urban kids.

Peter Frampton. If Elvis was the Patron Saint of Swagger, then Peter Frampton is the Angel of Pastoral Plenty. Although he's the biggest teen idol to come along in years, Peter's music lacks, uh, balls. His songs could level a nation of diabetics, and his Peter Pan image effectively levels his *King Creole* chances. A few years back, Peter sought to flee his pretty-boy reputation by co-founding the rough-and-tumble Humble Pie with lead belcher Steve Marriott. Unfortunately, the band proved too raunchy for Peter's tastes and he departed after a few albums, seeking a more melodic path. But given the chance (listen to his Humble Pie licks) this Briton can knock the doors offa rock rhythms. And it's never too late when there's a kingship at stake. Perhaps a few song collaborations with Jimmy Breslin could pep things up. And cultivating a beer belly after marrying a female biker might get that gritty look where it needs to be.

Rod Stewart. A few years back, Rod Stewart was not only a charismatic ladies' man but a primo rock-'n'-roller as well. His embryonic Rod Stewart band and his hell-raising days with the Faces had all the warmth, charm and spontaneity of a beautiful barroom brawl between good friends. He leaped recklessly from minstrel-boy tunes (*Man of Constant Sorrow, Jo's Lament* and *Handbags and Gladrags*) to raunch 'n' roll (*Stay with Me,* Sam Cooke's *Twistin' the Night Away* and *Cut Across Shorty*) with joyful abandon. These positive aspects of his career have been tempered lately by the fact that his albums are often overproduced (lost in strings and things) and he occasionally shows up for his live gigs dressed like Puck from *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Currently, his fandom teems with teenaged girls who love soccer.

Glancing at the aforementioned list, one comes to the embarrassing conclusion that no one in today's highly touted superstar world is qualified to wear Presley's robes. More gold-record winners can be picked and compared, but the results are always the same. Barry Manilow gets a high rating in kitsch but bottoms out when it comes to animal magnetism. Paul McCartney wins the Father of the Year award but doesn't cut it when it comes to heartbreaking ballads. Paul Anka has a great sneer but falls into Merv Griffin territory when the topic of charisma is brought up.

In short, Presley was unique in every sense of the word. He very unobtrusively mastered every element in music. He didn't really need too much shtick to get his music across. No garish make-up. No heavy statements. No oversized props. Just a twist of the hip, a curl of the lip and a whole lotta soul. He was versatile. He was an original.

In fact, one of the few performers who comes to mind when one thinks in terms of offhand, unretouched musical emotionalism is . . . gulp . . . Linda Ronstadt.

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MONEY If you can't make the April 15 filing date, file for an extension and you'll get 60 days' grace to get your paperwork together.

(Continued from page 44)
quired and plastered your company name all over to promote your business—you know, the one you haul around.

You can no longer prepay five to ten years' interest and deduct it to whittle down a windfall of ordinary income. But you can prepay charity pledges.

Tax shelters should be professionally dissected by an accountant or an attorney before you jump in. Recently, the IRS has been closely eyeballing tax-shelter schemes, looking for abuses. In the process, they've punched holes in the roof of many shelters. You always risk losing your investment, but now you might have the tax deduction disallowed—and that was probably the only reason you went into the deal in the first place.

By this point, you're probably saying to yourself, "Enough already. Time's running out." If you don't think you can compile your receipts or get an appointment with your accountant by April 15, file for an extension and you'll automatically get 60 days' grace—to get your paperwork together. That doesn't mean you can pay your Federal taxes on June 15. If you want an extension, the IRS first wants 90 percent of the tax you'll eventually pay.

When you do visit your accountant, don't go in as a "shoebox client" with all of your receipts stuffed in four shoeboxes, advises Daskal. You'll only pay a heftier fee if your tax man has to add up your numbers and organize your records. OK, so you hate to hassle with your income taxes. But, friend, you really have no choice. □

HOW TO AVOID THE DREADED AUDIT

One of Mel Daskal's main missions in life is to make sure his clients never get a visit from what he calls the Internal Revenue Service's "torture squad"—the auditors. "Even though we get paid well for representing them during the hot-iron interrogations and the nail-pulling interviews," he says with a smile, "I can't stand all that screaming and bleeding."

How do you stave off an audit? By keeping your personal income tax return "as pure as the proverbial driven snow." The fewer deductions the better. That means getting your employer solely owned corporation/partnership (whichever applies) to reimburse your business expenses during the year. Why claim them at year-end when your memory is fuzzy? Daskal asks.

But it's hardly that simple. Daskal says the IRS uses a computer to pick 75–80 percent of the 2,500,000 tax returns it audits annually. The computer assigns a point score to various "bad things" on your return. Those red flags are top secret, but Daskal claims that over 30 years he's figured out what will and will not run up the points.

First, naturally, is the *size* of your income. The person making $70,000 is more interesting, pointwise, to the IRS than someone earning $18,500. The *source* of your income also affects your point score. A return reporting a $100,000 salary with a W-2 attached nets a lower score than a $100,000 tax return reporting business income and expenses on a Schedule C. The former, obviously, is easier to verify, by checking a single source. At the same time, $100,000 in dividend income is scored only for size; the source can be verified with a phone call.

Your occupation is a factor. Salesmen score high because they have auto, travel and entertainment expenses. Try to get them all reimbursed. Physicians, dentists and other doctors are flagged pointwise for substantial incomes; entertainers because of their expenses; and waiters, waitresses, barbers, manicurists and maître d's for their tips and easy-to-hide income. Daskal claims used-car salesmen get high scores simply because of their notorious image.

Solution? If you're an outside salesperson or a rep on the road, Daskal advises you to bite the bullet and list yourself as one at the top of your return. If you're a home-office or deskbound sales manager, call yourself an executive. If you're a secretary or a junior manager, or near the bottom of the corporate ladder but on your way up, swallow your ego and list yourself as a clerk. Steer clear of the term "self-employed," says Daskal, unless you're a bookie or a rumrunner.

Marital status can be a killer, insists Daskal, especially for a divorced person claiming either alimony payments or dependent deductions. Expect to show the IRS agent your divorce decree so he can verify that the deduction is allowable. The agent also wants to make sure only one parent is claiming the youngsters. Often both claim the kids and Uncle Sam recovers a pile.

You get plenty of points from the IRS computer if you have "other dependents" (Line 6c, Page 1, Form 1040). "This category is for people who do not reside with you," explains Daskal, "and the computer thinks if you support them, they should live with you." He says IRS audits historically yield disallowances in this area. "They force you into a fight over whether you really gave your mother, who has other income plus Social Security, over 50 percent of her support."

The computer "tilts" when you claim a hefty number of deductions and report relatively low income. Daskal is convinced the IRS electronic wizards have figured out a surefire program to calculate the relationship between income, number of children, perhaps the type of neighborhood you live in, and the size, type and amount of medical deductions you claim. They want to sniff out electronically whether you are deducting your Skye terrier, your Siamese cat or your neighbor's kid.

A taxpayer reporting under the category of "married but filing separately" can pretty much count on an audit, says Daskal. "This tells the IRS the husband and wife have split, the husband doesn't know what the wife reported, and the wife doesn't give a shit what the husband reported. The IRS knows they're going to pick up errors on both returns. They can smell the money."

Other high-point marital-status categories include "unmarried head of household" and "single." Daskal has a gut feeling—although he can't prove it—that the IRS may get more tax revenues or disallowances by auditing these categories than any others.

Certain expense deductions, even though they're itemized and hopefully substantiated, also rack up the points. As mentioned earlier, a lot of unreimbursed auto, travel and entertainment expenses deducted from gross income, plus expenses in attending foreign conventions, really stand out when a computer is scanning your return. But they probably don't trigger as many points as the one Daskal terms "instant death"—the home-office rent and expense deduction. "The IRS hates this one so much they almost succeeded in getting to eliminate the deduction. Try to have your business reimburse you for your home office if at all possible," he advises.

A few final red flags: casualty losses of any significant amount ("get documentation complete with pictures"); charitable contributions of property or a valuable asset such as a painting or an antique ("that scores like the home-office deduction"); foreign tax credits; moving expenses; child-care deductions; and any attempt to write off a boat for a business expense ("you'd better keep an accurate log listing customers, their company, days you went out for business or personal reasons—everything").

No one really knows precisely how many points it takes to anger the IRS computer, Daskal confesses. Nor does he know if any specific combinations of high-point categories will prompt the IRS to summon you to their offices, or worse yet, to send an agent out to conduct an in-field audit.

The veteran CPA is sure of one thing, though. Despite the fact that the IRS audited 81,000 more returns last year than the year before, Daskal is convinced they want to spend less time hassling the "ribbon clerks" (the lower-income returns) so they can concentrate on the high-yield returns that bring in more tax dollars for every IRS staff dollar spent. It's no secret, he says, that the big government agency must bring in $6 for every dollar spent.

"The IRS brass absolutely hates the audit where the agent spends a day in the field and comes back with a $200 recovery," says Daskal. "That's a financial disaster for them. From here on out, the pressure's on the big returns with the big expense deductions."

—C.B.

"Now go and see Mr. Dupont.
I think he also has some dictation for you."

Totsu

CLOSERS

Vatican Loses Virginity

Brazilian photographer Roberto Cosulich and his companion, Fifo Fernandez, spent three weeks casing this celestial caper. With all the patience of master jewel thieves, they plotted their way through the massive security, snuck by tourists and visiting dignitaries, and somehow caught the regular ecumenical residents with their pants down. Their diligence paid off with this First-Ever Flash of the Basilica of St. Peter's in Rome. Fifo's beatific beaver is poised before the grand mosaic *The Conversion of the German Emperor* (artist unknown). The same day they finagled their flash, Roberto and Fifo issued a manifesto denouncing St. Peter's flock, proclaiming their act as one of "supreme arrogance." Indeed.

The Pope was not available for comment.

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